

# 테리판

파그마의 후예

MAYA&MARU GAME FANTASY STORY

박새날 게임 판타지 장편소설



마야 & 마루

ILLUSTRATOR, SILVERBIN

# Overgeared

– 템빨 –

- Part 10 -

-Author-  
Park Saenal

[ Rainbow Turtle (Wuxiaworld) ]

# Chapter 401

[Fog Island haunts this island.]

“Ah...”

Grid had eagerly hoped to encounter Fog Island. It was because he had a lot of challenger points stored that could be exchanged for goods. But why? Why did it appear at this timing?

*Flop.*

Grid opened his mouth like a carp and sat down listlessly. He howled like a man who lost his country after seeing all the treasures disappearing in the fog.

"Treasure....!! My treasure!!!"

Grid had to go through many trials to reach this 57th island. The clone on the 41st island, the golden crowns, the strong monsters in the 50s islands and the labyrinth he just passed. The degree of difficulty for the Behen Archipelago was atrocious.

How good would it be if Fog Island had appeared in such a difficult area?

‘Then I wouldn’t have suffered so much...’

The probability of missing a bonus stage like Treasure Island would’ve fallen dramatically. But reality was a gutter.

"Dammit!"

Grid realized once again. Lady Luck had abandoned him. It was rare for there to be such an unlucky person in the world.

“Damn!”

Grid kept weeping. If it was the Grid of the past, it would’ve taken him a considerable amount of time to escape from the shock. But now it was different. His spirit recovered



fairly quickly.

‘...Still, the harder the island, the better the compensation.’

Let’s take an extreme example.

What if Fog Island appeared on the 41st island? Grid wouldn’t have met the clone and never had the chance to learn Linked Kill Wave and Pinnacle Kill.

‘Yes, it’s good that it didn’t show up on the 40th island.’

Grid developed his thinking skills and thought as positively as possible as he got up.

"It’s enough to get what I want."

Grid wiped away his tears and walked through the thick fog. Then after a while, he saw a light. It was the light emitted by the pumpkin-shaped carriage. Grid identified the products on display as he approached the carriage.

‘Pass on the hidden classes.’

Fog Island sold a total of 13 hidden classes. The rare classes ranged from 1,000~15,000 challenger points. Currently, Grid had accumulated 31,001 challenger points and could purchase any of the class change books.

However, they didn’t catch his attention. Since the emergence of the third advancement classes, the value of the rare hidden classes had fallen. There was no reason to invest points in it.

‘Next are the skill books... ’

There were a total of 46 skill books listed. The rating went from normal to unique. In particular, several unique rated active skills boasted outstanding abilities. However, Grid was a legend. He had the legendary skills, so there was no reason to be obsessed with unique rated skills.

The mastery skills were the exception.

[Skill Book: Weapons Mastery]

Rating: Normal

Type: Passive

The Weapons Mastery skill is generated.

Price: 6,000 Challenger Points.

Weapons Mastery raised the power of every type of weapon. It was the highest mastery skill.

"I have to learn this."

Of course, Weapons Mastery had its drawbacks. The increase in abilities was small compared to the mastery skills that were specific to one weapon. But Grid didn't care. Weapons Mastery was a skill with fantastic compatibility with Grid, who could use any weapon without restrictions.

'Live!'

Over the past several months, he had worked hard collecting challenger points. Grid consumed 6,000 challenger points without hesitation.

[Skill Book: Weapons Mastery has been acquired.]

"Okay."

Grid was delighted as he confirmed that the skill book had entered his inventory. He was happy that he got the skill he wanted.

"Learn it... Hrmm?"

The reason Grid purchased the skill book wasn't just to look at it. He planned to acquire it immediately without letting it stay in the inventory for too long. Then he stopped moving as a skill book caught his eyes.

'Magic Mastery!'

[Skill Book: Magic Mastery]

Rating: Normal

Type: Passive

The Magic Mastery skill is generated.

Price: 5,000 Challenger Points.

“Ummm...”

Magic Mastery? It increased magic power and shortened casting time. Of course, Magic Mastery wasn't the same as the Weapons Mastery skill that could be learned from a skill book. This was because it needed a magician class to learn.

‘Originally, I would have no relation with this skill.’

But thanks to the Behen Archipelago, he had a chance to enter a new realm.

‘I can now learn magic from Braham through Assimilation...’

Learning Magic Mastery wouldn't harm him.

‘No, this is a skill that must be learned.’

Grid had low intelligence and couldn't master Braham's magic. He could only learn the lowest level of magic. But how could Braham's magic be common? Magic Missile (Enhanced) and Magic Detection (Enhanced) had features that were incomparable to magic of the same type that ordinary magicians had. He had to unconditionally learn Magic Mastery.

‘The price is too expensive.’

It cost 5,000 challenger points. He could buy at least 20 elixirs with that. Braham's magic might be powerful, but was it enough to give up 20 elixirs? Grid worried about it for a while before deciding.

‘...I will learn it.’

Grid was looking into the future. He would keep levelling up and increasing intelligence. Then someday, he would be able to learn higher level magic from Braham.

Grid bought the Magic Mastery skill book.

The result.

Remaining Challenger Points: 20,001

“Ugh.....”

Grid had over 30,000 points just a while ago, so he felt pained seeing it fall to 20,000.

But!

‘It isn’t in vain.’

It was a skill book he purchased in order to become stronger. He shouldn’t be sorry. Grid controlled his heart and finally looked at the list of elixirs.

[Strength Elixir]

Permanently increases strength by 10 points.

Price: 250 Challenger Points.

[Stamina Elixir]

Permanently increases stamina by 10 points.

Price: 250 Challenger Points.

[Agility Elixir]

Permanently increases agility by 10 points.

Price: 250 Challenger Points.

[Intelligence Elixir]

Permanently increases intelligence by 10 points.

Price: 250 Challenger Points.

From a common sense of view, the most important stat for a blacksmith was stamina and then strength. However, Grid didn't buy elixirs for those two stats. In the first place, his strength and stamina were high enough.

'Right now, I need agility.'

Piara had a strength to agility ratio of 1:1 when he was a great swordsman. Grid followed it in a desire to become stronger.

Name: Grid

Level: 306

Class: Pagma's Descendant

Title: One who Became a Legend

Title:...

...

...

Strength: 2,830 (+160)

Stamina: 1,306 (+230)

Agility: 1,836 (+130)

Intelligence: 771 (+340)

Dexterity: 2,916 (+680)

Persistence: 1,102 (+130)

Composure: 718 (+130)

Indomitable: 973 (+240)

Dignity: 1,626 (+130)



Insight: 1,466 (+130)

Courage: 662 (+130)

Demonic Magic Power: 102

Stat Points: 6

...

...

"I should use all the remaining points to buy agility elixirs."

20,000 points was at least 80 elixirs. It meant he could gain 800 agility at once, which was equal to 80 levels. Grid pressed the purchase button under the agility elixir.

[A consumable item. Please enter the number you want to purchase.]

Grid smiled with satisfaction at the notification window and was about to reply with '80' when he stopped.

'...Is this really right?'

If it was before he fought the clone, Grid wouldn't have hesitated. Now he was different. He could learn magic due to assimilating with Braham's soul, and at the same time, he acquired Magic Mastery. Wasn't it right to invest in intelligence in order to take advantage of this?

'Every time I level up, six points will be put in intelligence.'

If he gained 100 levels, he would only increase intelligence by 600 points. It was questionable if he could even learn Fire Ball before Braham's soul left.

'Yes, don't be nervous and look at the future. I'm not tied to a legend. I will become a myth.'

He should look at the forest, not the trees. Grid took a deep breath as he recalled Lauel's saying and opened his mouth.

“I will buy 40 agility elixirs and 40 intelligence elixirs.”

Was being an all-rounder bad? Yes, a common all-rounder stunk. There were many people who weren't strong or weak. But a legendary all-rounder was different. He would be an universal being.

Grid didn't have any doubts as his eyes shone brighter than ever.



[You have learned Weapons Mastery.]

[Weapons Mastery Lv. 1]

\* When a weapon is equipped, attack power will increase by 2% and attack speed by 1%.

[You have learned Magic Mastery.]

[Magic Mastery Lv. 1]

Increases magic power by 3% and reduces casting time by 1%.

[You have taken the agility elixir.]

[Agility has risen permanently by 400.]

[You have taken the intelligence elixir.]

[Intelligence has risen permanently by 400.]

He gained 800 stat points and two mastery skills at once. Now Grid was much stronger.

“Let's speed up the process.”

Grid was full of confidence as he moved through the gate to the 58th island. The 58th island was a time attack type hunting dungeon. Grid was able to clear it within the time limit due to his increased attack and magic power.

At the same time, the level of Weapons Mastery and Magic Mastery rose steadily. The

level of the monsters was over 400, but the Mastery skills were only beginner level, so the increase in experience was bound to be large.

Grid was thrilled with his growth.

# Chapter 402

Two months ago, the Overgeared members had difficulty hunting in the vampire cities. But this was old news. The Overgeared members had overcome various trials in the Behen Archipelago and made remarkable progress. No vampire except for Beriache's direct descendants could threaten them.

A vampire city.

The members of Overgeared, who became stronger in the Behen Archipelago, were massacring the vampires.

*-Kyaack!*

*-H-Hiik!*

"..."

The expression 'the monsters have dried up' seemed to be used in this case. Lael frowned after seeing the disappearing vampires and expressed his doubts.

"Everybody, didn't you buy a East Continent Portal Scroll?"

"Huh? Of course."

"After the elixirs and skill books, I used the remaining points to buy a portal scroll."

"Then why are you here? Why aren't you going to the East Continent?"

Lael was once known as the hero of the Ten Rookies. If he had chosen a combat specialist class as his third advancement class, he would've become much stronger. But Lael sacrificed himself.

Rather than enhancing his individual strength, he chose the 'Flow Master' class. He could temporarily change the weather and terrain, but his combat power was the lowest.

“I have been lagging behind for a while and can only hunt vampires, but... why are you raising your level here? I will pass this area by releasing my sealed self and causing bloodshed. You should go on a new adventure.”

"..."

Anyway, Lael's tone was really annoying. The Overgeared members scratched their heads like they were embarrassed by him and explained.

“Didn't we discover the presence of the Behen Archipelago because of Grid?”

"If it wasn't for Grid, it would be hard to figure out how to move the East Continent."

“Won't it feel like a mutiny if we go to the East Continent before Grid?”

“It's like pouring cold water on him.”

"..."

Lael's blue eyes shook as he heard the Overgeared members' explanation. He was thrilled.

“You were trying to maintain your loyalty to My Lord. Isn't this good?”

One of the basic conditions for establishing a strong force was camaraderie. And the Overgeared members already had it. Lael smiled and proudly said, “How wonderful. Then stop your solo play and join a party with me.”

“Eh...?”

“Shouldn't you be loyal to me as well?”

"..."

Party play had the advantage of hunting much faster than solo play, but it also had the disadvantage of sharing experience and items. It was a loss to do party play in an area where the number of monsters was limited.

But the Overgeared members couldn't refuse Lael's request. They knew better than anyone, even Grid, how hard he worked for the guild.



[Your level has risen.]

[Stat has been acquired]

[Six points have been forcibly invested into intelligence due to the influence of the second class, Legendary Great Magician.]

The 59th island.

It was a hell-like space where monsters level 420 or higher popped up on a large scale. Grid had to deal with at least three or four monsters that were 114 levels higher than him. It was a desperate situation for anyone, but Grid could earn a lot.

The 400 extra points in agility and intelligence, as well as Weapons Mastery and Magic Mastery helped a lot.

[Weapons Mastery level is beginner level 6.]

[Magic Mastery level is beginner level 4.]

[The Sword Mastery of 'God Hand' has increased to intermediate level 7.]

[Your memphis Noe has risen to level 202.]

[Doppelganger Randy has risen to level 161.]

'It's hard.'

It was big. The difficulty meant that Grid achieved a fast and steady growth.

'It would be nice if I had more potions.'

In fact, Grid couldn't predict that the difficulty of the Behen Archipelago so much. He didn't have enough potions in the middle of his raid.

*Chaeng! Chaaeng!*

Grid felt regret as he was immersed in battle. Noe and Randy kept one monster tied



up, while Grid faced two monsters at the same time. He faced each remaining monster one by one, as blue flames rose around it. He activated Blacksmith's Eyes, a skill that he acquired through a hidden piece like Item Combination.

[Blacksmith's Eyes (Lv. 1) has seen through the target's item.]

[You have explored the function of the armour that the Troll Lord is wearing!]

[Time Worn Leather Vest]

Defense: ???

Option 1: ???

Option 2: ???

Option 3: Reduce damage of stabbing attacks.

'Ah, I got it.'

He felt something was unusual when using Kill and Link.

*Chaaeng!*

Due to his rise in agility, he could swing Grid's Greatsword faster than before. The moment he defended against the troll lord's axe, he used Pagma's Swordsmanship, Pinnacle Kill.

*Seokeok!*

[You have dealt 90,300 damage to the target.]

[You have lost 4,500 health due to the influence of Pinnacle Kill.]

*Kiyaaaaaah!*

Trolls were monsters with high health and regenerative ability. Among them, the troll lord was at the peak. But the boss was shaky in front of the destructive power of Pinnacle Kill, which completely ignored defense. Grid hurriedly withdrew from the monster that lost 90,000 health at once and scattered yellow blood.

"Ah, really."

Grid knew that he shouldn't give a troll a chance to act. However, the troll lord's blood was highly acidic. Blood sprayed every time there was an injury, so Grid couldn't easily link combos. He had to widen the distance.

*Kudu! Kududuk!*

The troll lord quickly recovered from Grid's wounds. It sent Grid a provocative smile. It was like saying 'you can never hurt me.' Grid thought it was ridiculous.

"You aren't a named boss."

What were the four God Hands doing while Grid was fighting?

*Shuuuuong!*

"...!"

The troll lord's eyes widened.

Flashing golden hands came out from a cave and gave a new weapon to Grid.

"This is called Item Combination."

*Kuoooooh-!*

It was a blue shark-shaped greatsword with red lights scattered around it like cherry blossoms. It was the beautiful harmony of Iyarugt and Failure.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Linked Kill Wave."

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

"Ki...! Kieeeeeek!"

So what if it was difficult to get close due to the acidic blood? He would attack from a distance. Grid laughed as the troll lord turned to grey ash. However, he couldn't laugh for long. His skills were on cooldown and new monsters were gathering.



[You have entered the 60th island.]

[This is a save point. Would you like to register?]

[You have been registered. When you enter the Behen Archipelago later on, you will start from the 60th island.]

“Heok... Heok... Wow, I thought I was going to fall behind.”

Grid broke through the 59th island and sat on the ground. He wanted to Meditate to restore health and stamina, but it wasn't easy to enter the state.

‘I can't adapt to the new skills.’

The condition to activate Blacksmith's Eyes was to watch the equipment for at least 3 seconds. Was this hard? Of course it was difficult during a battle. His field of view narrowed and he often missed the target's movements, exposing a gap.

The problems didn't end there.

‘The information of the items covers my vision.’

During a battle, the item information window seriously disturbed his view. It felt like the navigation screen was hidden while he was driving. Anyway, it seemed like he would take a long time to adapt.

‘I can gradually adapt.’

Grid looked at his immediate problem. The islands in the 60s. Would he be able to progress through here? The difficulty of the Behen Archipelago was amplified every 10 islands. The last island in the Behen Archipelago was the 66th island.

It was possible to infer that the difficulty of the islands from 60 onwards would be incomparably higher than before.

‘Originally, I wanted to clear this place before the National Competition.’

It seemed to be an impossible task. Grid sighed as he thought about it. Did it read his

anxiety? The cooldown time of Assimilation ended and Braham's soul woke up.

[Challenge it first.]

"Braham!"

Grid had increasingly started to rely on Braham. Grid welcomed Braham's voice and asked.

"Do you mean I can win if I challenge the Behen Archipelago?"

Braham scoffed.

[You are too arrogant. I said that this is a playground made by Pagma. You haven't reached Pagma's full capacity yet and don't have the ability to clear this place. I want you to challenge it to realize that you are still weak.]

"...I wondered about this before, but what do you mean by a playground that Pagma created?"

[Do you know about the original Behen Archipelago?]

"I heard from Sticks. It was a Hall of Fame that celebrated the achievements of legends and a training ground for current legends."

[That's right. It's a shameful place for those who are hostile to legends.]

"Those who are hostile to legends?"

[Great demons. They saw an opportunity to destroy the Behen Archipelago, which connects legends. In order to prevent this, Pagma installed various gateways.]

"A space created to prevent the great demons..."

Grid suddenly felt some doubts.

"How did Pagma make this space?"

Pagma was a legendary blacksmith, not a god. He could install various devices, but it wasn't possible to summon the monsters, reproduce past trials, or clone the

contestants.

‘It might be different if he was a magician.’

Then Braham spoke meaningful words to Grid.

[It’s possible for a great demon.]

“What?”

# Chapter 403

[It's possible for a great demon.]

"What?"

Pagma was a great demon? It was ridiculous.

'Wait.'

Grid attempted to deny it when he suddenly stopped. He didn't know enough about Pagma to judge, and Braham's nature was also odd.

'In fact, isn't Braham a vampire, rather than a human?'

A legendary great magician was a demonkin, so it wouldn't be strange if a legendary blacksmith was also one. But why?

'Why isn't it mentioned in the legends?'

Braham sensed Grid's confusion and laughed.

[Aren't you an idiot, to take my words at face value?]

Grid frowned.

"I have taken the intelligence elixirs, so why are you still seeing me as an idiot? No, what does that mean?"

[To put it more accurately, Pagma is a human who accepted the power of a great demon.]

"He accepted the power of a great demon?"

[Baal.]

"...!"



Grid was startled. Did he know the weight of the name Baal? No. It was because Grid felt Braham's anger. The anger was deeply imprinted in Braham's soul like an abyss and it slowly boiled up. Grid held Braham's soul, so he was also angry.

[Pagma was Baal's contractor.]

"...!"

Grid was once again surprised. Questions filled his eyes.

"What is Baal's contractor?"

[...Hah.]

It was the first time Grid discovered that souls could also sigh.



The 1st great demon, Baal. As the peak of the 33 demons, he reigned as the master of hell. It was easy to call him the demon king. He was an absolute existence that even the dragons guarded against.

[He is more faithful to his instincts as a demon than anyone else. He is proud, destructive, and does anything for pleasure. Plantings seeds of chaos through contracts with humans is very entertaining for him.]

"Why did Pagma sign with such a bad demon?"

[Ironically, he had to borrow Baal's strength to protect the Behen Archipelago.]

"Eh?"

The words were confusing. Pagma wanted to protect the Behen Archipelago from the great demons, so he borrowed the power of a great demon?

[It's as you said. Baal likes taunting and deception.]

"So?"

[It is irrelevant to Baal whether the target being deceived is a human or a great demon

like himself.]

"..."

The Grid in the past would've been frustrated without understanding to the end. But now it was different. He properly interpreted Braham's remark using his developed thinking ability.

"Baal wanted to enjoy the entertainment of protecting the invasion of great demons with the power of a great demon, so he signed a contract with Pagma?"

[That's right.]

In other words, Baal screwed over his own people. Grid couldn't understand Baal. Braham laughed at his confusion.

[Don't look at great demons with the prejudice. Don't humans also betray and hurt their own people?]

"But isn't Baal the master of hell? Isn't he the king of the great demons? A king sacrificing his servants just for entertainment... I guess there are some."

When he thought about it, there were many crazy people in the world. Grid was convinced and defined Baal as a psychopath great demon.

"Um... Yes, this is why the Behen Archipelago changed in this way."

If so, there was another question. Why did Pagma leave the Behen Archipelago in this state? He protected the Behen Archipelago with a contract with a great demon, and then the Behen Archipelago eventually deteriorated and the original function was lost. If Pagma truly wanted to protect the Behen Archipelago, he would've returned it to its original state after the great demons were repelled.

But he didn't...

'Was there a chance that the great demons would invade again?'

Or maybe Pagma had no more power left.

Grid asked a question.

“What happened after Pagma contracted with a great demon to protect the Behen Archipelago? Did he die? Or is he still alive?”

[Why do you think he is still alive?]

“He contracted with a great demon, so wouldn’t his lifespan increase?”

[That’s a ridiculous notion. The reason why demons contract with humans is to basically take their life force and soul.]

“Isn’t something strange? Pagma lived for a long time, right? Didn’t you say that he lived for hundreds of years? Wasn’t it because of his contract with the great demon?”

[You are mistaken. Pagma made the contract with Baal 100 years ago, not 300 years.]

“...Ah!”

Grid belatedly recalled that Sticks mentioned the Behen Archipelago being fine 200 years ago. Then a new question arose.

"Does that mean that Pagma can live for hundreds of years, regardless of the contract with a great demon?"

What was Pagma’s identity?

“How can a human live that long?”

[...]

The silent Braham didn’t answer, anger filling him again. Grid’s spine became soaked with cold sweat before Braham finally broke the silence.

[The reason why Pagma could live for hundreds of years, despite being a human, was because my lifespan was taken.]

“What?”

His words didn’t make sense. Obviously, Braham was a vampire. Unlike humans, they had a life expectancy close to infinity so there might be a way to transfer his lifespan to someone. It wasn’t strange for a non-human and legendary great magician to do

something that was beyond common sense.

However, Braham said that his lifespan was 'taken.'

"Does that mean you didn't give it willingly? Weren't you and Pagma close friends?"

[What if I was deceived and betrayed?]

"..."

He wanted to hear more of the story. Grid was curious, but Braham didn't want to talk about it anymore.

[Well, if you want to know more about Pagma, reach the last island. Move to the 61st island. Then after experiencing the difference between your skills and Pagma's, see if you can challenge it again.]

What on earth was on the islands in the 60s that Braham was so sure he couldn't overcome? Braham spoke to the troubled Grid.

[It is your duty to break through this place, so don't think about giving up.]

"I won't give up, even if you hadn't said this. I'm just a little worried about how dangerous it can be."

[What do you have to fear with an immortal body? As I said repeatedly, challenge it once.]

It was as Braham said. The Behen Archipelago was deeply related to Pagma, and there was a high possibility that a quest related to Pagma's Descendant was hidden here. Grid felt a need to investigate the islands.

"Okay."

Grid moved towards the gate of the 61st island with determination. Then Sticks, who had been watching silently, urgently called out.

"Braham is a demonkin. You must not be misled by him."

"I know that elves and demonkin have a bad relationship. But shouldn't you cool your

head? Aren't you the one who is the most desperate for the Behen Archipelago to be purified? I can also get rewards, so I have to move forward."

"..."

That's right. He wasn't someone who would be dazzled by Braham's existence.

The enlightened Sticks followed behind Grid.



[You have entered the 61st island.]

*Kuoooooh!*

An island covered with fire. The lush forest was burning and the river running through it was an ominous red.

[The temperature is very high.]

[You are affected by the heat.]

[Health and stamina are being continuously consumed.]

[You have resisted.]

'The legendary passive is a scam.'

Satisfy fully implemented the five senses. Users naturally felt the heat and cold, causing climate to be a disaster to them sometimes. However, Grid didn't feel it due to being Pagma's Descendant. He was able to maintain a proper body temperature and play the game in a much more pleasant environment than others.

"Pant pant..."

Unlike Grid's refreshed face, Sticks standing behind him was sweating like a dog. It wouldn't be strange if he collapsed immediately.

"If you're a sage, shouldn't you have a countermeasure for the heat?"

“There are a few ways, but I don’t have the materials...”

"Can't you use magic?"

"It's hard to use mana because of my illness..."

"..."

Please don't die. Grid desired Sticks as a tutor for Lord, so he prayed while moving forward.

‘There are no monsters or missions.’

The shape itself seemed different from the other islands.

"..."

Grid crossed the blazing island, looking to the left and right. His attitude was more cautious than ever. He was extremely concentrated as he prepared for any sudden attacks. However, it was meaningless in front of a strong enemy that couldn't be defended against.

*Step, step.*

The footsteps moving through the forest sounded relaxed and proud. The owner of the footsteps didn't seem to care at all that Grid discovered his position.

‘Who?’

Grid turned his gaze in the direction of the footsteps. Then he frowned. He couldn't see anything because of the smoke.

“The smoke has thickened?”

*Step, step.*

The footsteps were getting closer. Grid urgently pulled out his weapon and was surprised when he used Magic Detection (Enhanced) Lv. 2.

[No life has been detected.]



‘What?’

There was no life detected despite the footsteps? Grid was baffled, but he wielded Iyarugt in the direction the footsteps came from. But the smoke. No, it was darker than mere smoke and he couldn’t properly see the target.

*Puok!*

[You have suffered 50,040 damage.]

“Keook...!”

The enemy had moved? The attack was supposed to be in front of him, but it turned in a flash and struck his back. Grid’s eyes widened as he lost more than two-thirds of his health with one blow.

[That’s right. It’s Lantier.]

Braham penetrated the identity of the enemy hidden in the smoke.

# Chapter 404

"Lantier?"

It was a familiar name to Grid.

'Where did I hear it?'

He thought about it, but nothing came to mind. He summoned Noe and Randy, placed the God Hands all over the place, took a defensive position and asked while drinking a potion.

"Who is Lantier?"

[Lantier isn't an individual's name.]

Eclipse, the strongest and and worst assassination group believed to have existed more than a thousand years ago.

[Lantier is the name that has been passed down to the leaders over generations. But there is only one Lantier that I know.]

*Suuuuoh.*

The black smoke started to become thicker. As the black smoke became thicker until Grid couldn't see in front of him anymore, Braham spoke shocking words.

[The legendary assassin.]

"What...?"

The moment Grid felt astonished.

*Peeng!*

One of the God Hands protecting Grid was struck by a weapon. It couldn't deal with the shock and went flying. It was the first time that the God Hands had this strong

reaction to an attack instead of stiffening. He could infer how high the enemy's attack power was.

"Kuk!"

Grid narrowly twisted his head to avoid the hand flying at his head. Noe hurriedly yelled as he looked at the God Hand.

"Behind you! Nyang!"

'Again?'

When it first appeared, it instantly moved from the front to the back. It seemed to have a troublesome skill to instantly appear behind the target.

"Save me!"

Once Grid commanded, the God Hands moved all at once and gathered behind Grid. At the same time, it happened.

*Chaaeng!*

The dagger that flew like lightning and tried to pierce Grid's neck collided with the God Hands instead. A shock wave occurred and cleared the smoke, allowing Grid to confirm Lantier's appearance.

'Skeleton?'

That's right. Lantier wasn't a human. He had died a long time ago, becoming a skeleton. Lantier was moving with such a body.

An enemy who competed with the four God Hands with the dagger held by thin finger bones. There was an aquamarine light shining eerily in their eye sockets.

'Undead...! This is why I couldn't detect it with magic power!'

[No, the result would be the same even if Lantier was alive. It isn't easy to find Lantier when he doesn't want to be found.]

The basics of an assassin was hiding. They had the ability to erase their presence.

Lantier was a top assassin who got the title of a legend, so it wasn't just at the level of erasing himself. He could deny his existence in the world.

On the other hands, Grid's Magic Detection was only at level 2. It was virtually impossible for the current Grid to find Lantier, let alone when he was undead.

*Sururuk.*

The skeleton, Lantier, disappeared into the smoke again. Grid tried to find him using his high insight and the Slaughterer's Eye Patch. But it was wishful thinking. Grid lost Lantier and asked Braham.

"Why is he an undead?"

The answer was simple.

[Baal's contractor has the ability of a necromancer. Pagma found Lantier's body and turned him into a death knight.]

"Heok."

In other words, Pagma was a legendary blacksmith, a great swordsman, and a necromancer?

'It's a scam.'

He also helped neutralized the invasion of the great demons alone. Grid felt desperate because of this. If the legendary assassin's death knight emerged on the 61st island...

'It is likely that other legends will emerge on the 62nd~66th islands.'

The difference between the power of the previous legends and the current legends was remarkable. The previous legends were regarded as complete, while the current legends were still growing. Grid's level was low and he hadn't finished all his class quests yet.

'How do I clear this place?'

Braham gave hope to the frowning Grid.

[The undead legends are very weak compared to their complete state. On the other hand, you have me. If you rely on me and keep learning magic, one day you will be able to beat them.]

"That's right."

Pagma might be a legendary blacksmith and necromancer, but Grid was a legendary blacksmith and magician. He was also qualified to become the strongest, and had the potential to overcome any trials. Just...

[I just question if you can even learn Fireball.]

"..."

This situation wasn't positive. Then Braham whispered to the frustrated Grid.

[He's coming back.]

It was true. The God Hands that Grid scattered in all directions sensed the enemy and flinched. They were like a spider web. And a spider web was weak. A spider web might be strong enough to hold a small bird, but it was easily torn by beasts.

*Syuk!*

Lantier's black cloak flapped as he appeared through the smoke. He easily shrugged off the God Hands flying from all directions and broke through Noe and Randy. Noe's claws tried to slash it, but it seemed like the cloak had a high resistance. Lantier's dagger was then captured by Grid using the Slaughterer's Eye Patch.

'Okay, I read the orbit!'

This was the synergy between his high insight, the Slaughterer's Eye Patch, and Iyarugt. Grid moved quickly and successfully avoided it. But the problem occurred next.

*Pahat!*

Lantier once again appeared behind Grid and stabbed. Grid wouldn't suffer from this again.

"I'm not an idiot who will fall for the same trick three times!"

Grid had already used the footwork of Revolve and planned to return Lantier's strike back to him, causing 50,000 damage. Braham clicked his tongue.

[This obvious tactic is a trap.]

*Chaaeng!*

Lantier was blown away by Iyarugt. Grid smiled with satisfaction as he looked through the scattered red afterglow, only for his eyes to widen.

'Fake?'

Lantier disappeared like an illusion after being hit by Revolve. He appeared to the side of Grid. Grid tasted a terrible pain the moment he realized.

*Puok!*

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[A legend doesn't die easily. You can resist all attacks for 5 seconds with a minimum of health.]

"Hat!"

Grid could only laugh. It was only two blows and his immortality passive was activated. The strength of the opponent was too surreal.

[You have inherited Pagma's power, but this is reality. As you are now, you can't even win against a creature made by Pagma.]

Why did Braham want Grid to realize his own powerlessness? It was simple. Braham wanted Grid to crave magic. In other words, he would want to grow as a magician now.

Why? Did Braham want to resurrect himself faster by raising Grid's intelligence? Of course, that was one reason. Rather, it was more because he believed that a magician was greater than a blacksmith.

Braham thought it was better for Grid to grow as a magician. But Grid was a blacksmith



to the bones. Right now, he was thinking from the perspective of a blacksmith.

‘Lantier is strong for a reason. His basic abilities and skills are excellent, but he also has good items.’

The dagger shone with a white light. Grid just guessed, but it was probably made from adamantium. Assuming that the weapon was made by Pagma in his prime, the attack power of this dagger was probably far superior to Grid’s Greatsword.

‘The cloak also has high defense, so I can’t imagine the defense of the armor.’

Thus, his conclusion.

‘In order to beat this place, do I need stronger items?’

Unlike Braham’s intentions, Grid’s desire as a blacksmith was ignited as he activated Blackening and fought with Lantier for five seconds. The result was, of course, was a total failure. Lantier didn’t allow Grid to hit him once. Noe, Randy and the God Hands were obsolete in front of the legendary assassin.

[You have died.]

[Returning to the 60th island.]



“This game is truly about items.”

Level, stats, skills, and magic growth were just the basic premises. Later, when Grid once again challenged the Behen Archipelago, the most important thing to pay attention to was items.

‘Let’s assume that the legends on the 62nd~66th islands are also undead.’

He needed to make items that would be deadly to the undead.

‘I also need to make items for Noe and Randy.’

In retrospect, Noe always used his claws to fight and Randy used the copied weapon. They would become much stronger if he equipped them with items.

‘As a bonus, I will learn magic.’

That would be the icing on the cake!

“Kukukuk!”

[...]

Grid laughed because he had tasted failure and frustration many times. This point of view was quite different from what Braham predicted.

‘Has he lost his pride after the fight?’

Braham didn’t know anything about psychology and had this absurd thought. His anger soared into the sky.

‘He considers magic a bonus.’

Braham’s affinity for Grid fell by 2. As a result, Braham’s affinity for Grid was at 68 points. If the two of them were the opposite sex, it would be high enough for marriage.



It was an joyous day for Reidan.

Lord Grid returned after a long time.

"Dear husband!"

Irene, the heir to the best family in the kingdom and lady of Bairan, as well as Grid’s duchess. She rushed to the outskirts of the city and greeted Grid. She was still bright, beautiful, and lovely.

“Irene.”

"Dear husband~!"

Irene had become more aggressive after giving birth to Lord. She didn’t care about the residents and soldiers watching as she hugged and kissed Grid. Grid was feeling embarrassed when Lauel sent him a whisper.

*-In order to raise Reidan's fertility rate, you must set an example as the lord. Please share your hot love even more where people are watching.*

"..."

# Chapter 405

*-In order to raise Reidan's fertility rate, you must set an example as the lord. Please share your hot love even more where people are watching.*

Lauel meant to actively express positive affection. A simple example was to stroke her cheek or whisper loving words in her ears. He wanted to engrave the perception 'this couple's relationship is beautiful and happy!' into the public.

But Grid misunderstood.

'This guy has seen too many Japanese videos.'

Why would he share a hot love in front of everyone? Wasn't a hot love beyond kissing? Doing this act in the middle of the city, not the bedroom, and in front of more than 20,000 people? It was impossible unless he was a complete pervert. It was a completely crazy idea.

*-W-What is it?*

Lauel saw the contempt in Grid's eyes and panicked. It was the day when the pure youth Lauel was labelled as a pervert.

And on this day. Lauel was disappointed with Grid's uncooperative attitude and made a pledge.

'I will take initiative for My Lord.'

Lauel's project to create a second generation had begun. It was at this time that the legendary 'Reidan's Female NPC Strategy' was written.



It was only six days before the National Competition and Grid was supposed to leave for France in four days.

Based on Satisfy, Grid had 12 days to spare.

‘I must finish all the preparations.’

Thus, he hurriedly returned to Reidan. Now wasn’t the time to be like this.

"I love you, but I’m sorry. Please be satisfied with this today."

Time was short. Grid saw Irene’s nakedness after a long time and used his hand techniques. After a while.

“...I love you, dear husband.”

Grid’s dexterity stat had long gone beyond the realm of a human. Grid satisfied Irene in a short amount of time and left for the smithy.



Reidan’s super large smithy.

Khan and the young blacksmiths welcomed Grid, who had been missing for a few months. Grid observed Khan with the Great Lord's Sword and felt admiration.

‘Advanced level 8?’

In fact, Grid had thought Khan’s blacksmithing skill would stagnate at advanced level 7. But in contrast to his expectations, Khan was steadily developing. The process of training talented young blacksmiths seemed to give Khan a new understanding.

"Maybe you have a chance to become a craftsman?"

"Huhu, you are overrating me."

Historically, only 10 blacksmith craftsmen had emerged. Khan didn’t dare aim to be recognized as a craftsman. But Grid thought differently.

‘Khan is Albatino’s descendant. He comes from a long bloodline of blacksmiths and has more passion than anyone. If I support him well, he can become a craftsman.’

Maybe he would be reborn as a named NPC. Grid felt greedy as he headed towards the furnace located in the innermost area of the smithy. A typical furnace was always dirty, but Grid’s was clean. It was thanks to Khan always cleaning it for him.

‘Really, I’m touched by that old man every time.’

His first friend, Khan. He prayed for the old man to live as long as possible. Grid’s eyes were red as he started to prepare the firewood, while the young blacksmiths freaked out.

“Duke Grid! Let us do these menial tasks!”

"It isn't your duty!"

It was impressive. Two years ago in real time, he had been told by the old blacksmith in Bairan that he couldn't even cut firewood. Now he was in a position where he shouldn't be cutting them. He realized that he had become successful.

Grid laughed and waved to the young blacksmiths.

"You can go and do your work. Today, I want to go back to my state of mind as a beginner."

Grid thought that going through all the blacksmithing processes would improve his concentration. He prepared enough firewood and lit the furnace.

*Tak! Tatak!*

The flames in the furnace started to slowly rise. Grid controlled the temperature of the flames and suddenly laughed.

‘If Braham saw this, he would be laughing at me.’

He would’ve argued that he could’ve raised the temperature of the flames instantly with magic power. But right now, Braham was silent. To be precise, he fell asleep just after using Assimilation.

Did this mean that Grid used Assimilation recently? No. Grid hadn’t use Assimilation during the past fortnight. The reason why Braham was exhausted and sleeping was due to what happened when Grid died on the 61st island some time ago.

‘I don’t want to go to hell.’

Grid had used Blackening against Lantier, and was in danger of falling into hell due to

dying in the Blackening state. Braham said that if he fell into hell in this state, he would fall prey to the great demons. Therefore, he suppressed the dark gate trying to suck Grid into hell with magic.

In exchange, a message was added to Grid's current status window.

\* Braham has 69 days, 9 hours, 3 minutes, and 15 seconds left to restore his magic power and wake up. You can't use the Assimilation skill until Braham wakes up \*

By the time 69 days passed in Satisfy time, the National Competition would be coming to an end. In other words, Grid had lost a powerful weapon in the National Competition. But Grid wasn't shaken. He believed he could play a role in the National Competition alone, without Braham's help.

'I will make that belief come true.'

He needed items. He realized that there was a limit to developing his control. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't be a genius like Kraugel and the Overgeared members. Therefore, he needed to make the best items.

'Horse knight's helmet, troll lord's vest, crying ogre's gauntlets and golden crown's leggings.'

In addition, Lantier's cloak. Grid wanted to reproduce some of the items of the monsters he met in the latter half of the Behen Archipelago. It was because he needed new, more powerful armor.

'The Holy Light set is really good. But... '

The Holy Light Armor had a high probability of resisting dark magic, increased the effectiveness of healing magic by 300%, and increased resistance to physical attacks. The Holy Light Gloves raised attack speed and accuracy, and had a low chance of activating the 5 Joint Attacks skill. The Holy Light Crown raised his intelligence and dignity stats.

Once these three items were worn as a set, defense and health rose significantly. It was why Grid had been steadily using it since level 170. Yes, the Holy Light Set was very good.

'If it was half a year to a year ago, I would still be able to call it a top-class armor.'

But not anymore. As the level of monsters and users increased, the value of the Holy Light set was falling. He was able to realize it after meeting Kraugel and experiencing the Behen Archipelago.

‘The problem is that the basic defense is too low.’

In particular, the crown and gloves had poor defense. It was almost defenseless. In the case of the Holy Light Armor, it wasn’t bad, but the defense wasn’t very high for armor. If there was no set effect, he wouldn’t have used it from the beginning.

‘The 5 Joint Attacks of the gloves isn’t too bad.’

At this point, the only advantage of the Holy Light Set was for healing or when facing magic. This thought became more widespread after dying from two of Lantier’s blows.

‘I have to make an armor set for defense.’

Monsters easily neutralized his attacks in the Behen Archipelago. He would gather the characteristics of the armor they were wearing.

‘First.’

Grid confirmed that the furnace was at the right temperature and extracted the black iron and ogre blood.

‘Let’s make the troll lord’s breastplate.’

From the time he became duke of Reidan until the present time, he’d earned around 147,000 gold from hunting and various quests. Of course, there was a separate sum that he invested into Reidan.

In any case, 147,000 gold was approximately 200 million won. Grid was planning to pour all of this gold into making items.

‘I will use the finest materials.’

The National Competition. It was the best stage of Satisfy that the entire world was paying attention to. Grid needed to invest enough to prove his worth on that stage. However, the concept of ‘enough’ wasn’t understood properly by Grid.



In fact, 200 million wasn't a big sum. The rankers of various countries participating in the National Competition poured at least billions of won into upgrading items and skill books. Were they crazy?

Not at all. This was a realistic amount. There were many sponsors attracted to the rankers participating in the National Competition, so money poured out abundantly. Of course, many companies offered to sponsor Grid.

However, Grid refused. It was because the amount was too small. None of the companies set a high price on Grid, who had been nerfed. Most companies predicted that Grid would lose his events, so the average value they offered was 300 million. This was low compared to rankers like Chris and Zibal, who had been offered 12 times as much.

Grid's pride was hurt and he had to refuse the offers. Someone might think he was stupid for kicking away 300 million because of his pride. But Grid thought differently.

'I will get the best result.'

Companies that sponsored him would get astronomical results. Grid knew this fact, so accepting only 300 million won would make his stomach cramp with irritation.

Grid vowed again. He would prove his worth to those who underestimated him and make them shed tears...

# Chapter 406

Scale armor.

As the name suggested, it was armor similar to the scales of a fish. Several small pieces of iron plates were put on leather straps and then joined together with thick cloth or leather. The range of activity was high because it allowed free movements of the body. In addition, it was good at deflecting swords and other sharp weapons. It had resistance to stabbing and slashing as options.

But the basic defense power was inferior when compared to other heavy armor. In particular, it was difficult to avoid a fatal injury if the joints where the iron plates were joined together were attacked.

‘In the end, the gap between iron plates is the biggest problem.’

That’s why tankers hardly wore scale armor, despite it being classified as heavy armor. The scale armor had obvious advantages, but there were also obvious limitations. However, Grid thought of a way to overcome the limitations of scale armor. It was thanks to the hint from the troll lord’s breastplate.

‘If I make multiple layers of iron plates, I can maintain the advantages of scale armor while covering the deficient defense.’

Typical scale armor was one layer of joined iron plates. The moment the weapon struck between the plates, the defense was forced to fail. The troll lord’s breastplate minimized this weakness with a double layer of iron plates. Was it possible that blacksmiths had never thought of this idea?

No. Existing blacksmiths also knew that multiple layers of iron plates would increase the defense. The reason why they didn’t make it...

‘The higher the iron content, the higher the weight and the more limited the movements.’

In other words, it lost the advantages inherent to scale armor. Heavy and movement-limiting scale armor? Who would want to use it? If it was going to be inconvenient

anyway, they might as well wear heavy armor with much higher defense.

‘But the items I make are different.’

Black iron was two times harder and three times lighter than iron.

‘I can use this to make the plates as thinly as possible.’

He would make scale armor that was light and easy to move in, even if the iron plates were doubled or tripled. This wasn't an easy task. Black iron smelting was seven times more difficult than iron smelting. Even Khan, whose blacksmith skill was advanced level 8, wouldn't be able to smelt black iron so thinly and shape hundreds of scales.

However, Grid was different. Grid's blacksmith skill was legendary level 7 and his dexterity was close to 3,000. For him, smelting black iron was just as hard as ordinary blacksmiths smelting iron.

‘I'll prove why I'm a legend.’

Compared to other legends, it was true that he was lacking many things when it came to combat. However, as a blacksmith, he could proudly say that he was the best.

*Ttang! Ttang!*

The taste of holding minerals in his hands was the best. The pleasure was greater compared to when killing monsters. Grid's concentration rose rapidly as he started hitting the black iron on the anvil.

‘The width of the iron plate shouldn't be too wide.’

The joints between the iron plates increased the flexibility of the scale armor. Grid wanted the iron plates to have a narrow width, in order to maximize the characteristics. However, the smaller the plates, the longer the working time.

In particular, the number of iron plates increased because he needed to make three layers. It was impossible to make hundreds of small iron plates and join them together, even if it took two full days.

But Grid was a craftsman. The increasing workload? It didn't matter. It was necessary if he wanted to make better items.

*Ttang! Ttang!*

Small and thin black iron pieces were refined in Grid's hands. The appearance, size, and shine reminded him of black dragon scales.

'Beautiful scales.'

'The scales are at least three times smaller than the scales of typical scale armor, but the details are much better. The technique of the duke is really delicate.'

'Wow... It seems like he has made over 100 already? How many is the duke planning to make?'

'This would be incredibly boring and difficult work for me.'

Khan and the young blacksmiths were amazed at Grid's workmanship and care.

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Patience skill has been activated.]

[Concentration, stamina and defense will rise to the extremes for one hour.]

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Breath skill has been activated.]

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Breath has increased the effectiveness of your production items]

The roosters cried out at dawn. Beyond the blacksmith's window, the spires of the castle rose in the distance. However, Grid didn't take a break.

*Ttang! Ttang!*

Grid relied on his high stamina to continue making the iron plates. He devoted himself to work, despite the day passing and it becoming night again. Excluding meal time and sleeping time, he never released his hammer.

Then two days later.

[You have successfully made the 'Scale Armor.']

[The structure is different from the 'Scale Armor' on your production list.]

[Analyzing the scale armor.]

[The function of your scale armor is phenomenal.]

[Scale Armor (Enhanced)]

Scale armor modified by the legendary blacksmith Grid.

Unlike conventional scale armor, it has a triple layer of iron plates.

Black iron is used to minimize the weight, and 621 iron plates were made as small as possible in order to increase the range of movement.

“...?”

[Scale Armor (Enhanced)]

Scale armor modified by the legendary blacksmith Grid.

Grid felt a sense of déjà vu from these words. At first, he couldn't think of anything, but then he remembered.

[Magic Missile (Enhanced)]

A magic missile developed by the legendary great magician who has completely overturned the activation formula.

Yes, it was Braham's magic. Just as Braham strengthened existing magic, Grid was able to strengthen existing items. At this moment, Grid was able to truly understand why he was a legendary blacksmith.

[Please decide the name of the item you have created.]

The system asked before listing the item's ratings and options.

“Um.”

Grid thought carefully and came to a conclusion.

'I made three layers of iron plates.'

It matched well with the three-layered meat that Koreans were familiar with.

"Let's call it Three Layers."

It was the worst. Lael would've tried anything to stop Grid if he was present. Unfortunately, Lael wasn't here. For the sake of Reidan's future, Lael was busy interacting with female NPCs and didn't care about Grid. It was really a pity.

[Have you decided on 'Three Layers?']

"Yes."

['Three Layers' has been added to the list of item production methods!]

[Three Layers has been completed.]

[Three Layers]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 721/721 Defense: 1,115

\* 30% reduction in damage from physical attacks.

\* 50% reduction in damage from stabbing attacks.

\* Passive skill 'Sword Breaker' will be generated.

\* Strength +50

Scale armor modified by the legendary blacksmith Grid.

The 621 small, iron plates made by hand and joined into three layers has ensured a high defense and range of movement.

In addition, each iron plate has a small groove. If the enemy's weapon strikes it, there is a certain probability of the weapon being damaged.

Like the black dragon scales, these 621 iron plates will shine whenever the wearer moves.

Ogre's blood was used to increase the durability of the leather straps, slightly increasing the strength of the wearer.

User Restriction: Level 320 or higher. 1,500 strength. 1,830 stamina. Advanced Heavy Armor Mastery Level 5 or higher.

Weight: 2,501

[A legendary rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +10 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +500.]

"Wow."

It had been two and a half years since he became Pagma's Descendant. Not in game time, but in real time. Grid had made a huge number of items in the meantime, but only 12 legendary items so far. He had no luck, despite being a legendary blacksmith.

Thus, Grid cleared his mind. In the process of making items, Grid didn't dare think about making legendary items.

But today. He had a hard time over the past few months due to the Behen Archipelago, and now he made a legendary item after a long time. Grid was filled with anticipation.

"Finally... Finally, the heavens knows my skills and heart."

Being rewarded for their efforts, it might be natural for geniuses, but not ordinary people. No matter how hard they tried, they often didn't get reasonable rewards. It was particularly bad for Grid.

But now Grid's efforts were seeing results. It was a result achieved through Grid's growth.

"Okay... Keep this momentum going."

Grid was very pleased with the result. The material used for the Holy Light Set was adamantium, so the options and durability were much better. However, the defense of the Three Layers was superior.

"Next is the helmet and leggings."

The balance patch to the National Competition that nerfed him?

[Grid's attack power, which is his biggest weapon, is suppressed.]

Grid smiled as he recalled that headline.

'I'm not a damage dealer.'

Items were flexible. An overgeared person could be a damage dealer or tanker. In this National Competition, Grid was planning to show off an attack power that didn't yield to the patch, as well as his defense. In other words, he would be a flawless damage dealer tank that would overturn the world.

*Ttang! Ttang!*

The helmet, leggings, and gauntlet were gradually completed, while Lantier's Cloak was reproduced through Item Creation. It wasn't long before he would become a matchless overgeared person.



# Chapter 407

Cloak.

It referred to a coat hanging from the shoulders without any sleeves. From a general point of view, tailors made cloaks because the commonly used materials were cloth and leather.

But blacksmiths also knew how to make cloaks. It was natural. Blacksmiths made all types of leather armor, and due to this they were also skilled at making cloaks.

Of course, it was a reality that the options and designs lagged behind cloaks made by tailors, since they were specialists in cloth and leather. However, the blacksmith cloaks had better basic defense.

From that point of view, Lantier's Cloak was clearly made by a blacksmith.

'The cloak stopped my blade.'

What was the quality and elasticity of the cloak that it couldn't even be torn by Noe's claws? Grid thought about it during his return journey to Reidan. He actively used his knowledge and experience as Pagma's Descendant, looking at every type of leather. The leather he came up with?

'None.'

Of course, there were some leathers that were as hard as rocks that were excellent in defense. Typical examples were minotaur leather and blue griffin leather. In fact, they were used as materials for the best leather armor. But they weren't appropriate as a material for a cloak.

'It's too thick and heavy. They aren't soft enough, despite being leather.'

Making a cloak with it? Rather than a cloak, it was more like a box. There was no utility as a cloak. If so, what was Lantier's Cloak made out of?

'I bet it isn't cloth.'

Pagma had prepared the equipment for Lantier, who became a death knight. Pagma was a blacksmith, so he couldn't handle cloth at a high level.

'Wait.'

A smile appeared on Grid's face as he recalled something. He remembered that with Lantier's Cloak, the inside and outside were different colors.

'The outer part is black.'

And the inner lining was red.

'Pagma used two types of leather to increase the defense of the cloak.'

Once he realized this, he knew that he didn't have to cling to minotaur or griffin leather. The durability might be lower, but there were more suitable leathers to make the cloak. Now Grid went through the different types of leather to find a red and black one.

'...None?'

The black leather wasn't too much trouble, but there was no red leather. The only one similar to red leather was the pink leather of the lizard queen.

'The lizard queen's leather is too hard to be used as the inner lining of the cloak...'

In the past week, Grid had completed his armor, helmet, and leggings. He faced a challenge when he tried to recreate Lantier's Cloak using the Legendary Blacksmith's Creation skill.



Her eyes were confident and her mouth relaxed. Yura was filled with unique intellectual charm and was the most beautiful woman in Asia. Her hairstyle had changed somehow. Her ebony hair fell down and reached her chest.

'I am ashamed.'

Yura blushed as she stood in a full-length mirror. The pink flush on her white face was reminiscent of a peach.

‘It feels awkward.’

Her short dress revealed her thighs. It highlighted Yura’s ideal figure. Yura normally wore jeans, simple t-shirts, or suits, so she couldn’t adapt to her appearance in the mirror. She shivered shyly at the thought of going out with her body exposed. Honestly, she wanted to change her clothes right now.

‘But.’

Today she was meeting Grid. In other words, she was meeting Shin Youngwoo. She wanted to increase her favorability with the first man she was interested in. Therefore, she changed her style. It was to match Grid’s taste.

The problem was her breast size. Didn’t Grid like at least a D cup?

"..."

Yura thought about borrowing the power of items, but shook her head. It was a matter of pride. She was already bigger than average.

On this day.

“Heok...”

“...Wow.”

“I don’t care if I die right now!”

The men who witnessed Yura on the streets cried out emotionally, regardless of their age. There were some people who vowed never to wash their eyes.



*Ding dong~*

There were 3 days remaining until the National Competition.

Someone visited Youngwoo’s house.

“Ohh~! God Grid!”

It was Peak Sword.

Youngwoo frowned in dislike at his loud voice.

“You’re as lively as ever.”

“I have to welcome God Grid, so of course I will be energetic!”

“Ah, really.”

Peak Sword was like Khan. They were people who had an infinite affection towards Grid. He couldn’t be disgusted by such people. Shin Youngwoo laughed and wore slippers onto the porch.

“Hoh?”

Light blue old slippers and a green training suit. Peak Sword was impressed as he looked Youngwoo up and down. Youngwoo’s body was much fitter than it was several months ago. His broad shoulders and thick thighs were very good.

“Last time, you were jogging every morning. Now it seems like you are constantly working out as well?”

“I need to be healthy so I can focus more on the game.”

That’s right. He couldn’t play the game without stamina. In particular, the fatigue of virtual reality games was very high.

“This is a very good attitude. But what are those severe dark circles under your eyes? Have you been sleeping lately?”

“I’m making a few items before the National Competition... Huh?”

Youngwoo, who came out of the house, discovered the car that Peak Sword was standing next to and felt astonished. Peak Sword saw his expression and asked earnestly.

“How is it? Isn’t my new car very good? It is a rare sports sedan that can stand side-by-side next to God Grid’s 800 million won 13 series. Right?”

“...Moonlight blue.”

Youngwoo was paying attention to the color of Peak Sword’s car. It was blue under the sunlight, but black when in the shade.

‘Don’t tell me...!’

The red leather that made up Lantier’s Cloak. It might not be red. After remembering that the 61st island was covered with flames, Youngwoo was enlightened and rushed into his house.

"I’m going back into the game!"

“Eh? H-Huh?”

Peak Sword panicked. Wasn’t today the day when he promised to attend the operational meeting with the participations of the Korean national team? Now he was going to one-sidedly withdraw from that promise?

"We can work out the plans, but Yura will be disappointed..."

Yura and Peak Sword were friends since a long time ago. Peak Sword one-sidedly followed Yura after joining the ‘Do you know club?’, but he could still be regarded as a friend. In particular, after their reunion in the Overgeared Guild, they became closer and Peak Sword was able to notice that Yura was attracted to Youngwoo. She would be worried about what to wear today, but Youngwoo...

“Well, this is fine.”

This was God Grid, who broke the sky. The only Korean player who could be viewed as Satisfy’s best. Peak Sword didn’t want to disturb him. He respected Youngwoo’s choice, since it would eventually boost the status of South Korea.

As a result, Yura became depressed.

“...Youngwoo-ssi isn’t coming?”

“Ah, eh, yes...”

"..."

The finest Korean restaurant in Gangnam.

Yura, who was waiting for Youngwoo and Peak Sword with the other participants of the National Competition, changed clothes. She put on a white shirt and jeans instead of the alluring one piece dress that showed off her body.

The men in the room were forced to blame Youngwoo, while the women could be freed from their feelings of self-consciousness.



“Yes, this is it! Why didn’t I think of this?”

Reidan’s super large smithy.

As soon as he reconnected to the game, Grid opened the ‘Item Production List’ and cheered. The item he was looking at was the leather armor that he gave to Faker a few months back.

[Chameleon Armor]

Rating: Epic ~ Legendary

Epic Rating Information:

...

...

Unique Rating Information:

...

...

Legendary Rating Information:

Durability: 390/390 Defense: 539

\* 35% reduction in damage from stabbing, cutting, and throwing attacks.

\* There is a normal chance of disrupting the enemy's gaze.

\* The effect of the 'Stealth' skill will rise.

\* Various resistances will increase depending on the climate.

Armor made from the skin of the chameleon lord.

It boasts excellent elasticity and changes color and options depending on the surrounding materials and climate.

...

...

Chameleon. The chameleon was around 2 meters in size and had muscular human limbs. Their leather was very resilient, making them resistant to physical attacks. Their color and nature changed instantly in order to protect themselves from danger.

It was shown that Lantier's Cloak could neutralize Noe's claws and stay in the blazing fire.

'Due to the high elasticity, a synergy will occur when it is attached to other leather. Then wouldn't it be good to use the leather of the puri minotaur?

Grid smiled with satisfaction and recreated Lantier's Cloak using the Legendary Blacksmith's Creation skill. The result was a great success.

[Lantier's Cloak]

Rating: Unique ~ Legendary

Unique Rating Information:

...

...

Legendary Rating Information:

Durability: 153/153 Defense: 206

- \* 20% reduction in damage from stabbing, cutting and throwing attacks.

- \* There is a 10% probability of deflecting the enemy's attacks.

- \* Various resistances will increase depending on the climate.

The puri minotaur leather is used as the outer material, while the chameleon lord's leather is used for the inner lining.

The chameleon lord's leather slightly alleviates the rigidity of the puri minotaur's leather.

The cloak boasts an unbelievable defense and is especially strong against blades. There is a low probability of blocking the enemy's attack.

The chameleon lord's leather isn't exposed to the outside, so the effect of disturbing the line of sight and increasing stealth can't be expected.

User Restriction: Level 320 or higher.

Weight: 690

"Good!"

This was an excellent protective cloak that all Overgeared tankers should have. There were 10 hours before his departure to France.

Grid was becoming a complete tanker. His thorough preparations for the National Competition were complete.



# Chapter 408

“What? 9 hours?”

9 hours.

It was the time it took to travel from South Korea to Paris, France. This was even non-stop.

"We aren't riding a boat. Why does a plane ride take so long?"

“France is at the western end of Europe. It only takes 9 hours because this is a new passenger plane. It takes around 12 hours when flying on an older passenger plane.”

“Kuk.”

The road to Incheon International Airport. Youngwoo felt uncomfortable as he rode in a car with Peak Sword.

‘Isn't 9 hours 27 hours in Satisfy time?’

27 hours was a long time. Based on his level 307, hunting for 27 hours was enough to raise his experience gauge by 1.5%. What about blacksmithing? He could use that time to complete Noe and Randy's items. Maybe he could even enjoy a hot love with Irene.

He had to waste that time stuck on a plane? It was especially painful for Youngwoo, who used time and effort to cover his lacking talents and skills. It was enough to make him tremble.

"Anyway, I can just go online from home. Why do I need to gather in Paris?"

Shin Youngwoo muttered from the passenger seat. Peak Sword couldn't concentrate on driving and turned on the self-driving capabilities of the vehicle.

"What don't you like? Tell me what it is that makes you uncomfortable. I'll resolve it for you! Ah, are you worried there won't be any kimchi in Paris? Don't worry! I wrote out a list of Korean marts and Korean restaurants. If you want, I can even cook kimchi

stew in front of the Eiffel Tower!"

"..."

Youngwoo was reminded that Peak Sword was someone who grabbed foreigners on the street and asked "Do you know kimchi?"

"...No, please don't do that. I just don't like that I can't play the game while stuck on the plane for 9 hours."

"Ah, I see." Peak Sword understood Youngwoo's feelings and smiled. "You're really diligent. Then should we use Yura's private plane?"

"Private plane?"

"I heard it in the meeting yesterday. There are Satisfy capsules on Yura's private plane, so if you want to play Satisfy while travelling to France, you can use Yura's private plane."

"Wow."

The fact that she had a private plane was surprising, and there was also a Satisfy capsule on it? It was an unrealistic world for Youngwoo, despite being the owner of a 10 billion won building that would be completed in the near future.

'How rich is she?'

Yura's astronomical strength was shocking. Youngwoo was at a loss for words as Peak Sword asked again.

"How about it? Do you want to take Yura's private plane?"

There was no need to think.

"I will."

"Okay, I'll contact her. Yura will be very happy."

Youngwoo didn't question why Yura would be happy, because his head was filled with the National Competition. He was looking forward to it. He wanted to show his worth

to the people of the world who kept denying him.



"Welcome."

It was a long flight to France. Yura was originally dressed comfortably, but she changed once she heard the news that Youngwoo was coming. Her short skirt caught Youngwoo's attention.

'Really pretty.'

Like everyone else, Youngwoo couldn't help feeling admiration every time he met Yura. Hers was a timeless beauty that transcended the concept of race, causing everything in her surroundings to fade away. Jishuka was the only one who didn't lose to Yura when it came to beauty.

'No, Marie Rose as well.'

Marie Rose combined Yura's simple and intelligent charm with Jishuka's provocative beauty. She might be an NPC, but he couldn't understand how she could be so perfectly beautiful.

'There is an effect.'

Yura saw that Youngwoo was staring at her and felt delight. She thought it was correct to choose clothing that suited Youngwoo's taste. But that joy was brief.

"Where is the capsule?"

"..."

Yura felt ashamed as Youngwoo looked at her chest for a moment before asking. Youngwoo's taste was firm.



Grid sighed with relief as he connected to Satisfy.

"Hah, I'm nervous."

He knew that Yura was pretty from the moment he saw her on TV. But he never saw her wearing these types of clothes. He felt a new charm from the always neat Yura.

'Her body is so pretty that my ideal type might change.'

That's right.

It wasn't because of indifference that Grid ran straight into the capsule without having a long conversation with Yura. Rather, he was too conscious. She was too pretty. He couldn't face her head on. Yura was a burden for Grid, who still lacked resistance to 'real women.'

'What is this? Yura wouldn't be interested in me.'

Yura always showed a positive attitude, but it was a type of partnership rather than a crush. He couldn't misunderstand.

'Why would a woman like that like me?'

Yura's perfect man had to be smart, sweet, handsome, rich, and have a good family. As Grid was recognizing Yura as part of a different world, Peak Sword sent a whisper to him.

*-Did you read the article that was announced a month ago?*

*-Article?*

*-It said that due to reducing the number of participants for each country, the chances of winning medals will increase.*

*-I don't think I saw the article since I was in the Behen Archipelago... In what way?*

*-The 1st National Competition had a maximum of three events for one person, regardless of individual or team events. Meanwhile, the 2nd Competition doesn't have a limit on the*

*number of team events.*

*-Team?*

*-Boss raid, target match, and siege. The rules of these three events have been changed in order to allow all participants from all countries to participate. That's why the participants gathered together for an operational meeting yesterday.*

*-Hoh.*

A smile appeared on Grid's face.

*-If I win three gold medals individually and three gold medals in the team events, does this mean that South Korea can win the National Competition?*

*-It's possible.*

*-But it isn't realistic.*

Despite the presence of Grid, Yura, and Peak Sword, South Korea was classified as weak because the level of the other participants was poor. In addition, unlike Grid, Peak Sword was greatly weakened by this patch. South Korea was forced to be weak in team events.

*-Unfortunately, in the siege and target match, there's no way for us to win the gold medal. But the boss raid is different.*

Peak Sword had been watching Grid all the time. Grid's harsh raid experience was much more than common users, so Peak Sword placed hope there.

*-I believe that if we support you well during the raid, we can get a gold medal.*

Grid couldn't understand it.

*-I don't know the siege rules, but why not the target match? Can't we get a gold medal in the target match?*

Yura was a long distance damage dealer with her magic gun, while Grid could release Magic Missile with the God Hands. Grid judged that if the two people combined powers, they would be able to play an overwhelming role in the target match. But Peak

Sword thought differently.

*-I don't have the ability to protect you and Yura from the other participants.*

*-Hrmm.*

*-I'm sorry to be holding onto your ankles.*

"..."

Grid didn't like Peak Sword's attitude. Who was Peak Sword? He might be ridiculous, but Peak Sword was a proud Korean. It was disturbing to see him shrink back like this.

*-Is the damage from the patch that big?*

Grid spoke in a serious voice.

Peak Sword replied honestly.

*-It's the concept of my class. My base damage is very high compared to other combat classes, but the delay after an attack is big. If I can't deal a fatal blow with one strike, it will be counterattacked and I will be defeated. If my damage is halved in the National Competition...*

He stopped talking.

"Umm..."

Grid thought for a long time before asking.

*-Is the delay after an attack affected by the attack speed?*

*-The delay is reduced if my attack speed is high. But the minimum length of a weapon that I can equip is 1 meter and 50 centimeters, and long swords have a limit on their attack speed.*

'That's prejudice.'

In the past, Grid had made the Ideal Dagger when he first faced Euphemina in the blacksmith match. It was a weapon with an excellent buff that raised his agility and

attack speed. If the options of the Ideal Dagger could be reproduced with a sword, it would be worth using as one of his flagship weapons. However, it wasn't possible to maximize the effect if he gave the option of the Ideal Dagger to a heavy sword.

'I thought of a longsword.'

Grid wasn't in a hurry to make it. Grid had concentrated on producing armor instead of the National Competition was because he was fully satisfied with the weapons he was currently using. In particular, Iyarugt's experience was at 83%, so it was likely that it would grow to a legendary level during the National Competition. PvP weapon experience gain was similar to PvE experience gain.

'I don't think I will lack attack power, because I also have Item Combination.'

But wouldn't it be better to be properly prepared? He should speed up the production of the Ideal Long Sword.

*-I will be working on a sword until we get to Paris.*

*-Sword? F-For me?*

*-Don't get me wrong. It isn't just for you. Now get the materials I need.*

*-Yes, I understand! I will acquire them for you now!*

Just like Grid upgraded his items before the National Competition, the members of Overgeared also wanted to upgrade their items. But they didn't ask Grid because they were likely to be his enemies in the National Competition.

Grid also knew this fact, but Peak Sword was different. At the very least, he would be an ally in the team event.

"I should increase the power of the same side."

People who played the game knew this feeling.

# Chapter 409

Paris, Charles de Gaulle International Airport.

It was one of the busiest airports in Europe, with around 530,000 planes landing and taking off every year. It was always bustling with people. It was good to see it crowded.

“It was large and scary.”

Korea’s national team descended from Yura’s private plane and entered the 2E terminal. Their mouths dropped open as they saw the interior.

“Doesn’t it seem bigger than Incheon Airport?”

“That's right. It’s two times bigger than Incheon National Airport.”

“Wow, look at the map. It takes an hour to walk to the nearest exit.”

Yura explained to the astonished group.

“Don’t worry. We can catch a bus.”

Yura was the best beauty and ranked 5th in the unified rankings, so she had always been an object of interest and was invited to many countries. This was already her 9th visit to Paris. She was familiar with the landscape, and after following her, the group of people walked 20 minutes to a bus stop and boarded a bus.

Due to his habit from his school days, Youngwoo sat directly behind the driver’s seat and sighed.

“Are we moving to the city with this bus?”

He was worried about moving through a large airport, so he was glad that they could move relatively comfortably. Yura spoke shocking words to the relieved Youngwoo.

“This is the airport shuttle bus.”



"Airport shuttle...?"

"Yes, we will take this to the nearest taxi stop and take a taxi to the city."

"..."

The airport was enough to make a person tired. Youngwoo looked out the window and pledged not to visit Paris again. Paris was one of the world's top tourist destinations, but Satisfy had a lot more beautiful spots. Therefore, he didn't feel any inspiration.

On the other hand, Yura was sitting next to Youngwoo and smiling softly. Youngwoo's forearms were now solid and burly, different from when they first met. It was a pleasant and reassuring sight.

'Why is she sitting next to me when there are plenty of empty seats?'

It felt good to touch Yura's soft skin. From the side, her nose was as beautiful as a sophisticated artwork. There were no spots on her white skin, making her look like a pure snow field.

*Thump thump thump thump.*

Youngwoo's heart started beating faster as he became conscious of Yura.

'Remain calm, calm.'

The nervous Youngwoo formed tight fists. He was worried about what might happen if he moved a finger by mistake and touched Yura's body.



The Korean team travelled 40 minutes by taxi from Charles de Gaulle airport and arrived at their hotel.

Shang X Lila Hotel. It was a 5 star hotel located 600 meters from the Eiffel Tower. The luxurious interior was reminiscent of a palace from medieval times, and the guest rooms had a view of the Eiffel Tower and Montmarte.

"Furthermore, the restaurants in this place made it into the Michelin Guide?"

"The rate for the rooms is probably ridiculously expensive."

"I heard that the cheapest room rate is 2 million won per night, while the expensive rooms are priced at 30~40 million won."

"30~40 million? F-For one day...?"

"Yes."

"..."

A total of 224 people were participating in the 2nd Satisfy National Competition. The S.A. Group provided accommodations at 5 star hotels for all of them. It was for 16 days. Indeed, this was the power of the world's number one group.

'It would've been great if Sehee could participate in this tournament.'

Youngwoo admired the luxurious room assigned to him and was reminded of his sister Sehee. He imagined how delighted Sehee would be to see this place.

'Well, there's no urgency. I will be with her starting from next year's National Competition.'

Currently, Sehee was a student. She had little time to play Satisfy because of her studies, and her level was low, so she couldn't participate in the National Competition. But it would be different starting next year. Sehee had a good understanding of the value of Satisfy and her Saintess class. Therefore, she was planning to concentrate on Satisfy after she entered university.

"By the way, what are these clothes?"

Youngwoo frowned as he unpacked his clothes. It wasn't the training clothes and slippers that he normally wore. Instead, there were sneakers, slacks, cotton shirts, and jeans. There were even nice shoes.

'You want me to wear something like this?'

Youngwoo dressed just for convenience. Style? He had no interest in that.

He was traumatized by being ignored by his first love Ahyoung after wearing

fashionable clothes to pursue her, and he didn't pay attention to fashion after that. In particular, he hated the cramped nature of the collared shirts.

Sehee knew these tendencies and still packed these clothes?

"Sehee, this girl..."

She pretended that she wanted to pack because he would be gone for a while, but it was just a trick? Youngwoo complained as he showered and changed clothes.

He selected one of the coordinated sets that Sehee had arranged from 1 to 19. He chose the 1st set because it had number 1 on it. Today was his first day in Paris. He would wear set 2 on the next day.

[Roll your shirt up to your elbow and tuck it in your pants! Wear this watch!]

"...Wow, the man who will be her husband later on will really be tired."

Youngwoo checked the note that Sehee left and dressed according to the contents of the note. He stood in front of the mirror and his eyes widened.

'Don't I look very handsome?'

In the past, Youngwoo had heard many times that he was ugly. The protruding cheekbones, high T zone, and eyes without double eyelids gave him an overall nervous impression. His skin was rough and his shoulders were hunched over, so he gave off a bad impression.

But in the past year and a half, Youngwoo had gained weight and trained his body through exercise. His features also matured as he got older and his skin care was good compared to the past.

No, even if he didn't compare to the past, he looked good when compared to the average Korean male. His high T zone and filled up cheeks emanated a Western charm, while his wide shoulders accentuated his masculinity. In particular, his eyes were sexy to women.

Due to Sehee's styling, Youngwoo was able to show off his charms.

*Knock knock.*

Youngwoo was staring blankly in front of a mirror and became astonished at the sound of knocking.

“Come in.”

“Are you ready?”

Peak Sword came into the room and felt amazed.

“Ohu, you’re dressed properly for once.”

Peak Sword raised his thumb. Youngwoo felt better and left the room. The two people headed to the ground floor of the hotel, where the press conference would be held. The US, British, and Turkish teams, who were also staying at the same hotel, were seated already.

“Grid!”

Regas waved from where he was sitting as the representative of the British team. On the other hand, the US team leader Zibal was indifferent to Youngwoo, and Bubat, the Turkish representative, was staring at Youngwoo.

“Huh? I’m South Korea’s representative?”

He was confused when he saw ‘Shin Youngwoo’ as the Korean team leader and Yura belatedly explained.

“We decided that at the meeting.”

“Why? Heok.”

Youngwoo swallowed his breath at Yura’s appearance. Yura appeared wearing a dress, looking like the goddess of beauty had descended. Youngwoo couldn’t take his eyes off the neckline that was revealed by her tied up hair.

“You are the strongest among us, and aren’t you also the master of Overgeared? Who else would be the representative?”

‘Do I have leadership?’

As the master of Overgeared, all he did was make items and hunt. Youngwoo wasn't convinced, but Yura's evaluation was different. During the Elfin Stone raid, Youngwoo showed unexpected leadership that minimized the damage to his colleagues.

Yura was very appreciative of Youngwoo's potential as the leader, so she aimed to train this potential in the National Competition.

"Yes... Eh... Um..."

Youngwoo was swayed by the unexpected praise and Peak Sword pushed him.

"What? Everybody is waiting for you, God Grid."

"Kuk."

In the end, Youngwoo sat in the seat of the Korean team's representative. At that moment.

'His expression changed?'

The hundreds of reporters and staff gathered at the meeting place were surprised at the same time. Youngwoo's silly expression changed as soon as he sat down. His eyes gazed sharply as hundreds of eyes focused on him.

"Sorry I'm late. I am Shin Youngwoo, also known as Grid, the Korean team's representative."

An ordinary person would be nervous in front of the public. It was hard to maintain their spirit while being burdened by the many gazes focused on them. Especially the Youngwoo of the past.

He lacked confidence, so he had trouble communicating with someone in front of his eyes. He always looked at the ground. But he had developed since starting Satisfy. He realized his value and found his confidence. He became familiar with the public gaze as duke, hero of the kingdom, and head of Overgeared.

Grid was the leader of more than 20,000 people and hundreds of guild members. How could he shrink back in front of hundreds of journalists? It was impossible.

"Is this a live broadcast? I would like to say hello to all the people who are watching

me right now.”

Relaxed eyes and stable intonation. It was incomparable to the Youngwoo from the 1st National Competition.

“God Grid, this is why I decided to follow you.”

Peak Sword knew how rare it was for a person to grow and change quickly. Peak Sword once again felt inspired to follow Youngwoo.

“Great.”

Today, from Youngwoo’s style to his attitude, everything was Yura’s favorite. On the other hand, the Korean people watching the press conference live on TV and on the Internet were impressed.

“Was Grid’s personality always so intense?”

“Last year, he seemed like a child, but now he clearly isn’t.”

“Doesn’t he look handsomer than before? Plastic surgery?”

“How is that plastic surgery? He used to look like that from the beginning, but it was just his style. You should go in front of a mirror and look at yourself. You look stupid.”

“I think he did a lot of exercise.”

“A diamond in the rough...”

Satisfy had a culture beyond a simple game. And the representative of Satisfy in South Korea was Grid.

*Ttiring~*

*Ttiring~*

The rankings of the search portals were renewed about Grid. Youngwoo’s parents watching the TV in their vegetable store was also impressed.

“Our son has become more dependable... Our son is the representative of South Korea

for two consecutive years...”

"We gave birth to such a good son. Right?"

The National Competition hadn't even started yet. However, Youngwoo had already become prominent. Not as Grid, but as 'Shin Youngwoo.'

One foreign reporter didn't like it and threw a provocative question at him from the beginning.

# Chapter 410

"Mr. Grid, you didn't fight back despite the one-sided damage caused by this patch. Are you admitting that it's reasonable for you to be nerfed?"

Last year, Grid was able to play a role in the National Competition due to his class and items. The result wasn't due to Grid's skills. This patch was to eliminate that unreasonable thing, so even Grid couldn't complain if he had a conscience.

The reporter interpreted it this way according to his taste.

From Youngwoo's position, it was an unpleasant attitude. He had great pride in himself, so if it was one year ago, he would've immediately become angry at the reporter. He would've snapped angrily.

But now Youngwoo didn't do that. He represented Overgeared and South Korea, and this press conference was a live world stage. Therefore, Youngwoo took a deep breath and watched the reporter. The ID hanging from the reporter's chest had their name, the name of their media company, and their country.

'French.'

One of the candidates to win in the 1st National Competition. The French pointed out Bondre as the person to win the championship for their country. However, Bondre was defeated in four seconds after meeting Youngwoo in PvP. This shocking disgrace moved France further away from the championship.

The antagonism that originated at that time, as well as vigilance and anxiety that the same thing might occur this time, dominated the French reporter. The enlightened Youngwoo felt more sympathetic towards the reporters.

'His self-esteem is low.'

Just like Youngwoo in the old days. As a strong winner, Youngwoo was able to respond to the reporter in a calm tone.

"Everyone seems to have misunderstood. I'm not a victim of this patch."



“Huh?”

The French journalist was embarrassed and the audience was agitated.

A confused Chinese reporter asked.

"Mr. Grid, isn't your greatest strength your unbeatable attack power? Due to this patch, you lost that strength and will inevitably be in a disadvantageous position in PvP. Compared to the other rankers, isn't your control relatively lacking?"

“Why is my strength seen as attack power?”

"You're the one who logged out Hurent of the United States in just 5 seconds and Bondre of France in just 4 seconds. Attack power is naturally your greatest strength."

“Hrmm.”

A smile appeared on Youngwoo's face. The people watching the broadcast and the reporters couldn't understand the meaning of this smile. But Yura, Peak Sword, and Regas knew the meaning of Youngwoo's smile.

‘It's ridicule.’

‘How absurd.’

‘The worst personality.’

Youngwoo enjoyed the questions spreading through the reporters and opened his mouth.

"You are pure."

“Yes?”

Suddenly calling them pure? That smile seemed to be laughing at them. Youngwoo asked a Chinese reporter who had an unpleasant expression on his face.

“What is the source of my strong attack power?”

"It's obviously your strong items."

"In other words, the power of items. That is the right answer."

"...?"

Youngwoo explained to the bewildered reporter.

"My strength isn't attack power, but items. And items aren't just limited to weapons."

"...!"

The eyes of the Chinese reporter widened. He understood the meaning of Youngwoo's words. Youngwoo turned his gaze away from the reporters and declared towards the camera.

"If I can't reproduce the strongest attack power because of the patch, then I will show the strongest defense. I will thoroughly use this patch to look much better than last year."

The nerf sniping at him? He would easily pass through it.

"Pfft!"

The reporters laughed. Youngwoo's words were too ridiculous.

"The blacksmith class is known to have low defense and because of the inherent limit of production classes, I don't think a legendary blacksmith will be much different."

"I've never seen you use defensive skills."

"It's common sense that you can't play as a tanker by just relying on armor, without any defense skills?"

"You might've overcome the limitations of your class with items during the 1st National Competition, where there were only second advancement users, but this year will be different. Other participants have grown stronger by leaps and bounds."

"Mr. Grid, you are too obsessed with items."

The reporters weren't wrong. The reporters were experts in Satisfy and had a basis for their words. However, the problem was that Youngwoo was a special case.

"You will soon see. Ah, I will tell you this ahead of time."

Youngwoo scanned Zibal and Bubat with ridicule.

"I don't think anyone who participates in this competition isn't equipped with items. The high rankers received a lot of money from sponsors, so it is irresponsible if they don't have good items. Don't use bad items as an excuse later on if you have a conscience."

The tone was provocative.

Bubat responded to the taunt.

"Aren't you the one who relies on items? Don't speak nonsense! I bet that this year, you will earn 0 gold medals!"

Zibal was the same.

"A person who only relies on items is saying this... I guess there isn't a lot of talent in South Korea. There is a rumor that Yura, who disappeared from the rankings after obtaining a hidden class, isn't as good as before. Well, I think it is good enough for South Korea to maintain a low profile in this competition."

After that, the reporters didn't ask Youngwoo anymore questions. It was an attitude like they were no longer interested in South Korea. Thus, a Korean reporter asked Youngwoo a new question.

"Grid, do you plan to participate in the blacksmith production competition? As a legendary blacksmith, you will surely get a gold medal if you participate."

The reporter wanted to show to the world that Korea could also get a gold medal. The international reporters read his intentions and stiffened.

"A gold medal doesn't have the same value."

"Winning a gold medal in a non-popular event isn't a big story."

"So what... Whether it is a gold medal in a popular or non-popular event, it still shows in the score. It looks like South Korea won't leave completely empty."

“No, that’s wrong as well. Have you seen the performance of the items made by the top ranking blacksmiths lately? There’s no guarantee that Grid can get a gold medal, even if he’s a legendary blacksmith.”

“...”

The Korean reporter’s face reddened with shame as the reaction was different than what he thought. It was a fact that anyone knew, but most of the Korean people watching the press conference were angry at the insult.

Knowing this, Youngwoo abandoned his patience and revealed a bit of his true nature. He would give a thrill to the Korean citizens, as well as enhance the image of himself and Overgeared.

“If I participate in the blacksmith competition, isn’t this too unfair?”

“...?”

It was natural for blacksmiths to participate in the blacksmith competition. But it was too unfair? Grid was extremely arrogant. Just because he was a legend, he assumed that all blacksmiths were below him. It was a higher assessment of himself than necessary.

In front of the frowning reporters, Youngwoo raised five fingers.

“This is the minimum number of gold medals South Korea will be able to win in this National Competition without me participating in the blacksmith tournament. Expect it.”

“What...?”

Everyone was silent from the crazy nonsense.



[Grid, he declared that he will win at least 5 gold medals.]

[Grid won’t participate in the blacksmith competition. Can South Korea win a gold medal?]

[The importance of representatives... South Korea will suffer a great disgrace due to Grid's arrogance.]

The media headlines of each country were dominated by Grid. On the other hand, there were only a few small articles about the 2nd ranked Zibal.

"Grid, this guy..."

Originally, he was supposed to be the main character of the press conference, but that changed due to Grid. His ego was badly hurt as he threw the newspapers to the side with a red face. Then he asked the young man with silver hair who was enjoying his tea.

"What do you think are the five events Grid is talking about?"

"Boss raid, target match and siege."

"What? The team events?"

"And all other combat-related individual events."

"..."

Lauel, the youth with silver hair drinking expensive black tea, just spoke ridiculous words. He was the chief of staff of Overgeared and Grid's chief aide, the person closest to Grid. Still, he was from the United States.

"I knew that Grid was arrogant, but this... Does he really believe that he's the strongest?"

No, Grid always thought he was lacking. That's why it was scarier.

'He's someone who has already broken the sky above the sky.'

Lauel shook his head and explained.

"Grid said this based on his skills."

"Ah, really?"

Zibal thought it was absurd.

"How can you evaluate Grid's skills so highly? Now that the average stats of users are going up and the value of items is decreasing, why are you so obsessed with Grid, who has nothing except for items?"

"Hahat!"

Lauel burst out laughing and swept back his hair. He covered half of his face with one hand, his blue eyes peeking out from the gap in the fingers.

"This is why I don't appreciate you, Zibal. Your zeal to judge people and circumstances based on prejudices just proves your limitations. The brightest moment for you is the present, not the future."

Zibal's face turned completely red as he shook. He tried not to get angry at Lauel, who was disparaging him. Then Lauel spoke some shocking words.

"Tomorrow, in the target match, the US is looking for a silver medal."

"What?"

It was natural that the US would win gold at team events. The US team's overall ability was high when taking into consideration the average level, equipment, and skills of the participants. Yet they were looking at a silver medal?

Lauel continued to speak nonsense.

"When I pierce through the world with my eyes, the winner of the gold medal is South Korea."

*Kung!*

Zibal pounded on the table, standing up and glaring at Lauel.

"I know that you're loyal to Grid... But keep in mind that your country is always your priority. You are Grid's enemy in the National Competition. Don't mislead your allies and encourage confusion with your words."

"I will keep that in mind."

Lauel laughed excitedly, like this was refreshing. Zibal hurriedly left this place. It was because he would crush Lauel's pretty face if he stayed any longer.

And the next day. After the grand opening ceremony, which was much bigger than the 1st National Competition, the first scheduled event began. It was the target processing match. The rules were simple.

The S.A. Group designated 21 uninhabited islands for this National Competition. The representatives of 32 countries would be on the uninhabited island called 'Tira.' Each representative had to destroy small targets 5cm in diameter that were moving at a speed of 40m per second. Each target would give points, and the representatives could be attacked and logged out.

Destroying one target gave one point, and no additional points were gained by logging out another user. The country that earned a total of 400 points first would win.

『Which country will be the first to win 400 points in this match?』

*-Waaahhhhhhhh!*

Hundreds of thousands of spectators cheered in the Stade de France National Stadium as the host raised the atmosphere. Among them, very few people were paying attention to South Korea.

Despite Grid's declaration at the press conference, almost no one predicted that South Korea could win a medal at the team events.

But let's go back to the situation from the beginning.

*Peng!*

*Pepepepeng!*

White flashes emerged from four golden hands shining brilliantly under the sun. At the same time as the signal to start the match, the small targets were destroyed. The speed was fast enough to be unmatched by other teams.

"Stop him!"

The bewildered representatives from all over the world surrounded Grid.

“Linked Kill Wave.”

Grid used his strongest skill while feeling thankful to the enemies coming at him all at once. The result? Silence filled the agitated Stade de France National Stadium.



# Chapter 411

One hour before the start of the opening event, in the Korean team's waiting room.

Peak Sword was pointing at 11 areas on a map of Tira.

"The target processing will be very crowded because everybody from 32 countries is participating."

A huge 224 people were divided into 32 teams to compete. Enemies would be present in all directions.

"The team that stands out too much is likely to be attacked. We should first focus on securing terrain favorable to taking care of the targets."

Yura's marksmanship was optimized for targeting. But if she focused on destroying the targets, it was likely to raise the alertness of the other teams. Peak Sword decided that it wasn't too late to start the target processing after leaving the center of the battlefield and finding a suitable spot.

Park Jonghwa checked the points on the map and was puzzled.

"Why are they hills and rivers?"

Park Jonghwa was a level 235 archer. It was 39 levels lower than the average level of the participants in the National Competition, but he was the top ranker in the Korean team after Peak Sword, Yura, and Grid.

He was a famous miser who always smoked and left his wallet at home when meeting friends, but he was quite good as an archer. From his point of view, the areas marked by Peak Sword weren't very appealing.

"Wouldn't it be better to occupy the highlands? It's easy to shoot the targets and snipe enemies."

"The higher the terrain, the more noticeable we are to other teams. We won't be able to occupy it for long."

Peak Sword realistically analyzed the power of the South Korean team. Apart from Grid and Yura, it was true that the average stats of the members was weaker than other teams. It was right to be extremely careful.

"..."

Park Jonghwa couldn't say anything further. His pride was strong, so he didn't like this opinions being ignored.

"It's easy to build a barrier on a hill or river. Compared to the highlands, the competition to occupy them will be lower. I think it's good."

The level 233 tanker, Kyunghoon, responded positively to Peak Sword. The level 220 magician Sumin and level 191 tailor Jinhee also agreed.

Since the most important Grid and Yura had nothing to see, they decided to go with Peak Sword's plan.

Peak Sword pointed to Area B among the 11 areas.

"This point is particularly good. It's deep in the forest and optimized for people to act secretly. As soon as the target processing starts, we'll move to the northern forest, avoiding the enemy's gaze and securing Point B. Then Jinhee will unfold his defensive tent and..."

"Wait."

The silent Grid finally opened his mouth. Everyone's eyes focused on him.

"Is there a problem?"

Peak Sword glanced at Grid. Grid and Yura recommended that he act as the operations manager in this National Competition, but Grid had the final say on plans. This was the authority and responsibility of the captain.

"At first, I thought it was a good plan. But as I heard more, I noticed something strange."

"What is strange?"

Peak Sword couldn't easily understand Grid's thoughts.

Grid told him.

"Avoid conflicts with enemies and build up a base before aiming for the targets? Can we get a gold medal with such relaxed actions?"

"Gold medal...?"

Jonghwa, Kyunghoon, Sumin, and Jinhee looked surprised at the words. South Korea, the team with the lowest average level and power, they would win a gold medal at the team events? It was only a dream. They thought Grid was joking.

However, Grid was serious.

"Don't we need to obtain 400 points first to win the gold? Why are you wasting time camping? Meanwhile, the other teams will raise their scores by a significant amount. Just focus on taking care of the targets from the beginning."

Park Jonghwa frowned.

"Do you plan to start a full-scale war with the enemies? It's just a path to self-destruction. Grid, you might be strong, but the four of us aren't. With our specs, it's impossible to compete 1-on-1 with the representatives from other countries. It's a team event, so you have to consider the average level of the team members."

Park Jonghwa believed that he was a clever person. He was absolutely negative about things that he saw were wrong.

"We'll be destroyed in an instant, even if we only face the US team."

Grid burst out laughing at the certain person.

"Self-destruction? Destroyed in an instant?"

*Flinch.*

Grid's eyes flashed ferociously. People shrank back at the sight. Grid hammered in the point.

"It doesn't matter if you discount your own value, but don't put others down. In particular, I am stronger than you could possibly imagine."

Grid turned to stare at Peak Sword.

"Answer me. What ranking will South Korea get with your plan?"

"3rd place."

Peak Sword was confident in his plan. Their average power might be weak, but Peak Sword believed that they could win a bronze medal if they had a favorable terrain and the power of Grid and Yura.

The bronze medal. Being ranked third among 32 countries was amazing. Perhaps most Korean people didn't even hope for it. But Grid wasn't satisfied with this. Grid wanted the gold medal in order to obtain adamantium.

"3rd place? Come on, let's go for something higher. Yura will focus on handling the targets from the beginning, while the rest of the members will try and protect her."

"But, we'll be hit right away..."

"In particular, we will be defeated in an instant if hit by the high rankers."

The higher rankers mentioned here were those in the top 80 who had completed their third class advancement. Grid spoke to the nervous team members.

"Don't worry. I will burn them all."

This was the result.

"South Korea! Block South Korea!"

"Is he crazy?"

Shortly after the commencement of the target processing. The 31 teams watching each other concentrated on South Korea at once. It was a natural phenomenon. They didn't know where this confidence came from, but after the game started, only South Korea was destroying targets.

They were a good scapegoat for the other countries, who had to reduce the number of competitors.

"We are going as well."

Grid smiled as he confirmed that the representatives of other countries were acting to stop the Korean team. Zibal wanted to smash Grid, who was like an eyesore.

Lauel calmed him down.

"Why do you need to be so obsessed with the Korean team when the other teams will take care of them? We'll use this time to take over the highlands and concentrate on target processing."

"Um..."

Yes, why should Zibal care about this person? Don't get caught up in his emotions. Zibal coldly nodded and the US team broke away from the confusion. Britain, Russia, Canada, Italy, Brazil, Japan, and other teams from 20 countries made the same decision as the US.

The teams aiming at South Korea were made up of 11 countries, including the Turkish team led by Bubat and the French team led by Bondre. It wasn't a small number. The 7 members of South Korea had to fend off 77 people.

Bubat and Bondre smiled with satisfaction.

'PvP damage has been reduced by 50%.'

'Grid's Transcended Link is a ranged skill and can't threaten us.'

'Stupid Koreans! You will be embarrassed as the first to leave!'

The 77 enemies rushed joyfully. They were like moths to a flame as Grid looked at them and started his sword dance. The sword dance had an unmatched splendor compared to his previous one.

"Linked Kill Wave."

[Linked Kill Wave]

Performs three sword dances simultaneously.

Summons eight consecutive Kill attacks that inflicts 1,500% attack power, chasing all objects within a 2m radius.

The targets hit will have all speeds reduced by 50%.

\* This skill doesn't share a cooldown with Link, Kill, and Wave.

Skill Mana Cost: 2,000

Skill Cooldown Time: 20 minutes.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

It was Grid's Greatsword, which had a basic attack power that exceeded Iyarugt and increased the damage of skills. The eight stems of energy released from it caused fear to appear in the enemies aiming for Grid.

'Linked Wave Kill?'

'It's different from Transcended Link!'

'Much more powerful...!'

*Pak!*

*Papapat!*

The representatives attacking Grid scattered. It was an almost instinctive behavior. However, it was already too late. Eight of them already became targets of Linked Kill Wave.

*Swaeeeeek!*

Linked Kill Wave changed orbits like a guided missile and chased after eight people.

[You have suffered 31,300 damage.]

[You have become stunned from the big blow.]

[You have suffered 34,100 damage.]

[You have died.]

[The Frame Shield has been used. Your defense will increase by 30% for 10 seconds.]

[You have suffered 19,500 damage.]

[Three Step Turn has been used.]

[The evasion has failed.]

[You have suffered 37,500 damage.]

[You have died.]

...

...

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

It was an overwhelming sight. It was enough to silence the hundreds of thousands of spectators in the Stade de France National Stadium, as the strongest representatives turned to grey.

“S-Such a thing...”

In the National Competition, PvP damage was reduced by 50%. Killing rankers with one blow?

‘Why is he so strong?’

Grid’s attack power was beyond everyone’s imagination.

‘The patch has no meaning!’

Wasn’t this patch to nerf Grid, who showed a unique strength in the National Competition last year? Bondre whispered to Bubat, who was amazed at the unbelievable result.

“Stay calm. The deceased were only rankers in the 200’s who don’t have their third

advancement class. Furthermore, most of them are damage dealers. Grid only attacked relatively weak opponents.”

It was heard. Bubat regained his calmness and smiled grimly.

"Grid, I think you used your ultimate skill. But didn't you just handle the small fries?"

Grid retorted.

"You should know that you're also a small fry."

Grid had to repay the debt to the masters of the seven guilds. Those naughty people who tried to invade Reidan when he wasn't there.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship."

*Teong!*

Grid leapt forward and unfolded his sword dance. Bubat reflexively took a defensive posture. However, Grid didn't use a skill.

"Fake, you bastard."

"What...?"

Grid passed by Bubat and reached Bondre. Bondre was excited to face Grid. 4 seconds! How much had he been embarrassed after being defeated by Grid in the National Competition last year? This was a perfect chance to pay back the grudge of that time. He had been waiting for this day!

"Crying Ice Spears!"

*Kwaduk!*

*Kwadududuk!*

"...!"

The hundreds of thousands of spectators were astonished at the overwhelming sight that occurred. Bondre fled to the sky to avoid Grid, created dozens of sharp ice spears



and caused them to rain down.

“Bondre, that bastard!”

The representatives from other countries, who were paying attention to the Korean team, screamed angrily. It was because they suffered a great deal of damage from Bondre’s wide area magic, despite temporarily being on the same side.

[You have dealt 8,900 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 7,500 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt...]

...

...

“Hahat! Kuhahahahat!”

Bondre was thrilled by the constantly rising notification windows. He was excited with this spell that showed off his great power. Bondre believed that Grid was being beaten by the magic and would soon die.

Crying Ice Spear was a continuously unfolding spell that lasted as long as his mana allowed, so it was possible for Bondre to completely destroy the area. But there was a phrase that constantly appeared between the notification windows that were rising.

[You have dealt 3,100 damage to the target.]

[The target has resisted the damage.]

[You have dealt 2,900 damage to the target.]

“What is this?”

Bondre’s eyes widened. There was one person who wasn’t receiving his magic damage properly! That someone was naturally...

“Gridddd!”

"Fly, Kill."

*Puok!*

Blood splattered from Bondre's chest as he screamed at Grid, turning the ice spears red. The red ice spears had hit the strongest defense items against magic, the Holy Light Set.

# Chapter 412

[Ice Shield (Lv.8) has been used.]

[Creates a shield that absorbs 10,000 (+11,532) damage.]

[The shield will increase your physical defense by 30% and magic resistance by 20%, and will reflect back 30% of the damage as ice debris.]

It was necessary to use a lot of magic in order to increase the proficiency of magic. But it shouldn't be used in a meaningless manner. It needed to be used with a purpose to increase proficiency.

For example, in order to increase the proficiency of shield magic, it was necessary to defend against an enemy attack with the shield.

However, a magician was a class with low health and weak defense. They were extremely reluctant to allow enemy attacks, so the actual combat method was focused on not allowing enemy attacks. They took advantage of various spells to maintain a proper distance from the enemy and killed them before the enemy could approach.

Therefore, most magicians only had low level shielding magic. However, Bondre raised the level of Ice Shield through his constant efforts. If he raised it two more levels, it would be mastered. It was a result of abandoning the typical magician combat style and confronting the enemy's attacks with his shield.

Why? Why suffer in order to raise the level of Ice Shield? The reason was simple. It was to prepare for a decisive battle with Grid.

'I only dreamed about getting revenge!'

Grid used Fly and his various resistances to magic in order to instantly narrow the distance. Indeed, this was the counter for a magician. But Bondre had already faced Grid once before and didn't panic. As soon as he faced Grid's Kill, he calmly cast the Ice Shield and then started the chant for an attack spell.

'The shield can endure the bombardment!'

Bondre believed in his shield. He was convinced that his level 8 Ice Shield couldn't be destroyed in the National Competition where PvP damage was reduced by 50%. But Grid caused a reversal.

*Jjejeong!*

*Puok!*

[You have suffered 23,210 damage.]

[21,532 damage has been absorbed.]

[The target will receive 30% of the damage.]

[You have dealt 6,963 damage to the target.]

[Ice Shield is turned off.]

"Cough...! N-No, this is crazy!"

Bondre's face distorted as he coughed up blood. Grid suffered the most damage, but Bondre's mental shock was great.

'What a monster!'

His shield was smashed despite the 50% drop in damage? How powerful was Grid's original attack? It was only a moment, but Bondre felt afraid of Grid. But it cleared in an instant. As the peak of 41,000 ice mystics and a representative of his country, he could never weaken or feel distress.

*Jjejeong!*

Bondre barely sidestepped Grid's swing and shouted the last words of his spell.

"Ice Dragon's Fury!"

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

The whole area became dominated with a chill. From the turbulent earth, huge ice pillars rose like dragons and threatened Grid. Power, speed and range. Bondre's magic

wasn't lacking anything.

The earth quickly froze and frost covered the forest. The frost, ice pillars and Grid who was stiff like a statue, not moving. It was like he was overwhelmed by the phenomenal magic.

The French people who saw it cheered.

"Grid is stuck!"

"There is no escaping this magic! Indeed, Bondre is great! A genius!"

"That's right! Last year Bondre wasn't alert! Go Bondre! Take down Grid!"

"Bondre!! Bondre!! Bondre!!"

At this moment, most people in the world thought that Grid would be defeated. Bondre was different from the person who couldn't endure Grid's strike last year. This impression was implanted on the spectators.

In the distance, the US team competing with other teams to capture the highlands also believed in Bondre's victory.

Zibal smiled at the sight of the ice pillars rising high in the sky.

"Bondre's mighty power can't be endured. By taking advantage of the structure of ice, the enemy's actions are blocked and a complete victory can be achieved. The successful emergence of S-grade magic means it is the end for Grid."

"Don't make me laugh."

Someone snorted at Zibal's words. It was Pon, a member of the Spanish team that was confronting the US team. He asserted as he threatened Zibal with his spear.

"You can't measure Grid."

"Baby small fry."

Pon, who was 10th on the unified rankings, was one of the five influential figures of Overgeared. But Zibal was 2nd on the rankings. It was natural that he should be

dominant. However...

“What?”

Zibal was shocked. Pon’s spear flying from the front suddenly changed orbit to the side. It was unexpected and Zibal was slow to respond.

*Puok!*

“Ugh!”

Zibal groaned as his side was hit. He was once again shocked as he saw the damage.

‘Why is it so painful?’

Zibal had been steadily taking elixirs and used the overwhelming resources he accumulated as master of one of the seven guilds to arm himself with the strongest equipment. He was even 20 levels higher than Pon. From a common sense point of view, it was normal for Zibal to not suffer great damage from Pon. But he was confused by the unexpected damage.

Lauel summoned a gust of wind to block Pon’s next attack and warned.

"Zibal, I admit that you are strong. But don’t be overconfident. The power of Overgeared can’t be compared to what it was a year ago.”

That’s right. Due to the Reidan desert, the vampire cities and the Behen Archipelago, the Overgeared members reached a level that was beyond common sense. And Grid had achieved overwhelming development among the Overgeared members.

[A powerful frost has frozen your body. All speeds will decrease by 20%.]

[You have resisted.]

“Revolve.”

*Kurururu!*

"Heok!"

Grid stood still as he faced the huge and mighty ice pillar dragons. He wasn't humbly accepting death. By rotating his sword, he reversed the path of the ice pillar, causing Bondre to be directly hit.

"W-What? A counterattack...!"

Typically, counterattacks could only be used against attacks of the same type. Physical force was counterattacked with a physical attack, while magic was counterattacked with magic. However, Grid used physical force to counterattack against magic. Furthermore, the attack was returned with more than 100% of the damage.

It was unbelievable, a fraudulent skill.

But Bondre wasn't surprised at the function of the skill itself. He was amazed at Grid's skill to fully utilize the counterattack. It needed to be used at the perfect timing, so very few players could use a counterattack in a fight against top rankers.

But Grid...

Grid, who was rated as having a low level of control, used a counterattack perfectly against Bondre.

'This guy... What has he been doing in the past year?'

Bondre became bloody. He looked at the deep eyes of the approaching Grid and realized.

'I can't measure him.'

He didn't know what trials Grid had gone through over the past year and how he had overcome them. Bondre couldn't imagine it at all.

{Bondre! We'll join in!}

The French representatives hadn't participated in the battle because Bondre asked for a one-on-one match against Grid. Bondre hurriedly shouted at them.

{No, abandon me and run away. We can't handle Grid without some sacrifices.}

{What?}

The rankings were constantly going down due to the rapid growth of the Overgeared members, but Bondre was still in the top 20. His pride was high and he had some of the best skills. Bondre and most people believed that he was defeated by Grid last year because he wasn't vigilant.

But right now, Bondre acknowledged Grid's skills. This person was above him. It was unfamiliar to the French team, who knew Bondre well.

{I will earn as much time as possible, so run away. Leave the South Korean team alone and focus on the targets. Aim for a bronze medal.}

As Bondre was talking with his team members...

*Shaaaaaah-*

Grid recalled Grid's Greatsword and took out Iyarugt. The sword scattered a red light like jewels, capturing the eyes of the hundreds of thousands of spectators. The cameras were dazzled by Iyarugt's beauty and zoomed in. It was natural that the appearance of Grid, the master of Iyarugt, would receive the attention of people from all over the world.

"Bondre, you developed a lot compared to last year. I acknowledge your growth."

Grid's original personality would've mocked Bondre. Bondre was one of the guild masters who dared to invade Reidan. However, Grid didn't disparage Bondre.

Was he worried about the image of Overgeared in the competition where millions of people were watching?

That was a secondary problem. Grid didn't ridicule Bondre, because he truly acknowledged Bondre's skills. He could see how hard he had worked and how much Bondre had grown over the past year, and Grid couldn't put him down.

"You are strong. But I am stronger."

"...Hat! You are ridiculous."

Bondre burst out laughing and summoned ice barriers. He was worried that his team members would become Grid's targets and wanted to buy as much time as possible by squeezing out all his power.



"It won't be so easy when we meet again next year."

Bondre shouted at Grid from behind the ice barriers. Grid nodded and rushed forward.

*Chaaeng! Jjejeong! Jjeejeeong!*

Subsequently, the ice barriers were destroyed by Iyarugt. The sharp ice arrows and ice spears couldn't stop Grid's movements. Grid didn't try to avoid the ice arrows and spears. He just accepted them while approaching Bondre.

The magic resistance of the Holy Light Set was extremely high and there was also the 50% drop in PvP damage. The synergy between the patch and his armor made Bondre into a fool.

『B-Bondre, logout!!』

Bondre, a leading figure in France, eventually kneeled down and died. This helplessness left a great shock on the French people.

"Next."

The rejoicing of the winner was short. After confirming that Bondre has logged out, Grid headed towards the South Korean team who were experiencing a crisis.

"Blackening."

*Peeng!*

The explosion of demonic power made a road around Grid. Grid's skin became paler and contrasted with his black hair, causing the female viewers to cheer.

# Chapter 413

『...』

The broadcasting companies showing the National Competition fell silent at the same time. They were shocked by Grid's abilities that surpassed the imagination and were at a loss for words. But as professionals, they couldn't remain silent forever.

The broadcasters hurriedly regained their minds and proceeded again.

『Basically, Satisfy implements a system where the player's defense mitigates the damage as a percentage.』

『In the National Competition, PvP damage is reduced by 50%.』

『Experts observed that PvP damage is actually 30~35% in the National Competition due to the player's defense...』

『... Grid quickly took care of Bondre and eight representatives.』

『Grid's damage is far too powerful. It seems like there's a limit that the player's defense can alleviate his attack. Even the patch can't stop his might.』

『It isn't just high attack power. Grid perfectly utilized a counterattack against the high ranker Bondre. Is this just a coincidence? No. Grid is different from last year. Now Grid seems to have high quality control.』

『...』

The hosts praised him while the experts who predicted that 'it is fortunate if South Korea doesn't come last' were silent. Grid's show was amazing. It was beyond expectations. God Grid. It was the moment when the arrogant nickname was once again engraved onto the minds of the world.

On the other hand, Bubab of the Turkish team had a relaxed expression on his face. Grid's level was just what he expected.

‘Indeed, the patch had an impact.’

When Grid used the new skill called Linked Kill Wave, Bublat predicted that all the people hit by it would die. But the result was only four deaths, three serious injuries and one minor injury.

This alone was a very traumatic incident.

There were few people who could sweep away the skilled people of each country with one blow. However, wasn't their opponent Grid? Grid was a monster who destroyed dozens of people in the National Competition last year with just Transcended Link. Compared to last year, his power had definitely fallen.

'He isn't a threat to me now.'

Bublat was convinced as he looked at Grid, who even Bublat couldn't defeat. There was a reason for Bublat's confidence.

[Undefeated King's Battle Gear Set]

Madra, a man who had never been defeated and was called the Undefeated King. He was the 9th king of the Lubana Kingdom, which was now absorbed by the Saharan Empire. There was a legend that the Lubana Kingdom was unbeatable during his rule. The Saharan Empire in its prime couldn't occupy the Lubana Kingdom that Madra defended. The Lubana Kingdom was safe until Madra's death.

'The undefeated king who endured the onslaught of the enemy knights alone.'

Now Bublat had the strongest set of armor used by a legendary person. Bublat gained wings from the set and had the best tanking power.

'You can't imagine the sacrifices I made to get this, Grid.'

Despite the failures he experienced, Bublat's eyes remained brilliant and strong. After arming himself with a blue armour and holding a large shield in his hands, Bublat ran towards Grid and shouted.

"I will stop you!"

Bublat took out his unique rated weapon, 'Seres' Hammer.'

‘Now Grid will be frustrated.’

He defeated four players with Linked Kill Wave and all the French players retreated after Bondre’s defeat, but the number of people here was still overwhelming. The South Korean team were surrounded and under pressure from over 60 enemies. South Korea would be in a crisis if Grid didn’t get there quickly, so Grid would be in a hurry.

Then as if to prove his impatience...

“Blackening.”

*Peeng!*

Demonic energy exploded from Grid. Grid increased his attack power but received a penalty of lowering his health.

‘As expected!’

Bubat smiled with satisfaction as he watched the nervous Grid.

"Bring it on!"

*Kuwong!*

[Taunting Shout has been activated.]

[The enemy will be provoked.]

The rare hidden class, Crusher. His stats was that of a typical tanker, but the greatest advantage of the class was its ability to destroy formations. He used the ‘Unconditional’ skill to rush within 3m of the target and used CC combos to instantly destroy the enemy.

But last year, this didn’t exert any power on Grid. Grid was immune to abnormal status conditions.

‘Now it is different!’

In the course of achieving level 310, Bubat acquired skills that forced the enemy into an abnormal status. This was originally designed to allow CC to work on boss raids,

but it was currently deadly to Grid.

[‘Bubat’ has taunted you.]

[You can’t resist.]

Grid frowned.

‘Lauel’s concern was right.’

Lauel was sure that for the sake of balance, skills that overcome the status conditions immunity would surely emerge. Grid had scoffed at the time, but Lauel’s concern was turned to reality.

It was like when a game company sold the cash shop item ‘Shield that absolutely defends against an enemy’s attack’ and later sold an ‘item that breaks down the absolute shield’ at a higher price.

As the zoomed in face of Grid distorted, the hundreds of millions of viewers realized the situation that was happening. The silent experts suddenly shouted.

『That armor that Bubat is wearing...! I’ve seen it in an ancient book!』

『It’s Undefeated King Madra’s battle gear set!』

『Undefeated King Madra was called a legendary tanker. There is a record stating that he endured the onslaught of the Red Knights alone!』

『Bubat’s tanking power will be beyond imagination. Grid won’t be able to defeat Bubat.』

『In the end, Grid failed to save the Korean team.』

The experts raised the anxiety of the Korean viewers.

*-Wow, really. I looked up Undefeated King Madra and he is wearing the exact same armor as Bubat.*

*-One of the best tankers is equipped with the best armor... However, God Grid will win.*

*-A lot of Grid's skills must be on cooldown... It might be tough.*

If this was the reaction of Koreans, what about the foreigners? Most people believed that Bubatz was a mountain that Grid couldn't cross. However.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship."

Grid arrived in front of Bubatz, regardless of his will, due to the taunt. He used Blacksmith's Rage and Quick Movements.

"Haha! Try and hit me! You will realize that it is futile and feel despair!"

Bubatz provoked Grid to the end. Iyarugt aimed for the weak spot detected by the Slaughterer's Eye Patch.

"Pinnacle."

[Pinnacle Lv. 4 (0.5%)

A sword that expresses the essence of a warrior god.

Deals 800% of your attack power to a single target. This skill will ignore 64% of the target's armor.

*Seokeok!*

"...Eh?"

Grid's attack speed suddenly became very fast? The attack orbit was hard to read. More than anything else...

[You have suffered 17,050 damage.]

'It hurts?'

No, what was this?

The shield held in Bubatz's hand became obsolete.

"U-Uhh?"

Bubat blinked because he couldn't understand what was happening. It was natural. The Crusher possessed the highest level of defense among the numerous classes in Satisfy, and Bublat was also wearing the strongest armor set belonging to the undefeated king.

Then why was it so painful? Bublat staggered and seemed to fall into a state of confusion. He tried to counterattack with his hammer, but Grid boasted extreme agility due to Quick Movements.

The Slaughterer's Eye Patch and Iyarugt told him the attack orbit and he could defend against it. But Grid ignored the hammer. He judged that Bublat's attack power wasn't threatening at all.

*Peeok!*

[You have dealt 1,090 damage to the target.]

"...Eh?"

Bubat's eyes widened with astonishment.

It was a unique rated hammer, so why didn't it do any damage?

'What? Isn't this a big deal?'

Did Grid's defence go beyond their predictions?

'A tanker? Don't tell me?'

"If I can't reproduce the strongest attack power because of the patch, then I will show the strongest defense. I will thoroughly use this patch to look much better than last year."

Grid's remark from the press conference entered his mind. That's right. Bublat never even imagined it. Grid hadn't even pulled out Three Layers yet. Grid aimed a finger at the confused Bublat's forehead.

"Magic Missile."

Magic Missile (Enhanced) constantly gained proficiency in the Behen Archipelago, but

it was still level 2. The experience was only at 60%. The proficiency gain rate of legendary skills was the worst.

On the other hand, the damage of the legendary magic was strong. It ignored the enemy's magic resistance and dealt damage equal to twice Grid's current magic power. Grid was still wearing the Holy Light set, meaning his intelligence was increased by 200 due to the Holy Light Crown. The elixirs also increased his intelligence by 400.

Bubat was surprised by the high damage.

*Peeng!*

"Ugh!"

Bubat's head snapped back after he was hit by Magic Missile. Looking at the blue sky, Bubat was convinced that the situation was the worst. Notification windows appeared in front of Grid.

[Critical!]

[The option effect of Iyarugt has caused the target to bleed.]

[The 3rd combo has been achieved!]

[The option effect of Iyarugt maximizes the bleeding of the target. The damage done to the target will increase by 200% for 1 second.]

Grid attacked during this gap. It was Pinnacle Kill.

[Pinnacle Kill]

An attack that completely ignores the target's defense and deals 2,000% of your attack power.

\* The sword can change orbit in the middle, making it hard to deal with.

*Seokeok!*

"Kuaaaack!"



Just like most tankers, Bubbat invested his stat points into stamina, and his agility was very low. However, he hardly ever encountered inconveniences due to low agility. Was it sometimes difficult to respond to enemy attacks because of low agility?

It didn't matter. His defense was high, so he could endure it. But Grid's attacks were an exception. They hurt. He struck continuously and eventually linked Hell Sword.

It was a legendary attack skill attached to Iyarugt. It was another star. It happened in less than a minute.

# Chapter 414

『Bubat has been logged out!』

Criticisms towards Bubat flooded in as he died.

The Turkish people were disappointed by his pathetic ability that allowed Grid's attacks.

*-There are a large number of allies, so it's natural to tank while your allies deal damage to the enemies.*

*-What type of tanker challenges a person to a one-on-one battle?*

*-Bubat lacks one-on-one experience. Seriously the worst.*

*-Basically, Grid is the strongest. How did such a monster appear in a small and weak Satisfy country like South Korea? I'm sick because we have been grabbed by South Korea two years in a row.*

*-This year, the one with the lowest ranking seems to be Turkey.*

*-Won't Bubat lose his sponsors soon?*

"..."

The logged out Bubat couldn't raise his head. He was afraid to return to Turkey. On the other hand, Grid remained on the battlefield and was still admiring it.

'It's a huge passive skill.'

Grid confirmed the damage of Pinnacle and decided that it was possible to finish off Bubat with Pinnacle Kill. But he was wrong. Pinnacle Kill did much less damage than expected. It was presumed that Bubat had a passive skill where 'only a % of the maximum health' was decreased by a strong blow.

'If his armor was unsealed, it would've taken much longer.'

Grid had the Blacksmith's Eyes skill.

He could check the information of an item if he looked at it for three seconds. This could be a double-edged sword.

It was because the item information window interfered with his field of view.

Anyway, Grid learned one thing through the Blacksmith's Eyes. Bubat's armor was currently sealed and couldn't perform at its full capabilities.

'The undefeated king.'

Was he also one of the nine legends? Grid's expression wasn't good as he moved. He spent longer than expected dealing with Bondre and Bubat.

'I feel like my luck is really bad.'

There was one reason why Grid used the Holy Light set instead of the newly created equipment, including Three Layers and Lantier's Cloak. He was hoping to trigger the 5 Joint Attacks skill attached to the Holy Light Gloves. If 5 Joint Attacks was activated, Grid would be able to deal with the enemy faster because he could deal five times as much damage.

However, the problem was that it wasn't activated. Since he entered the Behen Archipelago until now, the number of times 5 Joint Attacks was activated had significantly decreased. Grid felt like his odds when it came to games of luck was becoming worse.

'I am angry.'

He wanted to make an item that would increase his luck.

'...Eh? Isn't this good?'

It was better than the good luck state in many ways. In an extreme example, if he wore items that increased luck, he could increase the chances of producing higher rated items. Grid thought such things while moving to save the Korean team.

At this moment. He didn't show any signs of nerves, despite the Korean team being in a crisis.

Why?

He believed in his companions.

The reason why Grid decided on this high risk operation, which was to immediately attack the targets and attract the aggro of the enemies, was because he trusted in Yura and Peak Sword's abilities.



4 minutes after the commencement of the target processing.

While Grid was defeating Bondre and Bubat in succession, the Korean team was struggling against the allied teams.

"Fire Wall!"

"Multi Shot."

The archer Jonghwa and the magician Sumin didn't consider their mana, trying their best to tie up the feet of the enemies while the tailor Jinhee did his best to set up a protective tent. The tanker Kyunghoon used skills to slow down the enemies' advance.

But they were weak. They were at least 40 levels lower than the other players, making it impossible to endure.

"Shit, when is Grid coming?"

Park Jonghwa said nervously.

He had a negative impression of this plan from the beginning, so he couldn't help grumbling. He fired his arrows relentlessly, but there wasn't a single enemy who collapsed. His weak arrows couldn't penetrate the enemies' defenses.

"Ugh!"

Rather, his wounds increased due to the counterattacks. His health had already fallen to a risky level. He would've died sooner if it wasn't for the 50% reduced PvP damage patch. Sumin's mana reached the bottom.

"I can't use magic anymore..."

"Shit! Hey, Jinhee! Haven't you completed the tent yet?"

"I-I'm sorry. I think it will take 3 more minutes."

"This... Ugh!"

*Ku tang tang tang!*

Kyunghoon barely blocked an attack with his shield and went flying. The person who blew him away was Australia's leading ranker, Luca.

"Stop the senseless resistance. Aren't you just tiring yourselves out in this attempt to buy time?"

Luca was 80th on the unified rankings and had a third advancement class. The Korean team members couldn't go against him. He faced them with cold eyes.

'The end.'

Park Jonghwa thought with frustration.

"Our goal is to win, not buy time."

Yura was handling the targets with her rifle while being protected by her team members. This time, she was the one protecting her team members. Luca looked at her and laughed.

"I wondered what type of hidden class you got after disappearing from the rankings, but it was just a gunman?"

Gunman, a hidden class. One of their advantages was that they used a rifle, which had a longer attack distance and more powerful attacks than archers. They had the highest attack power among physical damage dealers.

But the weakness was clear. They had low health and defense, and their evasion rate was ridiculously low. They didn't have as many utility skills as magicians. It was safe to say that once they allowed the enemies to approach, they would die.

For Luca, a gunman was just good prey.

"I don't like the pretty faces of Asian people, so I will use this opportunity to trample on it."

Luca grinned and rushed towards Yura. His speed was very fast. His defense and evasion was great, so he avoided any fatal blows from the few shots fired by Yura.

"Yura!"

The South Korean team was desperate. It was the same for all Koreans watching the game. They didn't want to see the goddess of Korea being trampled on. Did their wish reach the sky?

Yura didn't panic. She avoided Luca's attack and cut at him. Yes, it was a cut. From a gunman.

"W-What is this?"

Luca's eyes widened as he felt terrible pain.



"Draw Sword."

The moment that Peak Sword placed his hand on his sheath. Ten team members jumping at him flinched back. Peak Sword normally seemed stupid, but his presence was different on the battlefield.

"Annihilate."

*Flash!*

It was well known that Peak Sword had cut apart dozens of enemies during the Silver Knights war with Japan's Sakura Guild over Cork Island. That famous story was now being reproduced in the eyes of the world.

*Seokeok!*

Peak Sword felt the ultimate pleasure at his Draw Sword. By using the shortest

distance from the sheath to the attack point, the enemy couldn't recognize it.

"Eh...?"

*Kukukukukung!*

There was a flash and everyone in front of Peak Sword collapsed. The rankers felt a chill.

[You have suffered 13,520 damage.]

[You have suffered 12,144 damage.]

[You have suffered 9,050 damage.]

[You have suffered 8,600.....]

...

...

"Ugh!"

"Cough!"

The pain came late.

'How can a ranged skill do so much damage...?'

The rankers suffered serious damage from the strikes and couldn't believe it. However, Peak Sword wasn't satisfied with his own attack.

'Damn, the effect of the patch is too great.'

The only advantage of his class with a long attack delay was the power of his strikes. It was worth it since one attack could deal a fatal blow to the enemies. However, in the National Competition, Peak Sword couldn't exert his original strength and the advantage of his class disappeared.

"Hit him!"

"Let's go!"

The wounded rankers of the allied teams rushed towards Peak Sword. They were aware of the weakness of Peak Sword's class. Peak Sword couldn't link an attack until the sword returned to the sheath, so their aim was this defenseless gap.

But Peak Sword's weapon was made by a legendary blacksmith.

[Ideal Longsword]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 308/308 Attack Power: 680

Attack Speed: +21%

\* The skill 'Wind Blast' is generated.

\* The skill 'Quick Movements' is generated.

User Restriction: Level 310 or higher. Advanced Sword Mastery level 5 or higher.

The durability and attack power was lacking compared to the same unique-rated Iyarugt, but it couldn't be denied that it was one of the best one-handed swords. Furthermore, it was a longsword that maximized the advantages of Grid's Ideal Dagger.

It was a very suitable weapon for Peak Sword, whose attack speed was important. Furthermore, Grid had prepared another gift for Peak Sword. The gift was a sheath.

[Peak Sword's Sheath]

\* 20% increase in sword drawing speed.

\* 40% increase in sword recovering speed.

It was a sheath that used one of the Water Clan King's Tears that Euphemina obtained in the Siren Kingdom to attach Zednos' wind magic. A gust of wind occurred to increase the speed of Draw Sword. at the same time, a whirlwind would recover the sword.



“God Grid! I will surely become more overgeared!”

Peak Sword tearfully cried out. The faces of the rankers turned pale at the sight.

'That recovering speed... '

'Ridiculously fast!'

The rankers didn't step back, despite the sight before them exceeding common sense. To be precise, they couldn't step back. It was already all or nothing with Peak Sword.

"Die!"

"A country weak in Satisfy, you should collapse quickly!"

All types of weapons stabbed at Peak Sword.

*Peeeeeeong!*

The storm surrounded Peak Sword as there was once again a dazzling light.

“Kuaack!”

Peak Sword was thrilled as he confirmed the enemies' screams and collapse.

‘This is the power of items!’

Overcoming the limitations of his class with items... Peak Sword was excited and amazed.

At the same time.

“T-The sky above the sky...!”

While South Korea and the allied teams were fighting chaotically on one side of Tira, Kraugel was in full swing elsewhere.

# Chapter 415

Tira had three mountains.

The highest mountain was 723 meters above sea level and was the closest area to the sky. There was no better place to aim for the targets moving around in the sky. The team that won this spot?

The United States. This was the inevitable result. The seven US representatives were all third advancement classes and had the best names.

1st among the 10 Rookies, a Genius among Geniuses, Grid's Brain, Chunni... Lauel had many titles, and even he was merely ordinary in the US team. They had many business cards among them.

'Lauel, this child.'

Pon, who had been struggling to occupy the highlands, was hit by a landslide and fell down a cliff. The culprit who caused the landslide was Lauel.

"Kuoong."

Pon barely inserted his spear into the cliff and saved himself from crashing down, but it was dangerous. It wouldn't be unusual for Pon to be logged out if he fell down.

{Attack Zibal... Ugh!}

{This! Zephyr is preventing the use of my skills!}

{Dammit! Skull is behind you!!}

{L-Lauel is causing another landslide...! Kuaaack!}

Pon was isolated and the Spanish team's party chat window was frenzied. The seven Spanish rankers were strong, but it wasn't enough against the United States. The average power of the United States was overwhelming.

‘That Lael, he’s the same as always, but now he is so scary.’

It was unfortunate that they overlapped with the US team.

‘We need to give up on the medal.’

Pon saw his colleagues being logged out one by one and pulled out the spear rammed in the cliff. Then as he fell, he used his last remaining mana to fire a blow. The target was the back of Zibal’s head at the top of the mountain.

"I will make you a friend on my journey."

*Pajik! Pajjik!*

Lightning formed around the red spear held in Pon’s hand. It was the precursor of Rail Spear, which used electromagnetic force to shoot the spear faster than the speed of sound.

*Kurururung!*

The cliff where countless joys and sorrows were taking place. Light shone in that dark place and a thunderous roar was heard. The moment the sound was heard, the spear was already almost at Zibal’s head.

“What?”

Zibal’s eyes widened.

“Dragon Claws. Wind Dragon’s Roar.”

*Kurururung!*

Lael considered Pon’s nature and predicted this situation, using two skills at the same time to protect Zibal. He summoned a wind to slow down the speed of the Rail Spear, then caused the ground to raise, creating a barrier to block the weakened Rail Spear.

But it was useless. The power of the Rail Spear was too strong. It simply tore down the wind and earth barrier in its way. Lael failed to protect Zibal and Zibal received a big blow. He would need to withdraw from battle for a while.

“Pooooooooon!”

“...Hat! Hahahahat!”

Zibal’s shriek of rage was heard from the top of the mountain, while Pon laughed loudly from the bottom. This battlefield was becoming more intense.



『Pon has been logged out! The Spanish team has been annihilated!』

『Spain couldn’t win against the United States. The United States is really strong! I can guarantee that the United States is the strongest at team events!』

At the start of the event, the Korean team and the teams that allied against them were struggling against each other. The Brazil team, led by Jishuka, moved secretly and reached the depths of the northern forest.

“Is there a need to fight? You shouldn’t forget the fundamental purpose of shooting the target.”

*Pepeng!*

*Pepepepeng!*

Truly a godly archer. Jishuka fired without a break, quickly taking care of the flying targets in the area. Jishuka handled several more targets and asked the team members.

“Huhu, how about it? Aren’t we first?”

"Of course! Eh?"

A Brazilian ranker responded and then checked the scoreboard, only to feel shocked. No matter how they looked at it, the score was strange. Jishuka became anxious when she saw him stiffen and checked the scoreboard. Then she was shocked.

1st. South Korea - 41 points.

2nd. Brazil - 23 points.

3rd. United States - 18 points.

4th. Russia - 11 points.

...

...

“What... What?”

How could Korea flourish, despite being the target of various teams from the beginning? The confused Jishuka burst out laughing.

‘The God Hands.’

Grid was facing the allied teams, while the God Hands were destroying the targets in the sky. The God Hands were very simple and easy to control, so it was possible.

“He’s truly a great man.”

Jishuka couldn’t understand why Grid destroyed the targets and attracted aggro the moment the game started. But now she sensed Grid’s deep meaning.

‘The God Hands have completely disappeared from the minds of the enemies. Grid is taking advantage of his presence.’

He even used Yura as bait. On the current battlefield, it was rare for people to be aware of the presence of the God Hands in the sky. If South Korea was able to withstand the barrage, they would obviously obtain the medal.

Since the allied teams were mostly weaker countries that couldn’t have won medals in the first place, it was likely that Korea could endure the alliance’s offensive. Apart from Grid, South Korea also had Yura and Peak Sword.

‘Grid, you’re great. But I’m sorry. The gold medal is mine.’

Jishuka only started the target hunting after entering the forest and securing her safety. In other words, she started the match very late compared to the South Korean team. Nevertheless, the gap was gradually narrowing.

The Brazil team could safely concentrate on the target hunting, while South Korea had to deal with enemy teams. Thus, there was a difference in speed. In particular, Jishuka's archery was very great.

'Grid, be satisfied with the silver medal.'

Jishuka knew how to distinguish between public and private matters. She didn't worry about her colleagues and wanted respect.

*Kkirik!*

Jishuka pulled her bowstring while feeling sorry to Grid in her heart. She would win the gold medal, become stronger, and get the title of strongest woman. Her gaze became more intense and sexier. However, her brightly shining eyes soon became shaken.

"I can't leave you alone, so I came after you."

A low voice was heard from the dark forest. The owner of the charming voice showed up between the trees. Jishuka and the Brazilian rankers paled as they saw him.

"T-The sky above the sky...!"

The 1st ranked user, Kraugel. His waist long hair was tied up and his beautiful eyes shone.

"I'm sorry, but I have to do this."

He would make Russia 1st on the overall rankings. It was the condition of payment for the new drug developed by the Russian government that would help Kraugel's mother. Kraugel only accepted these terms for his mother.

He vowed to knock down the competitors, trample on them and lead Russia to victory. His goal in the target processing match was to assassinate the ranged dealers, and Jishuka was his fifth victim.

That's right. Unlike Grid, Kraugel had stealthily and faithfully acted in his role as a close range damage dealer to assassinate four ranged dealers while Grid was attracting the public's attention. They didn't even know it.

“Who said I will be easy?”

She didn't think she would be caught by such a big person...

Jishuka felt astonished, frustrated, and desperate as she pulled back her bowstring.

*Kkirik!*

The bow that originally aimed at the target switched to Kraugel...

*Peeng!*

Godly archer. The arrow of the godly archer that exceeded the human condition left the bowstring.

*Kiiing-!*

*Pepepepeng!*

The arrow rotated and split into five arrows, exploding and blocking Kraugel's escape. Jishuka pulled her bowstring again during the time when Kruugel was delayed. She was hoping that Kraugel was alone.

'First of all, I will deal as much damage as possible while the team members take up a pincer formation.'

They had a chance of winning, even if the opponent was Kraugel. The 14th ranked Jishuka was qualified to make this positive analysis. However, her opponent was the sky above the sky, who made even gods insignificant.

His innate skills and Keen Senses passive skill meant that he escaped most of Jishuka's exploding arrows. Kraugel avoided big injuries and rushed through the blast towards Jishuka.

“...Oh?”

She didn't think there would be someone who could emerge unscathed from that attack. Jishuka was at a loss, but she calmly fired her bow.

*Swaeek!*

Sharp arrows rained down on Kraugel's head.

*Suuk.*

Kraugel twisted and avoided the arrows. As expected, Jishuka's arrows exploded to try and inflict damage on Kraugel. Kraugel used White Light Steps and easily avoided it. He steadily broke through the Brazilian rankers.

"Kuack!"

"Eek!"

"Hiik!"

Kraugel's moves weren't as destructive as Grid and Chris, and they weren't as dazzling as Faker or Regas. But he was as strong as Grid and Chris, as fast as Faker, and as unconventional as Regas.

He was like flowing water. All of his actions seemed natural.

"...Why did you lose to Grid?"

Kraugel avoided Jishuka's continuously firing arrows and eliminated the Brazil team in an instant. A few arrows hit his body, but he exquisitely avoided any fatal blows. The reason why Kraugel was called the sky above the sky, Jishuka understood after seeing it directly.



『Jishuka has been logged out! The Brazil team has been wiped out!』

"Once again, the world is wide and there are many strong people. Right?"

Pon and Jishuka. Grid didn't know that some of the strongest people in Overgeared were eliminated in succession.

The teams from 11 countries also couldn't have imagined. The fact that they would be crushed by a country weak in Satisfy, South Korea.

"M-Monster..."



The last survivor turned to grey. All of the team members were dead, and Grid was at the center. He was breathing roughly, but there were no obvious wounds on his body.

Armor that looked like it was made out of black dragon scales. Giant red gauntlets reminiscent of an ogre's fist. A black cloak that changed color whenever it flapped in the wind. Gold leggings and a plate helmet with horns rising up on both sides.

Armed with new items, Grid's appearance was like a magnificent mountain. The world was shocked because it looked like he would never collapse.

# Chapter 416

There was nothing in front of strength.

This was one of the truths of the game. It was an undeniable law.

An extreme example of this law was applied in boss raids. Bosses that had millions of health? If they suffered from tens of thousands of damage from dozens of players, they would eventually fall.

But what if the boss monster had the power to knock down the players in one go? This truth was likely to be broken. In that sense, it wasn't impossible for Grid to wipe out 37 people from the allied teams alone.



South Korea vs the allies.

Despite the efforts of Yura and Peak Sword, South Korea went increasingly on the defensive because the numerical disadvantage was too much. All of the Korean players except for Yura and Peak Sword were logged out.

This was the end for South Korea! The moment that the people of the world were thinking the worst.

“The protagonist appears.”

After defeating Bondre and Bubat, Grid finally joined the battlefield. As always, he appeared with truly exquisite timing. Originally, the commentators and spectators would be thrilled to see him...

『Grid's outfit is really unique.』

『Um... It is vague.』

The commentators and spectators were embarrassed as they saw Grid. Black armor

and cloak, golden leggings and helmet, and red gauntlets. Grid's appearance was ridiculous after he wore different armor.

"He has no sense of aesthetics."

"How can he go around looking like that? Isn't it embarrassing?"

"My daughter is in elementary school and she has a better grasp of colors than Grid..."

If they looked at Grid's armor individually, all the pieces were beautifully designed and nicely colored. But the harmony of colors together was a mess. The black armor and red gauntlets were okay, but the armor was the same color as the cloak, as well as the leggings and helmet...

The combination didn't look good. It was a funny outfit that comedians would wear when they played punishment games.

"Grid, what are you doing? Are you aiming to kill us with laughter?"

"How thick is the sheet of iron in front of your face that you can go around like that?"

"I would rather be naked."

The momentum of the allied teams rose. They laughed at Grid's state and lost their tension. In the first place, Grid had wasted a lot of skills and mana while dealing with Bondre and Bubab, so the allied teams believed that they could easily kill Grid if they worked together.

But the result? They were all wiped out. Most of the team members had second advancement users and weren't able to penetrate Grid's defense. Meanwhile, Grid's attack power shattered the defense of the allied teams.

Grid paid back every blow with 10 blows and slaughtered 37 people.

Hit, hit, hit, and hit. Grid's simple battle strategy caused the enemies to feel an enormous fear.

"If I can't reproduce the strongest attack power because of the patch then I will show the strongest defense."

He didn't keep this declaration. Unlike his declaration, he showed the strongest attack power and the strongest defense. It was truly an overwhelming display of items. It was a show of hope for millions of people dreaming of being overgeared.

『A-Amazing... Amazing!』

『The current Grid can probably deal with two third advancement classes alone... 』

『At the end of Grid's performance, the allied teams have been knocked out!』

It was the moment when the commentators praised Grid for the annihilation of the allied teams.

“Grid...!”

Zibal was sitting down and resting to recover from the powerful damage dealt by Pon. He watched the scoreboard with bloodshot eyes.

1st. South Korea - 83 points.

2nd. United States - 68 points.

3rd. Russia - 47 points.

4th. Canada - 36 points.

...

...

*Kwaduduk!*

The allied teams, those guys were useless. Not only did they not destroy the South Korean team, they couldn't even stop South Korean from hitting the targets. Lauel saw that Korea was ahead and said.

"I hoped that we could catch up while South Korea's scoring was slowed down. Now that they can concentrate on the target processing, we'll be forced to defend second place."

"What if we hit South Korea?"

"We have a chance. South Korea is tired and we're all strong, except for you."

Lauel emphasized the 'except for you' part. Zibal frowned at the words, causing Lauel to laugh.

"But I can't say how long it will take to defeat Grid. Currently, Grid has at least 3,100 defense and he seemed to have an extreme resistance to physical attacks."

"..."

The average defense of the third advancement tankers was at least 2,500. Yet it was estimated that Grid had a defense that easily surpassed 3,000, despite being a blacksmith and not a tanker. He didn't even have any passive skills to increase his defense.

'Damn items.'

Zibal also had excellent items due to the 1st ranked blacksmith, Panmir. It was why he wasn't killed by Pon's Rail Spear. But somehow, it seemed shameful in front of Grid.

"If we fight Korea, we'll be giving a chance to Russia and Canada. It's better to be satisfied with second place."

The top of the mountain. Lauel handled the targets while looking down at the Russian team. It was honestly surprising. Despite Kraugel not being present, the six people were handling the targets quickly while confronting the Italian team.

"The four third advancement class rankers have better skills than rumored. Is Kraugel raising their morale?"

『Sofia has been logged out! The Hungary team is eliminated!』

"...A monster."

After crossing the forest and mountains, Kraugel assassinated famous ranged damage dealers. His destructive power was beyond common sense. It was unrealistic. Lauel questioned if even Grid could withstand Kraugel's onslaught.

‘...Wait.’

Looking at the situation, Kraugel was the most active person on the battlefield. Maybe he was aiming for gold? Lael had overlooked Russia’s power and realized it late.

‘If that’s the case...!’

Kraugel’s next target would be...

‘Yura of South Korea.’

Would the biggest match of Grid vs Kraugel occur in the opening event? Before being Lael of Overgeared or Lael of the United States, Lael was a player of Satisfy. His honest desire as a pure player was to watch the confrontation between Grid and Kraugel.

It was the common wish among the hundreds of millions of people watching the National competition.



"..."

The Chinese and Japanese teams were facing each other on the lowest of the three mountains on Tira. Both teams believed themselves to be Asia’s ambassadors, so they couldn’t focus on target processing because they were busy interfering with each other.

However, there were three people who weren’t tense. They were Japan’s Damian and Katz, and China’s Hao.

“Indeed! Grid truly is great!”

Damian. The strongest paladin who rose to become the first pope user was merely watching Grid’s activities and feeling admiration.

"Bah, how boring."

Katz. One of Japan’s top rankers and an epic class user, he yawned without any hesitation.

“The sky above the sky...”

Hao. The draconian and king of fighting was only conscious of Kraugel.

“...Hey guys. What do we do now?”

Yoshimura, who was once called one of the best rankers in Japan. He was strong against the weak and weak against the strong.

Then Katz stepped forward.

"Indeed, it's less boring to kill these uncivilized bastards than to stay still."

The faces of the Chinese rankers reddened.

“What? Uncivilized?”

"This nasty brat is speaking nonsense!"

“I will kill you!”

The Chinese rankers were hot-blooded. Once Katz provoked them, the rankers rushed forward at once.

“Kukuk.”

Katz laughed and pulled out a sword from his waist. It was the moment when the might of the Blood Warrior, which absorbed the enemy's health with every attack and could use wide range skills using blood, was exposed. Hao saw Katz' strength instantly and finally came forward.

The struggle between the two Asian countries started in earnest. The Chinese mainland and Japanese island simultaneously went wild. But Damian's remark poured cold water on them.

“Korea will be the best anyway.”

"..."

It was the moment when the 'Damian is Korean' theory became stronger.



'A 10 billion won neck.'

Tarma was part of a dark gamers group, Blood Carnival, which committed all types of bad acts. He participated in the National Competition for Greece and his goal was to assassinate Kraugel. He was involved in all possible events that Kraugel would participate in, and he would aim for Kraugel's neck every time. He didn't care about the gold medal.

'I will gain additional benefits if I kill him three times in PvP... Killing other famous rankers will also gain me benefits. Kukuk, I will make hundreds of millions of won and migrate to the US.'

He would enjoy a luxurious life in a mansion with beauties every day! He dreamt of a brilliant future as he moved after Kraugel. Then a golden hand hovered around him? It was Grid's famous God Hands.

'This is very irritating.'

Armed with a sword, it was flying alone and handling the targets. It didn't care about what was happening in the surroundings. Tarma was afraid he might be spotted by Kruugel because of the God Hand, so he nervously hit the hand with a dagger.

*Chaaeng!*

The hand was hit hard and stiffened.

"What?"

He hit it hard enough for it to go flying, but it just stayed in place?

"Go away!"

*Jjang! Jjang! Jjang!*

Tarma scowled and hit the God Hand several more times. Then all of the scattered God Hands gathered and headed towards Tarma. They recognized him as an enemy.

"Wow."



They not only moved by themselves, but had the ability to make decisions. There was a reason why Grid was famous for his items. Tarma was feeling confused when he heard an unfamiliar voice.

“What are you doing, assaulting someone else’s item?”

“...Grid?”

Grid appeared in front of Tarma, who had promised to win against Kraugel.

Tarma snorted.

# Chapter 417

Grid.

He was a legendary class, and the most famous one among the informal rankers. He was behind so many topics that even people indifferent to Satisfy knew Grid's name.

But evaluations were split in two. He was either an inexperienced person lucky to obtain a legendary class, or he had the ability itself to acquire a legendary class. And so on. A person who received both praise and criticism like Grid was rare.

However, those who praised Grid and those who criticized him came to a common consensus. Grid was strong.

But Tarma thought differently.

'I'm stronger than a blacksmith.'

In fact, Tarma had seen Grid's battle video several times. Grid was lacking a lot when seen from the viewpoint of a combat specialist. His combat skills were all aggressive and lacked any defense, but he had no control skills to cover for that lack of defense.

'Well, he might seem good when looking at it from the level of the public.'

Tarma ridiculed and made a shooing motion with his hand.

"Get lost, small fry. I don't have time to deal with you."

Before the National Competition started, the world predicted that Grid wouldn't play a big role, and it was the same for Tarma's client. Tarma's client didn't put a bounty on Grid's head. In other words, Tarma didn't target Grid. It was a waste of energy to kill him. He intended on sending Grid away, but his tone was the problem.

Get lost, small fry? Grid didn't like Tarma's attitude.

"What did you call me? Get lost?"

"What? What are you saying?"

Tarma didn't understand Grid's slang. Then Grid raised his middle finger.

"Eat this."

Grid was more welcoming towards the people around him, but his innate personality was still far from being gentle. The worst of his nature emerged when it came to people like Tarma.

"You bastard..."

Tarma's face distorted like he was a demon. The second reason for Grid's grudge was that Tarma was at the point where Grid expected Kraugel to be. Due to that, Grid missed the timing for a perfect surprise attack.

"This can't be forgiven..."

Tarma growled out.

"Small fry, I will give you a chance to die under my glorious hands."

The world knew Faker as the strongest assassin. Faker was responsible for wiping out one of the seven guilds, the Ice Flower Guild. But those who knew Tarma evaluated Tarma as higher than Faker.

The unofficial ranker, Assassin Tarma. The activities he showed in the world of darkness were greater than Faker's achievements.

『Tarma? Who's that?』

『Um, let's see... A third advancement assassin belonging to Greece. His class is Shadow Master... He's an unofficial ranker because his level isn't disclosed.』

There were currently hundreds of cameras installed on Tira Island, capturing the movements of the participants in real time. However, the videos that the broadcasting stations could show were limited, so the users who weren't famous weren't exposed to the viewers. One of them was Tarma.

But at this moment. Grid destroyed the allied teams and came across Tarma, making

Tarma subject to the attention of the world.

*-Tarma? He has a third advancement class, which means he's at a minimum, the same level as the 80th ranker.*

*-There seems to be little exposure about him. He's probably a person who only eats and hunts.*

Most viewers didn't know Tarma. It was the same for the international commentators. But those who knew the world of Satisfy more deeply were well aware of Tarma.

『Tarma is a well known assassin.』

『There is a rumor that Tarma has assassinated over 100 rankers. Even the 2nd ranked Zibal was assassinated by Tarma.』

『Have you heard about that dark gamer group called Blood Carnival? Tarma is one of the monsters of that infamous group.』

『There's a saying that the true god of death is Tarma, not Faker.』

The Internet was shocked by the comments from the experts. The real time search terms on Internet portal sites were dominated by Tarma and Blood Carnival.

*-Wow... This is the first time I've heard of Blood Carnival, but their power is huge.*

*-An unbelievably wicked group... Are they the Triads of Satisfy?*

*-13 kingdoms have bounties on the Blood Carnival, but their base can't be found.*

*-It seems like Tarma isn't a simple assassin;; Did Grid pick the wrong opponent? Isn't it dangerous?*

*-Yiing*

Dozens of drones scattered through the forest started gathering around Grid and Tarma. It was proof that the world was paying attention to both people.

"Hah, this is really..."

Tarma scratched his head as he saw all the cameras. He was only in the National Competition to assassinate Kraugel, so he wanted to avoid people's attention to act more freely. However, this was ruined due to Grid.

"After I kill you, all the participating countries will be alert towards me. I'm being bothered by this little chick."

*Suuk.*

Tarma complained while pulling out the logo of the Lion Group. The Lion Group. One of the world's top 10 companies, they were the ones who sponsored Tarma.

"Since so much attention is being paid to a small fry, I might as well get money from it."

Tarma attached the logo of the Lion Group to his chest. Then he started to emit a dark aura as he pulled out two yellow daggers. It was a PK only weapon that he acquired from quests in Gaya, the sandy kingdom on the East continent that most users hadn't even seen yet.

"This is the strongest weapon that makes those on the West Continent look stupid. Overgeared? Pffft! That's a word that describes me!"

Tarma shouted with confidence and shadows emerged from everywhere. The ground, bushes, trees, rocks, etc. Tarma's shadow spread all over the place and deceived the viewers.

"The shadows are moving!"

Tarma disappeared into a shadow. It was perfect. It was at a level that could be called the strongest hiding technique, so the comments, experts and viewers around the world admired it.

But Grid was different. In the past, Grid had experienced the shadow assassin called Kasim. He was able to grasp Tarma's identity the moment that Tarma's shadow started wriggling. Based on this, he used Magic Detection (Enhanced) Lv. 2 in advance.

Magic Detection Lv. 2 had a long casting time and couldn't accurately detect the position of an assassin moving in real time. However, Grid's Magic Detection was one developed by the legendary great magician, Braham. It transcended common sense.

Furthermore, Grid had his high insight and the Slaughterer's Eye Patch. All the conditions were in place to make it a perfect disaster for Tarma.

“What?”

Tarma emerged from the shadow of the tree next to Grid. He stared at Grid, intent on killing Grid before he was detected. But Grid's Greatsword was aiming towards the point where he appeared.

“Linked Kill.”

*Puok!*

*Puk! Puk! Puk.*

“...!”

An assassin's weaknesses were their low health and defense. They were proud of their excellent stealth and lethality, but their bodies were the weakest of all damage dealers. How could an assassin survive Linked Kill, which was superior to Linked Kill Wave when it came to just attack power? It was only fortunate if they could avoid it.

Tarma couldn't even scream as he turned to grey.

『Wow.』

The commentators and experts took a deep breath. The 1st ranked real time topic on search portals was ‘3 seconds.’ After logging out Hurent in 5 seconds and Bondre in 4 seconds in the last National Competition, now Grid had set a new record. It was very cliché, but the world was once again astonished.

From the first day of the National Competition, Grid was overturning the world several times.



‘A very strong guy.’

Grid realized the moment he read where Tarma would emerge and used Linked Kill. Tarma didn't give up and fought back, cutting Grid's wrist.

‘I received 3,000 damage...’

Grid resisted it, but the attack also caused poisoning and paralysis. The power was tremendous. If he couldn’t kill Tarma with one blow and if Linked Kill had only done three strikes, Grid thought it would have been dangerous.

That’s right.

Grid had eyes that could measure an opponent’s ability just by exchanging one blow. It was something he developed after numerous battles with enemies stronger than him. Now Grid was becoming a real powerhouse.

『The US team has started catching up with the South Korean team!』

『Currently, there are only three survivors in the Korean team. It’s inevitable that their speed will slow down compared to other teams. Isn’t it possible for them to lose their first place to the United States?』

“This...”

The words of the commentators alarmed Grid. After confirming the scoreboard, Grid used Fly and flew in the direction where targets were concentrated, unleashing Wave. Dozens of targets exploded.

However, there was a limit to his mana. Grid had the God Hands continue to handle the targets and dropped to the ground after his mana was depleted. The Korean viewers who saw it were frustrated. The targets were difficult to deal with from the ground and South Korea only had one ranged damage dealer, Yura, so the US team was able to catch up. Maybe Russia and Canada would also catch up.

But who was Grid? He was a legendary blacksmith that could use all weapons. He had acquired the Weapons Mastery skill in the Behen Archipelago. The commentators and viewers were shocked as they saw him take out a bow.

『Bow? Why is he bringing out a bow?』

『Don’t tell me... Surely a blacksmith isn’t trying to shoot a bow... 』

Pagma was a legendary blacksmith and great swordsman. Everyone could understand

why Pagma's Descendant would use a sword, but they never imagined that he could shoot a bow.



# Chapter 418

[Spiral Quick Fire Bow]

Rating: Epic

Attack Power: 215~249 Firing Speed: +17%

Accuracy: -30%

\* Every time you shot an arrow, the firing speed will increase by 0.5%. This effect will only be applied up to 50%.

\* It is difficult to control the trajectory of the arrow.

\* If you hit the 'desired target,' you will gain additional Bow Mastery experience.

A bow made by the legendary blacksmith Grid.

The structure of the bow and arrow is unusual. It is difficult to predict the trajectory of an arrow the user even hit rate is very poor.

*Kkirik!*

Grid took out the bow that he made after much suffering. Then a notification window appeared in front of him.

[The effect of Beginner Weapons Mastery Lv. 8 is higher than the effect of Beginner Bow Mastery Lv. 3.]

[The passive Weapons Mastery skill is applied.]

Grid learned Bow Mastery much faster than Weapons Mastery. However, the level of Weapons Mastery was much higher than Bow Mastery because Grid's main weapon was a sword. Weapons Mastery accumulated experience with any type of weapon, while Bow Mastery only gained experience when using a bow.

‘When I use the bow, both Weapons Mastery and Bow Mastery increases. If the level of the two masteries is similar someday, I will start to see the advantage of Bow Mastery.’

*Paang!*

Unless they were some combat specialized class, more ordinary users only learned one type of mastery. Blacksmiths didn’t have any mastery skill at all. Grid was a blacksmith, yet he possessed Weapons Mastery, Bow Mastery, and Magic Mastery.

He had endless potential.

『H-He is really shooting a bow!』

One arrow left Grid’s bowstring. The spectators looked on as it moved in a zigzag, the movements hard to predict. It was the moment that the dignity of the legendary Pagma’s Descendant class was howed to the world.

Grid was confident.

‘I’m no longer someone you can ignore.’

Grid had lived a life where he wasn’t acknowledged by people. He had always been despised for his lack of talent. But now it was different.

Satisfy. In the end, it was a game where Grid broke the prejudices of the people who knew him and became the best.

*Peeeeeeong!*

『Grid has accurately hit the target!!!』

[Firing speed has increased by 1%.]

[The arrow has hit the desired target. Additional Bow Mastery experienced has been acquired.]

*Kkirik!*

Grid pulled the bowstring again with calm eyes. As the stagnant score of South Korea

started moving again...

[Your arrow has missed.]

[Your arrow has missed.]

[Your arrow...]

“...This is rotten.”

Indeed, his luck was bad. It happened when Grid saw that the arrows were flying in a different direction.

『The situation is turned upside down! The United States has surpassed South Korea's score!』

『Russia and Canada are also close to South Korea's score!』

『The other countries are finally fully engaged in the target processing, but South Korea has only three survivors. They will keep falling behind.』

『Hah... Regas and Seuron are still fighting. I want to express my sympathies to the people of Britain and Argentina.』

『To the people of China and Japan... 』

‘Is there nothing I can do?’

Grid's heart weakened for the first time in a while. He had been trying so hard for the past year, so he felt frustrated because he couldn't achieve his desired result.

‘...No, it isn't over yet.’

Grid bit his lip and firmed up his heart. The bowstring was pulled close to his red lips. Grid was extremely focused when there was a new change on the battlefield. The scores of the US and Russia stopped.



{Shit! East cliff! Check it! }

{U-Uhh? What? Why isn't magic working?}

{There's a reason. Haven't you heard the rumor that it is impossible to hit him with non-targeted skills?}

{I thought it was an exaggerated rumor.}

{An exaggeration? There is never any exaggeration when describing him. Rather, it's too lacking.}

Economies, industrial, science, culture, arts, military, academics, sports, etc. The United States had always been the leader in every field. There was nothing comparable to the largest and strongest country in the world.

It was natural that the United States would hold the title of the strongest in Satisfy. But the strongest United States was currently in turmoil. It was due to only one person. The sky above the sky.

'Kraugel...!'

Laue's face distorted as he clung to the top of the mountain and looked at the battlefield.

'It's my mistake.'

It happened the moment he was convinced that Kraugel would target South Korea's Yura.

'We should've adjusted the pace of our scoring until Kraugel had a direct conflict with South Korea.'

But that didn't happen. The United States overtook South Korea's score before Yura was attacked, causing Kraugel to switch targets. Kraugel was only aiming for gold. From his point of view, it was natural for him to target the most threatening country.

"Ugh... My health..."

There were some rules in the 2nd National Competition's PvP field. First, damage was reduced by 50%. Second, various recovery potions and buff potions couldn't be taken. Third, pets couldn't be summoned.

These were measures to ensure that the participants fought purely with their combat abilities, and to allow the viewers to watch entertaining scenes for a longer time. It was why Zibal still wasn't fully functional after receiving a large injury from Pon's Rail Spear. Only two-thirds of his health had recovered.

How could they deal with the monster called Kraugel in this state? It was a very regrettable thing for Zibal. But he couldn't stay still.

Lauel restrained him.

"You should try to recover a bit more. If you rush it, you will just be hurt worse."

Healers were rare and precious in this game. He realized it again. Therefore, the value of Pope Damian and the Rebecca Church, which could train healers, was more important. He needed to be turned into a perfect ally.

In this dire situation, Lauel was still thinking about Overgeared.

{Russia is approaching through the western path. All personnel, except for Skull, should prepare to face the enemy. I will stop Kraugel in the east with Skull.}

The United State's power was certainly unique. They completely overwhelmed Spain. It should be relatively easy to deal with Russia if Kraugel's feet were tied up. Lauel believed so and used Dragon's Stretch to cause a landslide.

Kraugel confirmed that most of the US rankers moved away, used White Light Steps to avoid the 8th ranked Skull and came face to face with Lauel.

'Indeed. He always targets the head.'

Smart people were always a target. Lauel predicted that Kraugel would aim for him. It was the reason why he made Zibal keep recovering here.

"Zibal! Let's see if your hands can reach the sky!"

"I'm ranked 2nd! I'm the only person qualified to crack the sky!"

Zibal received Lauel's provocation and jumped up to face Kraugel. He had shown excellent skills in hunting and boss raids, but nothing in PvP. He didn't participate in the 1st National Competition's PvP event, so he had to prove himself now. The reason he neglected PvP was because he wasn't interested, not because he was weak!

"Kraugelllllll!"

Zibal screamed and pulled out a grey rod. It was the emergence of the ego weapon made by the 1st ranked blacksmith, Panmir, who used the techniques learned from the dwarf city Talima.

*Peeng!*

The grey rod was 1m in length and soared into the sky. The length quickly grew to 3m in an instant and aimed for Kraugel's chest.

*Suuk.*

The moment that Kraugel avoided it.

*Pakak!*

The end of the grey rod turned at a right angle and hit Kraugel's temple. Kraugel couldn't overcome the shock and fell down.

*Kuuuuong.*

"...This is items."

Lauel never imagined that Zibal could do this much. On the other hand, the world was in great disorder.

『T-The sky above the sky...! The sky above the sky!!!』

『He fell!!!』

『It's because of Zibal!』

They were skeptical of his abilities since he was assassinated by Tarma who was logged out by Grid in 3 seconds, but he truly was the 2nd rank. The rumor that he had

a close fight with the crazy farmer of Reidan wasn't a lie.

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

"Zibal! Zibal! Zibal!"

The Americans cheered and stomped their feet. A stir filled the Stade de France National Stadium.

"I am Zibal! I am the most powerful American!"

Zibal shouted excitedly. Kraugel responded by slowly raising his body. His condition wasn't good. Was it due to the injury from Zibal? No. Kraugel's defense wasn't so poor that Zibal's blow would cause a big injury.

Kraugel was just tired. It had been 30 minutes since the target processing started and he had wiped out more than 10 countries alone. His stamina was low and as a result, his concentration dropped, and his movements became less stable.

"It's very unfortunate that it isn't Grid, but this is a chance to break down the sky in front of the whole world..."

Laue! finished casting Dragon Stretch and reached out towards Kraugel. The 8th ranked Skull had climbed the cliff and was aiming for Kraugel's back.

"Just rest."

Laue! proposed.

*Kurururung!*

Dragon Stretch crumbled the floor around Kraugel.

"Open Arms!"

Skull continuously hit Kraugel's back.

"I will wash away the stain on my reputation today!"

Zibal controlled the grey rod and aimed it at Kraugel's head.

"..."

Kraugel faced strong skills. He was sweating so much it was like raindrops, but he remembered his sick mother. A deep desire filled his black eyes. He struggled and endured because he only wished for his mother's recovery.

"Super Sensitivity."

*Kakiing.*

The strongest skill that only a person who obtained the title of great swordsman could use was activated and the owner moved between Zibal, Lauel, and Skull.

*Seokeok!*

*Peok!*

*Kwang!*

America's strongest players were shattered by the combination of a speed that couldn't be followed with the eyes, an attack that seemed beyond cognitive ability, and the hard to match destructive power.

At this moment, Kraugel was invincible. This was a truth that nobody in the world could argue against. The sky that Grid wanted to reach was endlessly high.



# Chapter 419

『Skull and Lauel have been logged out!!』

『The survivors of the US team have started to retreat.』

『It's a big matter that Kraugel alone tied up three rankers. Russia has the numerical superiority.』

『Zibal survived, but his loss in power is severe. The United States seems to be getting further away from the medal.』

『Who could've imagined that a strong champion like the United States would be knocked out? Amazing! Kraugel is really great!』

Since Satisfy's opening, Kraugel had maintained his first place ranking on the unified rankings chart. However, due to his nature of acting alone without appearing in public, the public had no chance to get to know his skills. They just guessed he was strong based on the few rankers who were witnesses.

To be honest, the public thought that all the nicknames for Kraugel were exaggerated. But that changed today. They were able to realize it after seeing Kraugel directly.

The rumors about Kraugel weren't exaggerated. Rather, they weren't accurate enough.

Kraugel was truly a transcendent figure.



“So what if the trivial monkey is good at fighting?”

The skinheads of Russia showed extreme racism. Over the past century, the number of Asians assaulted or killed by them was over 100,000.

The Koryoin were no exception. Most Koreans voluntarily acquired Russian citizenship and lived in Russia for several generations, but they weren't recognized by

the skinheads. They were treated with threats and contempt. In 2005, there was a well known incident where the Koryoin Russian karate champion, 'Yakov Khan' was murdered by skinheads.

"What are you doing? The competition isn't over yet."

Alexander. He was a skinhead and 22nd on the overall rankings. He treated Kraugel as less than a human. He didn't cheer, honor, or respect Kraugel, who played a bigger role than anyone else. He was just like a dog.

"..."

Kraugel led Russia to victory by defeating Jishuka, Skull, and Lauel. He couldn't even hold his body up properly as Alexander whispered to him.

"Shake it off and keep going. Don't you have to work hard to treat your mother's disease?"

"..."

"What? You're not getting up?"

Alexander knew why Kraugel was in this National Competition and thoroughly took advantage of it.

"Oh, I'm not feeling motivated anymore. I am tired of playing in the National Competition, so how about I quit and take a break?"

"I'm sorry. I'll get up."

Kraugel restrained Alexander, who was about to lie down, and barely got up. His legs were staggering as Alexander pointed to the scoreboard.

"While we were fighting the United States, South Korea took back the number one spot. If you don't want to miss out on the gold medal, you need to shatter them."

"...I will do so."

A new medicine that could treat his mother's disease. It would take at least two years before it was commercialized. Kraugel couldn't wait until then, so he firmed up his heart.



1st. South Korea - 244 points.

2nd. Russia - 195 points.

3rd. United States - 167 points.

4th. Canada - 153 points.

5th. United Kingdom - 119 points.

...

...

Grid's face was tense as he checked the scoreboard.

'The score of the Russians has started to rise again.'

It meant that the battle between the US and Russia ended in Russia's victory

"As expected from Kraugel."

The average power of the United States was higher than Russia. The US was only defeated due to the variable called Kraugel. Yura and Peak Sword hadn't expected the current situation and were surprised, but Grid was different.

'I can't play a more active role on this stage than Kraugel.'

In the past, Grid had defeated Kraugel because Kraugel wasn't in a perfect state. It was natural for Kraugel to achieve all of this, since he was so strong.

"Hrmm."

South Korea had once again regained first place, but their the situation wasn't very good right now. Grid's God Hands were slowly and steadily accumulating points. However, Peak Sword was limited to close range damage, while Yura consumed mana with every shot. Yura's target processing speed was remarkably reduced and the targets flying through the sky were too small to handle.

‘It would be a great help if Park Jonghwa was still alive.’

Grid judged that Russia and Canada would eventually beat them.

‘The secret to how Russia is able to reach here.’

They actively utilized the weapon called Kraugel. Kraugel moved through Tira, fighting the elements that threatened Russia alone. And right now, the country threatened Russia was South Korea.

Kraugel needed to move again for Russia to get a more definitive victory. South Korea would be a target.

‘Kraugel will soon attack.’

What will be the result if I fight against him?

‘South Korea will lose.’

Even if Grid caught Kraugel’s ankle, Yura and Peak Sword were the only ones handling the target, so the speed of scoring will be slow. In the end, Russia would catch up.

‘If Yura and Peak Sword can confront Kraugel...’

It was counterproductive. Yura had grown quickly through the vampire cities and the Behen Archipelago, but she was still only level 260. Peak Sword wasn’t Kraugel’s opponent in the first place. Grid could only handle dozens of targets before the two people were logged out by Kraugel. Then Grid would be left alone.

The result where South Korea was defeated didn’t change.

‘How to get first?’

If Grid was an ordinary player, he would’ve abandoned the gold medal. But Grid wasn’t a common player. Like Kraugel, he had a destructive power that overturned common sense. Thus, he could do something.

‘What if I hit Russia?’

Yes, he didn’t have to take the risk of facing Kraugel. While Kraugel ran to this place to

confront Yura and Peak Sword, he would run and smash the Russian team.

‘Afterwards, avoid Kraugel’s pursuit and handle the targets with the God Hands.

Canada remained a problem, but Korea, Canada, and Russia weren’t the only countries remaining on the battlefield. Britain, Argentina, China, and Japan were still in a relatively good condition. They were also aiming for a medal, so they would read the situation and keep Canada in check.

"Okay."

The cooldown of most skills had returned and his mana had recovered by quite a bit. Grid made a decision and spoke to Yura and Peak Sword.

“Stand out so that you will be Kraugel’s target. Then when Kraugel attacks, escape as far as possible and buy some time.”

“Grid, don’t tell me...”

Yura was smart and Peak Sword had been the leader of a guild. They figured out Grid’s plan at once.

"Are you going to strike Russia alone?"

"It’s too dangerous, even if you’re God Grid! Russia didn’t beat the United States just because of Kraugel. The average power of Russia is strong, especially Alexander...!"

“Isn’t it high list, high return? If we want the best result, I have to take this risk.”

Grid cut off Peak Sword’s anxious words and entered the forest. Peak Sword looked at his back with dismay and muttered.

“It is high risk, not high list...”

Kindergartens taught English these days, so shouldn’t he know more? Peak Sword felt very good about his English, despite only saying ‘Do you know?’



“South Korea’s scoring rate has slowed down?”

"Is Kraugel already raiding Korea’s base?"

“No, Kraugel is tired. It will take him a considerable amount of time to reach the Korean base, and even if he reaches it, he won’t pose a great threat to Grid.”

“Then why is South Korea’s score rising so slowly?”

“Are they frightened of Kraugel?”

"Well, there is Yura in the Korean team. She will quickly identify that she is Kraugel’s next target."

“Hahat! Cowards.”

The Russian representatives were on top of the mountain that was originally the US team’s base. As a result, the speed of their scoring was very fast. It was at least five times faster than South Korea, so a reversal would happen soon.

“But Alexander, isn’t it better not to bother Kraugel so much in the National Competition?”

"I also agree. Kraugel is currently our largest power. It could backfire if you keep crushing his pride and morale."

Apart from Alexander, the Russian team representatives didn’t know the real reason why Kraugel participated in the National Competition. They just thought he wanted a gold medal and a reward like themselves.

Alexander snorted.

"Don't worry. He wants to win the championship for Russia more than anyone else. He will do his best to the end, even if he’s treated as a dog."

Alexander disliked Kraugel. He felt honored to participate in order to make Russia great, and couldn’t stand the attitude of someone who participated for personal reasons. Thus, he wanted to crush Kraugel even more.

The Russian representatives were chatting while handling the targets.

“Are you harassing Kraugel? Hyenas are bothering a lion?”

It was a familiar but also unfamiliar voice. Alexander and the other Russian rankers looked in the direction of the voice.

“You...”

“Grid?”

Why was this bastard here? The Russian representatives quickly figured out the situation.

“Hoh, I see. You want to hit us while Kraugel hits South Korea?”

They felt grateful.

“Planning to raid us alone, you’re crazy. Didn’t you just come here to die?”

“You hit a couple of small fries and think you are so great?”

“You aren’t Kraugel. Did you call us hyenas and Kraugel a lion? Then you are a dog, a dog.”

Grid had been bullied throughout school and disliked harassment. He could roughly guess Kraugel’s position after hearing the conversation of the Russian rankers, so his eyes were sharp.

“I’m a tiger, dumb bastards.”

*Kwack!*

Before arriving here, Grid used the Item Combination skill. By combining Grid’s Greatsword and Failure, he held the weapon with the highest attack power.

“Transcended Link. And Linked Kill Wave.”

The bombardment struck the Russian team.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

“...!”

The energy blades, which were more threatening than a storm, destroyed the edge of the mountain peak. Unlike Laue, who caused a landslide by taking advantage of the terrain, Grid caused a landslide using pure destructive power.

The Russian representatives screamed as they were hit.



# Chapter 420

*Kurururung!*

The mountain wasn't able to cope with the explosion generated by Transcended Link and collapsed.

The Russians showed their skills as the stones poured down like hail. Transcended Link was a non-targeted skill, so it could be avoided with control, while Linked Kill Wave could be countered with a corresponding skill.

*Pepeng!*

*Pepepepeong!*

Indeed, third advancement classes were different. The two second advancement users were unable to cope with Transcended Link properly, while the four third advancement classes handled Linked Kill Wave. They were hit by the landslide, but they moved their bodies properly and avoided a fatal injury. They were different from small fries.

Among them, the 22nd ranked Alexander was a military student. He focused on the small shields hanging on both wrists and hardened them, completely neutralizing the strike of Linked Kill Wave. He wasn't a tanker, so it was probably a skill to neutralize techniques.

"Indeed, you're a monster."

Alexander shook his hands like it was numb.

"If it's just the power of the skill alone, you are stronger than Kraugel."

Just.

"Aren't your total abilities below me?"

Alexander had also participated in the National Competition last year. He saw Grid

defeat Hurent and Bondre in succession, winning the PvP event. At the time, he had been honestly surprised. He realized that he couldn't beat this yellow monkey and his pride was hurt.

But now it was different. Over the past year, Alexander had become stronger. He advanced faster than others. Grid would also be stronger than last year, but Alexander was certain that he had a bigger growth.

"I also experienced the East Continent."

One of the people who knew about the Behen Archipelago.

In this notorious instant dungeon, Alexander reached the 15th island and luckily found Fog Island. He bought a large number of elixirs and moved to the East Continent. There, he succeeded in countless quests, receiving all types of titles and a second class.

"My current stats are around 400 points higher than the same level users. By hardening my aura, I can exert powerful attack power and defense at the same time. Can a monkey like you handle me?"

Grid listened to the story and laughed.

Alexander frowned.

"What is funny?"

"In my experience, talkative people like you usually die in one blow. I'm just curious about how many seconds it will take for you to die."

It was an obvious provocation. Grid noticed Alexander's temper and taunted him. But Alexander was a surprisingly cool person.

"Hey monkey. I know that you've been a winner for a while. But keep this in mind."

The world was wide and there were many people.

"There are more than two billion users in Satisfy. Why do only a few rankers participate in the National Competition to represent their country? You're strong, but there are countless others in the world that you don't know about."

The true users that were Kraugel's level didn't show up in the National Competition. Why? They didn't want to expose their power to the world.

"They don't crave anything enough to risk exposing themselves. They are complete products."

"What is your point?"

"Well, to put it simply, it means that the rankers who competed in the National Competition are only B-class. They are lacking many parts and are weak and pitiful beings who made a choice to expose their power. Don't be so arrogant when you have only played against them."

"...Hoh."

It was a plausible logic. Grid had reasons for participating in the National Competition. First of all, he wanted the world to acknowledge his abilities. Secondly, he wanted to obtain adamantium and promote Overgeared. He wouldn't have bothered participating in the National Competition if he had no purpose. In fact, Faker hadn't participated in the National Competition for two years in a row.

Grid thought about it and came to a conclusion.

"Then Alexander, aren't you also B-class? Are you giving me an advance warning before I knock you out?"

Alexander snorted.

"No, I am A-class."

Alexander was already strong enough. He knew it wasn't ideal to fight in the National Competition and expose his power. Nevertheless, he participated in the National Competition for only one reason.

"I participated in this competition for the glory of my country. Now, experience the power of an A-class. Be the cornerstone of Russia's glory!"

"...!"

Grid's eyes widened.

It was because something as sharp as thorns rose from the ground at his feet.

His high insight and the power of the Slaughterer's Eye Patch meant Grid quickly detected the abnormality of the ground. Then he moved around with the agility he gained in the Behen Archipelago, avoiding the thorns.

The swift movements were more than Alexander anticipated.

'Yes, this is the trinity of items, stats and skills.'

Alexander linked skills while admiring it.

"It is useless! Aura Explosion!"

*Pepepepeong!*

The aura thorns that rose from the ground where Grid stood became hard. They exploded and caused damage to Grid...

[You have dealt 680 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 599 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 605 damage to the target.]

"Eh?"

Alexander's eyes widened with surprise.

'What? Why isn't the damage higher?'

That Grid, did he move quickly and get away from the blast radius? Alexander watched the dust caused by the explosion and belatedly realized.

'No, he didn't avoid it.'

Grid's defense was just absurdly high.

'Overgeared...'

The first time that Grid appeared in front of the world in the past. He called himself overgeared when facing Neberius, a Yatan Servant. It was a defense that made Alexander recall Grid's intense first appearance.

'But it will eventually break!'

Alexander moved forward.

*Jjeejeeong!*

Twin swords slashed through the air towards Grid. If Grid didn't have flying magic, he wouldn't have been able to respond easily. Now Grid was accustomed to Fly after nearly two years. He could move as freely in the sky as he could on the ground. It was relatively easy to block Alexander's swords.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

"What...?"

Currently, Grid was armed with a greatsword. It was common sense that his attack speed would be slow. But Grid's attack speed was very fast. The attack speed was between that of a one-handed sword and a greatsword, so it was hard to defend against.

'Even the destructive power...!'

Alexander barely defended with his shield, but he couldn't bear the weight of the greatsword. He fell to the ground. Grid immediately rushed towards him.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship."

In the empty air, he moved while using Link.

*Pit!*

*Pipipipit!*

A quick swordsmanship that made it hard to believe it came from a greatsword. Dozens of black lights appeared around Alexander's body. Grid believed that dozens of strikes would emerge from Alexander's body. It was a maneuver to deal with Link.

But Alexander wasn't an ordinary person. As soon as Grid used Link, he developed an aura tornado, creating a barrier of aura around his body and making it harder.

At that moment.

*Pepepepeong!*

Link hit the aura barrier and it broke. Grid and Alexander's gazes met through hundreds of scattered aura fragments. Alexander laughed.

"Louder than before! Aura Explosion!"

*Puaaaaaaaaaah!*

"Kuk!"

Grid groaned.

It was the first pained expression he made after the target processing started. It would be difficult to cope with the damage caused by the simultaneous explosion of dozens of aura fragments.

"This is the power of an A-class!"

Alexander took advantage of the momentum to hit Grid's chest with his left hand, while pushing the sword in his right hand into Grid's abdomen. It wasn't a weak attack. However, Grid's items were much better.

[The Largest Gloves have reduced physical damage by 4%.]

[The Shiny Gauntlets have reduced physical damage by 5%.]

[The Heavy Helmet has reduced physical damage by 6%.]

[Lantier's Cloak has reduced the damage of all stabbing and cutting attacks by 20%.]

[Triple Layers has reduced physical damage by 4%.]

[Triple Layers has reduced the damage of stabbing attacks by 50%.]

[The enemy's sword is caught in the gap of Three Layers. The skill 'Sword Breaker' is used.]

[The target's weapon durability has dropped.]

*Kwajjik!*

"...What?"

Alexander paled. The durability of his swords decreased severely just from cutting and stabbing Grid. It even got stuck. It was like dealing with a named golem boss.

Grid told him.

"If you are A-class, then I am S-class?"

'Damn items...!'

Alexander removed his sword and attacked Grid again.

It was the manifestation of his strongest attack skill, 'Exceed Sword,' which concentrated hardened aura at the end of the sword. Exceed Sword had the option of ignoring a certain amount of the enemy's defenses.

Grid didn't avoid it. To be honest, it was difficult to avoid it. He didn't bother wasting strength and just let it hit. He believed in the Heavy Helmet, Largest Gloves, Shiny Gauntlets, Triple Layers, and Lantier's Cloak, which had high resistance to physical attacks.

Of course, his items certainly paid back Grid's faith.

[You have suffered 8,144 damage.]

"This is ridiculous!"

Alexander's strongest attack skill only did this much damage? The durability of his sword was further reduced. Grid struck the miserable Alexander. Alexander couldn't avoid it. Grid used a skill the moment he welcomed the attack, so there was no time to avoid it.

Linked Kill pierced Alexander's heart before Alexander could recover his sword.

*Puk.*

*Puk puk puk!*

Alexander did his best to the end.

He succeeded in defending against the first strike of Linked Kill with his hardened aura shield. But Grid's Linked Kill was a skill that hit the target at least three times. Luckily, this time it was six strikes.

Alexander couldn't deal with the overwhelming power exerted by Grid's Greatsword + Failure and turned to grey.

"..."

The Russian representatives were speechless.

They never imagined that Alexander, who was the next strongest after Kraugel, would lose against Grid. Frankly speaking, they expected Alexander to crush Grid. But the result was the opposite.

Then Grid said to them.

"Am I still a dog?"

The Russian representatives shook their heads.



# Chapter 421

Grid's shocking strength and bravery were backed by his items. It was enough to qualify as a tiger. It was relatively easy to avoid the combo of Transcended Link and Linked Kill Wave, but even Russia was forced to shrink back from the power of the items.

'Alexander was overwhelmed... I didn't know that the power of items was this much.'

'It isn't a match for Kraugel, but it can be compared to Night.'

'There's a limit on what the three of us can do.'

Night.

Night, an unofficial ranker who destroyed Alexander at the PvP competition held by the Russian government. Grid was so strong that they were reminded of Night's strength. The Russian representatives shuddered, while the third advancement users thought quickly.

'The two second advancement classes failed to escape from Grid's Transcended Link and fell down the mountain.'

'Those two are weak. If we're killed by Grid, it's impossible to win with just Kraugel and those two.'

'We should compromise here.'

*Step, step.*

Grid was approaching. If they didn't want to experience a catastrophe, they needed to make a quick decision. The Russia representatives made a suggestion to Grid.

"How about making an alliance?"

"Haven't you suffered a big loss of power? We won't fight until the end, instead we will help each other out with other countries. Won't we be invincible if we join forces?"

"Let's share the gold and silver medal."

The Russians thought that Grid would willingly accept the proposal. Currently, the only survivors of the Korean team were Grid, Yura, and Peak Sword. It was also clear that Yura and Peak Sword would soon be logged out by Kraugel.

'Grid would be left alone.'

'Grid will stubbornly fight.'

'It's the end for South Korea if Grid dies.'

'If Grid isn't a fool, he won't fight us until the end.'

The Russian representatives were sure of it.

"What if I don't want to?"

Grid showed an unexpected reaction. Was he stupid? No. He had steadily developed in the past year. It wasn't just his power, but his thinking abilities as well. He was always aware of Laue's advice and grasped the battlefield more accurately.

"The moment we ally with each other, it's likely that the other countries busy fighting each other will become alert towards us."

The countries currently alive were powerful. It wouldn't be good if they worked together in a pincer attack.

"Let's make it simple. I will kill you here as originally planned."

The Russians thought it was absurd. They hurriedly tried to persuade him.

"Think about it calmly! It's better to combine strengths rather than fighting and destroying both of us!"

"Destroying?" Grid asked like he didn't understand. "I will be destroyed by you?"

"...?"

The Russian representatives frowned.

“What is with this reaction? Don’t tell me you believe that you can easily beat the three of us alone?”

“It doesn’t seem that hard?”

Grid shrugged as he held Grid’s Greatsword + Failure, which only had a short duration remaining. Grid’s Greatsword and Failure were both weapons with a legendary rating. Once they were joined together through Item Combination, their power exceeded the ‘sealed’ myth rated weapons.

It was a weapon that couldn’t be understood using the common sense of current users. What happened if the Rune of Darkness effect was added to the Blacksmith’s Rage buff skill? It would make the 50% drop in PvP damage pointless.

[Opening the Rune of Darkness. Demonic power has permanently increased by 10. \* For one minute, 20% addition shadow damage will be added to normal attacks and skills.]

[Blacksmith's Rage has been used. Attack power will increase by 25% and attack speed will increase by 40% for 35 seconds.]

*Teong!*

Grid rushed towards the Russian representatives. The Russians clicked their tongues at his ridiculous judgment and threw their weapons to weaken Grid’s power.

*Teteteteng!*

“...!”

Their eyes widened. Grid surrounded his body with the black cloak and the weapons thrown at it were stuck or bounced back.

{W-What? Did you see that? What in the world is that cloak?}

{I’ve seen several legendary cloaks, but nothing like this... }

{Don’t make a big fuss. Stay calm.}

Indeed, it was funny to be surprised at items. From the very beginning, Grid was the

king of being overgeared.

{No matter how great his items are, he'll have definite limits.}

Grid's control skills were at the level of the low level rankers.

{Aim at this point.}

*Pahat!*

As soon as Grid got within a certain distance, the representatives of Russia formed a triangle shape with Grid in the center, isolating him. They linked skills that made use of the strengths of their different weapons, disturbing Grid and dealing constant damage.

It wasn't that Grid didn't know their intentions. His intense combat experience amplified Grid's judgement ability in a positive direction.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship."

Grid moved naturally while using Pagma's Swordsmanship, avoiding the Russian rankers' non-targeted skills. This made the Russians feel astonished.

'Avoidance skills?'

'Grid?'

They didn't know. Over the past year, how hard Grid had been working to defeat stronger enemies and how much he developed. Then Grid gave them despair.

"Restraint."

A wide area CC was activated in an instant, causing the Russians to look contemplative. Grid swapped from Braham's Boots to Grid's Boots to raise the destructive power even more, and dealt a blow to them. At this moment, commentators, experts and viewers around the world were thrilled.

『Pagma's Swordsmanship, it had an obvious weakness! The footwork is needed to use it.』

『In fact, in last year's National Competition, Grid was hit by a few rankers using this weakness.』

『But this year's Grid is different! He uses the skill while moving! Grid has learned how to avoid this weak point!』

『Overcoming weaknesses and sublimating weapons...! It's really amazing! Really great! Grid is actually a genius!』

It was more than two years since Grid was exposed to the world. It wasn't a short amount of time, and at last, the world started to see Grid's true value.

A true top class.



'A monster was hiding on this small island.'

The Chinese representatives were upset. They ignored Japan as a small country. Yet Katz' strength was incredible. It was more than they predicted. Meanwhile, Damian was also very surprised.

'He's above the average level of Overgeared.'

'Genius at fighting' Hao.

The best person in China, whose population was over 1.3 billion, his strength was unrivalled. In particular, he had excellent control skill over secondary weapons like chains. Damian thought that Hao was equal to the top members of Overgeared.

Yet the more surprising thing...

'Katz is the same as Hao.'

"Blood Breath!"

"Dragon Fear!"

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

It was like a Hollywood blockbuster movie. As the magnificent and destructive confrontation between Hao and Katz deepened, the environment became worse. Damian used a wide range protection spell so that his teammates wouldn't be hurt by the damage.

‘What will be the outcome?’

The Chinese representatives stood arrogantly, believing only in Hao's strength. On the other hand, the Japanese were nervous that Katz would be defeated by Hao. In the end, Japan couldn't wait any longer and moved.

“Don't fight head on. Retreat and fight!”

China boasted the best power in Asia and their average level was higher than Japan by 15. There were three third advancement classes. The moment that Yoshimura and the Japanese representatives were being pushed back by the momentum of the Chinese representatives.

"Don't run away and fight. Divine Protection, Incarnation of Light, Goddess' Blessing."

Damain used various buff skills.

[Divine Protection increases the defense of you and your party by 20% for 3 minutes.]

[Light Incarnation increases the attack power of you and your party by 10% for 3 minutes.]

[The Goddess' Blessing increases you and your party members' stats by 10% for 5 minutes, negates one strike and will create a shield that absorbs 8,000 damage.]

“...!”

The effect was comparable to the buffs used by priests. In particular, the effects of Goddess' Protection was beyond imagination, causing the Japanese rankers to feel shocked.

Katz was also impressed.

‘He isn't the pope for nothing.’

The Blood Warrior had a passive blood-sucking effect, so his battle endurance was very good. With Damian's buffs and healings, Katz would be able to hunt infinitely. Katz decided that he would surely turn Damian into his own person after the National Competition ended. He didn't doubt it, because he believed in his wealth.

"Kuk...!"

Hao groaned because he couldn't adjust to Katz' rise in stats. It happened when Katz smiled triumphantly and was going to link a combo.

"Shed Weapon."

"...!"

Hao showed wonderful control through a different skill. He accurately grasped the orbit and speed of Katz' sword, grabbed it and dropped Katz' weapon to the ground.

[Your weapon 'Crave' has been released!]

[This is the result of a skill. You won't lose ownership of the item. In 12 seconds, the item will return to your inventory.]

'My weapon was forcefully removed?'

If he couldn't pick up the sword that fell to the ground, he wouldn't have a weapon for 12 seconds. Hao hit Katz' chest and shoulders and used another skill.

"Shed Armor!"

*"Shit!"*

Once his armor was caught in Hao's hands, Katz cursed as he felt the worst result. Then Hao's sword tore through the single piece of cloth and pierced his abdomen.

"Cough...!"

'It's up to here.'

Hao wanted to finish Katz off completely. But he was worried about Damian's intervention. While Katz was flinching, Hao stepped back and examined the

battlefield.

“Ugh!”

“Hiik!”

Most of the screams came from the Chinese representatives. China was completely shaken by Japan.

‘Pope...’

Along with the fraudulent buffs, Damian occasionally used offensive magic and healing magic. He was showing off the ridiculous abilities of the first pope user, standing there with a laidback expression, like an old man who was drinking alcohol.

‘Japan is a strong team this year.’

They were also a candidate to win. Japan felt stronger than any country that Grid and the Overgeared members belonged to. It was almost like Russia or the United States. Thus, Hao had a question.

“Why? If you have this much power, why aren’t you absorbed in the target processing? Why abandon getting a medal?”

Damian responded like it was obvious.

“Isn’t Grid participating in this? Rather than losing and lowering the morale of the team, it’s better to give up on this event.”

“...?”

Hao had no direct experience with Grid. He’d only witnessed Grid’s videos in the past, so he couldn’t understand.

Lauel and Damian. Why did people who he acknowledged keep overestimating Grid?

‘No?’

The puzzled Hao became shocked. The only object of his awe, the score of the Russian team that Kraugel belonged to, completely stopped, while Korea’s score started to



rapidly accelerate.

# Chapter 422

Hao was able to guess what had happened when the scoreboards of Korea and Russia, who were first and second, stopped at almost the same time. Korea and Russia were confronting each other. Then after a while, Russia's score would move again while Korea's score would stop forever.

Hao believed it.

The result was the exact opposite.

'It can't be... Don't tell me Grid defeated Kraugel?'

Hao was confused. The words that Lauel spoke during the Reidan invasion rang in his ears.

"Watch Grid's path. You will soon know that he is the only sky."

It was an obvious lie, so Hao just snorted. But.

'What is this?'

*Stagger.*

Hao's body lost its balance. He leaned back against a tree and could barely stand because of dizziness. Hao had received a huge mental shock.

'Kraugel.'

The only one who brought frustration to Hao, who had believed he was the most gifted person in the world. No matter how Hao tried, he could never reach that sky. That high sky was being collapsed by another person, not him? He was bested by Grid?

"I have to confirm it... I must see it with my own eyes."

Until then, he couldn't understand. Like a man possessed by a ghost, Hao tried to escape the battlefield. Damian blocked his way.

"I can't let you go. If I let you go, I will be misunderstood by people again. This time, I might be called Chinese."

"You aren't qualified to decide if I go or not."

Hao didn't understand what Damian was talking about, but he opened his true power.

*Kwaang!*

There was an intense wave of energy.

*Jjejeok! Jjejejeok!*

Hao's muscles rapidly swelled, while the skin of his chest, back, shoulders, abdomen, thighs and other parts of the body cracked. What appeared in the cracks of the skin? It wasn't flesh, muscles, or blood vessels. It was red scales.

*Flap.*

A pair of wings emerged from Hao's back and spread wide. They resembled the wings of a dragon.

*Kudu! Kududuk!*

10 black fingernails protruded like blades, while the white pupils tinged with gold froze the heart of anyone who looked in them.

*Kururung!*

Hot breath emerged like flames. The facial features were close to that of a human, but Hao also had partial features that were similar to a dragon. Currently, Hao's half-draconian form was level 2.

It increased his strength, agility, health, and resistance by 15%. He also got an incomplete flying ability, fire ability, and stamina regeneration ability. The disadvantage was that he couldn't use most of the skills available to humans, but the draconian Hao was less likely to rely on skills.

He had the ultimate physical form, so he relied on this and secondary weapons to win. The transformation into a draconian maximized his combat power.

“Get lost!”

*Kuwaaaang!*

A breath spewed out. His feelings about Kraugel were close to pure longing. One day, in the process of gazing at Kraugel with a desire to overcome him, he became a passionate follower of Kraugel.

Kraugel didn't know Hao, but Hao's route in life was closely related to Kraugel. The reason why he participated in this National Competition was because he heard Kraugel was participating.

*Peeng!*

Damian used a shield to block the fired breath and Hao approached Damian. Then he wielded his sharp claws. It was once again defended by Damian's shield.

*Hwaruruk!*

However, he was burned by the influence of the flames around Hao's body. Damian didn't feel great pain. He was the first paladin of the Rebecca Church, obtained the the first unique class Goddess' Agent and was now the pope.

His swordsmanship was taught by Piaro and was comparable to Grid's level. He boasted an overwhelming defense and endured Hao's flames.

*Sakak-!*

He couldn't dream of being a great swordsman, but he fought Hao with skills that could match a great swordsman.

Hao shook.

‘He's even good with the sword?’

Hao knew that the pope was the ultimate priest. He was far different from the paladins that used swords and blunt weapons. But Damian had the various buff skills, healing skills and wide area attack skills of a pope, as well as the swordsmanship of a paladin.

That's right. Damian was a fraudulent character with the potential to become the

greatest pope ever. He was really top class.

*Chaaeng!*

The moment Damian tried to slash at him, Hao spun to minimize damage and counterattack by kicking at Damian. Using the rebound, he opened the distance and used chains to restrain Damian's wrists.

*Kkirik! Kik.*

Damian's wrists were bound and he couldn't use a sword or shield. Hao looked at his confused expression and spread open his wings as widely as possible. Then he flapped once.

*Peeng!*

Hao's body accelerated and he shot towards Damian like a lightning bolt. It would be hard for Damian to cope. The wrists restrained by chains were pulled to the left and right, and he was forced to stand with his arms wide open like a crucified Damian. The moment Hao was about to stab his claws into Damian's chest.

"Goddess' Wrath."

In the end, Damian showed off the power of the pope.

*Chiiiiing!*

Two huge magic circles, around 3m in diameter, were quickly created behind Damian's back.

*Peeeeeeong!*

Two huge pillars of light, which erased everything in a straight line, emerged from the circles and penetrated Hao's body. The momentum was so enormous that it caused an upheaval in the earth. Thanks to this, Hao flew far away and the chains binding Damian were loosened.

After releasing the chains, Damian wiped the sweat off his forehead.

"If this was before I became the pope, I wouldn't have been able to deal with you."

Hao angrily replied to Damian.

“It’s the same now that you’re the pope. I admit that you’re strong, but you can’t beat me.”

Wide area magic had limits. In addition, the current state of the battle was the National Competition, where PvP damage was only at 50%. Hao wasn’t affected by Goddess’ Wrath. He was just knocked back.

Hao regained his posture and rushed to Damian again. He freely took advantage of the momentary acceleration caused by flapping his wings, showing off dazzling movements. Damian’s defenses were exquisitely shredded and his counterattacks avoided.

As the battle progressed, Damian suffered one-sided damage.

“You’re really strong.”

Damian spoke honestly. Damian had lost one-third of his health, while Hao’s health had recovered. Hao was really strong. It was difficult to hit him because his movements were so great.

“I’m going to show this skill to someone other than Grid.”

Damian sighed.

He used the ultimate skill of the Goddess’ Agent, Light’s Blessing. It was the manifestation of the highest buff skill that was comparable to the pope’s Goddess’ Blessing.

[Light’s Blessing will increase the defense attack power and accuracy of you and your party members by 80% for 3 minutes.]

It was ridiculous. The downside of this skill was the somewhat long cooldown time and high mana cost. In the case of the Goddess’ Agent, the maximum mana wasn’t high. Therefore, if a slight mistake was made with controlling mana, the skill couldn’t be used at all.

But now Damian was the pope. His mana was at least 10 times higher than it was before, so he was able to use this buff skill without any burden.

*Seokeok!*

“Kuk...!”

The hit rate of Damian’s sword suddenly increased. He read the orbit and moved like his body was a magnet. Hao was upset.

‘A buff that dramatically increases hit rate...!’

High accuracy was the ‘system’ that disrupted control based evasion. It was the reason why rankers valued accuracy highly. However, items or skills that increased accuracy were rare. Therefore, it was hard to find a ranker with a level of accuracy that would make Hao’s control skills ineffective.

That person showed himself now.

Damian. Thanks to the buff, even his damage and defense greatly increased.

*Chaaeng! Chaeng!*

The flow started to reverse. Hao went on the defensive. More importantly, the Japanese representatives started to overwhelm the Chinese side. After a while, Hao, the only survivor of China, was isolated.

This sight shocked Asia.

『C-China...! Asia’s strongest country has been defeated by Japan!』

『Damian’s abilities are far too great. He’s fighting one-on-one with Hao and isn’t pushed back at all. He also multiplied his party’s abilities several times with buffs... 』

『Maybe Japan will cause the biggest upset of the tournament?』

『It wouldn’t be strange if Japan became the champion this year.』

The stir created by Damian was even greater than that caused by Grid. On the other hand, Hao asked a final question before he was logged out.

"Despite having this much power, why do you value Grid so much?"

Damian replied.

"The one who made me who I am now is Grid."

The defeat of the fallen pope Drevigo, the conversion to Goddess' Agent, and the defeat of pope candidate Pascal was all thanks to Grid.

With Damian's abilities alone, he would've been limited to just being the Rebecca Church's first paladin. It was only thanks to Grid that Damian could grow and save Rebecca's Daughters.

"Grid is my god. It's natural that he's much greater than me."

"..."

Currently, Damien had the attention of the world. Hundreds of cameras were filming Damian and transmitting it to every country in real time. Whether they understood or not. Thanks to Damian deifying Grid, the world was turned upside down.

The world's curiosity and enthusiasm for Grid deepened further.



# Chapter 423

Before Grid raided Russia.

As Grid predicted, Kraugel targeted South Korea. It was because among the countries that remained, South Korea had the highest score. Of course, he didn't intend to fight to kill. He planned to keep Korea in check by preventing them from concentrating on the target processing.

Kraugel wasn't in a perfect state. Yes, he was like a car out of fuel. It was the same as just after his confrontation with Piaro. What if he faced Grid now?

Kraugel was sure that the probability of his defeat was more than 80%. It was shocking if Kraugel was to be defeated by someone, but Kraugel knew. He wasn't invincible. In addition, Grid was strong.

'This?'

Kraugel stopped moving through the forest. In the sky above. The golden hands holding weapons were handling the targets.

'...The God Hands.'

South Korea's score was slowly but steadily rising. Kraugel realized that it was thanks to the God Hands. He looked around and confirmed that there were no signs of Grid. He had to neutralize the God Hands.

But.

*Chaaeng!*

'Indeed, destroying them is impossible.'

The God Hands were ridiculously durable. After being hard by White Fang, causing them to stiffen for 2~3 seconds was the limit.

*Bururu.*

The God Hands' protection system was activated. They started targeting Kraugel.

'The Sword Mastery skill is attached?'

The God Hands had grown compared to when he faced them in Reidan. They were stronger and faster. Kraugel guessed that the God Hands could hunt level 200 monsters alone. They were really great items.

Indeed, it was the private item of Pagma's Descendant.

'Will a sword saint have an item only for them?'

Kraugel imagined it as he avoided the attacks of the God Hands in a relaxed manner. It was like a professional boxer facing four elementary school children.

"...?"

Once the God Hands were drawn to him, South Korea's score had completely stopped. Now Kraugel jumped with surprise. It was because Russia had been increasing the gap from South Korea, only for their score to suddenly stop.

'It can't be!'

Kraugel felt like he had been hit in the back of the head. It was clear that someone attacked Russia while he was away, and that someone was likely to be Grid.

'Go back.'

Kraugel determined that it was impossible for Russia's representatives to deal with Grid and was going to return.

*Tatang!*

Around 120 meters to the rear. A sniper shot came from behind a huge rock. A bullet made of magic power. Based on the direction of the sound and the wind, Kraugel predicted the point of impact. He moved his waist and avoided the magic bullet.

*Peeng!*

The tree behind Kraugel exploded, the shockwave causing Kraugel's long ponytail to

become a mess. It revealed his face that was as beautiful as a sculpture.

『As expected from Kraugel! This is the control skill of the 1st ranked user! As long as it isn't a definitive attack, he can avoid almost all of it!』

『I received some statistics just now. In this target processing match, Kraugel avoided a total of 502 out of 537 non-targeted skills... Heok, is this data wrong?』

『He has gone beyond the realm of a human... 』

The former 5th ranked Yura. Despite her appearance and her hidden class, the world was only focused on Kraugel. Yura one of the most popular women in the world, was only a supporting figure when placed next to Kraugel, the peak of two billion users.

『How long will Yura grab Kraugel's ankle?』

『Currently, Kraugel is in a tired state. Since she was the 5th ranked user, shouldn't Yura be able to hold on for five minutes?』

『No. Since the old days, Yura was vulnerable to close combat. She can only withstand for one minute.』

As the commentators and experts speculated, Kraugel rushed towards Yura with White Fang. Kraugel was convinced that Yura was a gunman, so he focused on narrowing the distance. Yura planned to buy time while running away, but...

‘Fast!’

Kraugel's speed was much faster than expected. The actual speed of movement was similar to Yura, but Kraugel grasped the forest terrain in an instant and minimized his movements, making it more efficient.

Kraugel caught up to Yura. At this time, the God Hands had completely left Grid's sphere of influence. Therefore, they no longer targeted Kraugel and were forced to return to Grid's inventory.

*Chaaeng!*

Kraugel wielded White Fang without any hesitation. Yura defended with Alex's Magic

Engineering Gun in rifle mode and shuddered. Kraugel's white sword had gone over the top of the barrel and stabbed into her heart.

*Puok!*

"Uh...!"

A truth that everyone overlooked was that Kraugel's greatest strength wasn't his control skill, but his ridiculously high level. Due to the gap in level, there was a bonus to the attack power, defense resistance and accuracy.

Yura had just reached level 260 and wasn't able to cope with Kraugel who was level 343. She suffered great damage. Kraugel was surprised by this.

"You, why is your level so low?"

Yura was 5th on the unified rankings. Half a year ago, she had already crossed level 300. But looking at the damage that Yura received, she didn't seem to have experienced her third stats awakening yet. She was just a paper body, despite the excellent condition of her armor.

Why? What would make her level drop so drastically? Kraugel was feeling confused when Yura whispered in his ear.

"I believe that one day you will know why."

"...!"

Kraugel hurriedly moved back. Yura's magic gun suddenly transformed into a sword. The barrel divided into four and a blue blade emerged.

*Pit!*

The aim was Kraugel's face. The sword left a wound on his left eye, causing blood to flow.

"..."

The owner of the second legendary class, Yura. Like a flower blossoming, the blue light of the sword illuminated the strong will in her eyes. Kraugel's black eyes sank coldly

while the commentators were extremely excited.

『Yura has dealt a wound to Kraugel!』

『Yura's strength can't be ignored!』

『What is Yura's weapon? How did the magic gun turn into a sword?』

General magic engineering guns only supported rifle mode and pistol mode. But Yura's magic gun changed into a sword, making the commentators feel disbelief. The experts speculated.

『It's a magic engineering gun made by dwarves.』

『It's likely that Yura has travelled to the dwarf city of Talima.』

『However, this isn't a card that will upset the battlefield.』

Yura was presumed to have obtained the gunman hidden class. She didn't possess the Sword Mastery skill. In the first place, swordsmanship was out of the question for a black magician. This was what the experts thought, but...

*Chaaeng! Chaeng!*

Surprisingly, Yura's swordsmanship was at a good level. She fought back and directly received Kraugel's counterattacks. The spectacular effects that occurred when the two people crossed swords dazzled the viewers.

But this tense confrontation didn't last long. Yura's swordsmanship wasn't comparable to Kraugel, and above all, their level and stats difference was too great.

*Peok!*

After throwing away Yura's sword, Kraugel raised his sword vertically. He put his knee on Yura's shoulder and held the handle of his sword. It was the precursor of 'Jajinmori.' (TL: only thing I could find was related to music, basically the fastest tempo.)

*Peeeong!*

“...!”

He was kicked in the chest and Yura rushed away. Kraugel tried to hit her by throwing a secondary weapon. But at this time, he felt an intense energy from the rear.

While Yura grabbed Kraugel’s attention, Peak Sword aimed for a surprise attack from the rear.

“Draw Sword, Sudden.”

*Piing.*

Once Peak Sword’s sword was pulled out, there was a sharp burst of energy and it suddenly flew at Kraugel. Fast. In the first place, drawing sword techniques weren’t easy to avoid. Even Kraugel, with his keen senses and insight, wasn’t able to avoid the skill that was used with perfect timing.

*Seokeok!*

“Cough!”

The sword penetrated Kraugel’s chest, causing him to cough up blood.

‘Dangerous.’

The moment this thought crossed his mind, the figure of his mother appeared in front of him.

‘...Stand up.’

Kraugel was at the last of his strength. Yura turned her weapon back into pistol mode and fired magic bullets at him.

*Pepeng! Pepepepeng!*

Kraugel’s body was consecutively hit by magic bullets. Peak Sword recovered his sword and prepared for his next attack. Then Kraugel used ‘True Clouds’. A blue cloud-like haze covered the area.

‘I can’t see.’

Yura and Peak Sword were nervous because they could see Kraugel within the clouds. They didn't know when and where Kraugel would appear to attack them. After 20 seconds, Kraugel didn't attack them and the clouds completely disappeared.

He had run away. It was because the continuous battles had pushed Kraugel's stamina and mana to the depleted state. Kraugel decided to survive and maintain Russia's score, keeping the silver medal, rather than kill Yura and Peak Sword.

Then 20 minutes later. South Korea scored 400 points and the target processing match was automatically stopped.



『The 2nd Satisfy National Competition, there was an upset from the very first event!』

<The shocking drop of the United States and the rise of South Korea, Russia, and Japan.>

<Zibal is weak, Kraugel is strong. The gap between the 1st and 2nd ranked users is like the difference between heaven and earth?>

<The tearful struggle of Russia's only survivor, Kraugel... After keeping Canada in check, he won the silver medal.>

<Grid, an attack power and defense that surpassed the nerf.>

<(Review) Let's analyze Grid's items in depth.>

<(Column) Maybe the real strongest person is Damian?>

<The Rebecca Church's pope has deified Grid... I hope Goddess Rebecca's jealousy won't turn to Grid.>

<Is Damian really Korean instead of Japanese?>

<The collapse of China, which was proud of being Asia's strongest country.>

<Greece and Britain fought the entire time, and couldn't even handle one target... The people of both countries are blaming Regas and Seuron.>

<Canada's Vantner and Chris conflicted with each other, causing them to eventually miss the silver medal.>

<Bondre and Bubat are people of the past.>

<Tarma had zero presence. Are the rumors exaggerated, or is Grid too strong?>

<(Column) The gap between second and third advancement classes is greater than expected.>

After the opening day finished. There was a brief press conference and the players returned to their rooms.

Shang X Lila Hotel. The Korean representatives were gathered in Grid's room.

"Amazing! Amazing! Korea won the gold medal at a team event. No one would've imagined it!!"

Peak Sword shouted excitedly.

"This is all thanks to Grid, Yura, and Peak Sword."

"I'm sorry that we were no help to you."

"Hah, we are useless. We were completely disruptive..."

Kyunghook, Sumin, and Jinhee couldn't lift their heads. The proud people trembled from their helplessness. The atmosphere suddenly sank. Surprisingly, the one to encourage them wasn't Peak Sword.

It was Grid.

"No, this result is due to all of us. If all of you weren't present, we wouldn't have won the gold medal."

Grid had been despised for incompetence his whole life. That's why he knew.

"There are no worthless people in the world. Everyone has their own personality and talent. Always have pride in yourself."



As soon as a human saw themselves as unnecessary, their lives would be at risk. Their self-esteem would collapse and they couldn't overcome misfortunes due to their misery. Just like the Grid of the past.

The smiling Grid. As the protagonist of the gold medal, he wasn't arrogant and shared his achievements with everyone. Yura felt that he had matured. It was interesting and pleasant to watch a man who was becoming an adult day by day.

# Chapter 424

Ture Hotel.

The hotel where Russia, Brazil, and Japan were staying had a special area. It was a capsule room limited for just the National Competition. The representatives from various countries could play Satisfy any time they wanted in their hotels.

Kraugel visited this place. There was 14 hours and 23 minutes remaining until the start of day two of the National Competition. In the meantime, Kraugel planned to raise his level in Satisfy. Most representatives were exploring Paris or unburdening themselves with drinking, but Kraugel couldn't afford to enjoy the present.

His only aim was to win the National Competition, and he would do his best to achieve this goal. Kraugel was about to sit in the capsule when someone called to him. It was Alexander, one of the representatives of Russia.

"So what if you play games until you die? In the end, it's about winning the gold medals."

Alexander moved in front of Kraugel. He had a height of 190cm and a muscular figure, making him look threatening to anyone. His thick finger poked Kraugel's chest.

"The sky above the sky? Stop fooling around. In the end, because of your incompetence, Russia missed the gold medal and you won't be able to fix your mother's illness."

The skinhead Alexander treated yellow skinned people as more useless than monkeys. Russia was beaten by Grid and Alexander pushed all responsibilities Kraugel, who didn't come to save them. Kraugel was silent for a moment.

*Kwack!*

"Ugh!"

Alexander's face crumpled. It was because Kraugel grabbed his wrist and his grip was too strong and terrible.

‘How does a yellow skinned person have such power?’

Kraugel was as feminine as a woman. Alexander couldn’t believe that Kraugel could exert more power than him. With a force that was enough to break the wrist, Kraugel whispered in a desolate voice.

"I was forced to endure it on the opening day, but not anymore."

Yes, Kraugel hadn’t figured out the team’s tendencies at the start of the match. He was forced to give the lead to Alexander, but not anymore.

"You aren’t in a position to say anything. I am the dominant one in this relationship."

*Flinch!*

Kraugel’s black eyes were deeper than the abyss. Alexander felt a strange fear because he couldn’t read any emotions in these eyes. This was just a yellow skinned person. Alexander couldn’t admit it and tried to swing his fist.

"This damn monkey hasn’t grasped who you are going against...!"

"..."

Did the physical abilities of the real body affect the virtual reality body? The experts’ opinion was ‘no.’ The body in virtual reality was completely separate from the physical body. In order to move the virtual reality body better, the important factor wasn’t the physical abilities, but the interaction of the brain.

In this regard, Kraugel thought that ‘experience’ was an important factor. For example, swordsmanship. Swinging a sword 10 times in reality meant it was possible to use a sword in the virtual world without Sword Mastery. Of course, the ability to use a sword was communicated through commands from the brain.

Before Satisfy was released. They were the days when he didn’t know about his mother’s condition. Kraugel participated in many sports and martial arts with pure passion. It was with the attitude of becoming the supreme person in Satisfy.

A slender body? That was only when wearing clothes. Kraugel’s sleek muscles hidden under his clothes were comparable to professional martial artists.

*Peeok!*

"Kuack...!"

Kraugel evaded Alexander's fist and punched his face. The process was as fast as lightning, causing Alexander to fall and see stars.

*Kuuong!*

Kraugel placed his foot on Alexander's thick neck.

*Kkuok!*

"Kek...! Keeek!"

Alexander felt great pain from his vocal cords being pressed on. Kraugel spoke to the terrified Alexander.

"I know people like you. You're a type of gangster who doesn't obey until you are trampled on. You decided that I couldn't be targeted in virtual reality, but reality is different. Isn't that right?"

*Kkuok!*

Kraugel placed greater weight onto the foot on Alexander's neck. In the end, Alexander's face turned white. He still couldn't see any emotions in Kraugel's eyes. Alexander realized that Kraugel wasn't afraid of hurting people.

'This guy... This guy is the real deal.'

He could kill a person. A person who absolutely shouldn't be touched.

Alexander shook as Kraugel gave a last warning.

"If you ever mention my mother with that filthy mouth of yours again, I will pull your tongue out. In addition, don't grab my ankle in the next team event. New medicine? Russia isn't the only one who has it, so you can't control me."

"...!"

*Tang tang!*

Alexander, who had difficulty breathing, banged his hand several times on the floor in surrender. It was a signal of surrender. But Kraugel didn't let him off easily. He pressed down on Alexander's neck, staring down silently for a long amount of time.

Alexander felt dizzy due to lack of oxygen and couldn't meet Kraugel's eyes. The hierarchical relationship was perfectly established.

'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.'

Kraugel was forced to be an eternal outsider in Russia, where trash like Alexander lived. This personality was revealed during his first meeting with Piaro. Alexander ran away after Kraugel let him go.

Kraugel lay down in the capsule with an uneasy expression.

'Russia is the only one who has the new medicine.'

Satisfy was the largest culture and business in the world, so Kraugel's value was astronomical. There were countless countries who wanted him to immigrate there. However, none of them had developed a new drug that could treat Alzheimer's.

Yes, Kraugel needed to lead Russia to victory.

[Scanning your body.]

[Recognize your iris.]

[Verifying the user's information.]

[The capsule protection system is working.]

[Log in to Satisfy.]

*Chiiiiing!*

Kraugel's eyes slowly cleared. His five senses were sucked into Satisfy. Then after a while. A capsule in the corner opened. The person who got up was Jishuka.

“Kraugel had this story.”

She had laid down in the capsule before Kraugel and heard a noise before logging in. Then she unintentionally learned Kraugel’s story. This information, she needed to tell Grid and Overgeared. Jishuka rushed over to Shang X Lila Hotel.



"The combination of sweet and salty is very good."

"It melts in my mouth."

Shang X Lila Hotel’s restaurant.

The South Korean representatives were dining there. The restaurant had three Michelin stars, so the food was excellent. Even Peak Sword, who was an enthusiast about Korean food, had to acknowledge this taste.

“The cooking skills are great. I want to try the kimchi stew made by the chef of this restaurant.”

"..."

It was hard to understand why he would want to eat kimchi stew made by a French chef. In this atmosphere, Grid felt frustrated.

"Why is the rate of service so slow when the amount of food is so small? The restaurant owner is incredibly lazy."

Grid was a typical modern Korean used to delivery food. The average time was 15 minutes. However, the French restaurant took 2~3 hours on average for a course, causing Grid to feel horribly frustrated.

"In this case, it would be better to just boil ramyun. Michelin is a waste of time."

“Um... I would like to try the soybean paste stew made by the chef of this restaurant...”

"..."

The frustrated Grid and Peak Sword who was talking nonsense. The two people made

it difficult to relax and enjoy the food. The party thought that they shouldn't eat with Grid and Peak Sword from the next meal onwards.

On the other hand, Yura was glad. She felt a strange happiness just sitting at the same table as Grid. If she was with Grid, she could endure eating instant noodles three times a day for the rest of her life.

"You're this far from home, how about having a glass of wine?"

A restaurant where a nice piano melody was flowing. A youth with silver hair approached the raucous South Korean table. His blue eyes was as beautiful and clear as the sky. It was Lael. Despite his casual appearance, he looked like a noble as he held out a bottle of red wine.

It was a relatively recent vintage of Romane X. Only 6,000 bottles of wine were produced a year, it was one of the finest limited quality wines. Lael had prepared such a precious wine for Grid and was touched by his own loyalty.

"This body of wine, like the blood that flowed in my body for thousands of years, is lavish and sublime. This red wine is the symbol of me, Lael... It reflects my will to be in your heart forever."

The Korean members paled. Their hands and feet shrivelled up from Lael's words. But Grid, Peak Sword, and Yura were fine. Yura had outstanding composure, while Grid and Peak Sword didn't have good English.

"Okay, okay."

"Do you know God Grid?"

Grid and Peak Sword responded as they accepted the wine that Lael brought. However, drinking soju and rice wine was still the best.

"..."

Lael was speechless as he watched tens of thousands of dollars disappearing in vain. In this chaotic atmosphere...

"Listen to my story!"

Jishuka ran in and started to tell Kraugel's story. But there wasn't a translator so the only people who could understand here were Yura and Lauel. Lauel watched Grid and said to Yura and Jishuka.

"For the moment, keep this a secret from Grid."

Lauel knew that Grid and Kraugel had a great affinity with each other. If Grid knew about Kraugel's circumstances, he might not be able to fully concentrate on the National Competition.

"I will fix this problem."

He learned how to get Kraugel into Overgeared. Lauel smiled with satisfaction and headed to his room.

Then the next day. The 2nd day of the National Competition began.



# Chapter 425

There was a total of three events on the 2nd day of the National Competition.

The first game was 'Keep the Base.'

The goal was to defend against an infinite amount of monsters, installing defense turrets and traps from goods present in the base, surviving longer than anyone else. The placement of the turrets and traps was the key, requiring a high amount of strategy and wits.

Park Jonghwa was the Korean representative who participated in this game.

『Laue! of the United States has won the gold medal and Bondre of France has won the silver medal!』

『Bondre was doing well until the middle of the game, where he rapidly lost concentration in the second part.』

『In a situation where the anti-aircraft guns were insufficient, the appearance of the flying monsters on a large scale was a critical factor.』

『On the other hand, Laue! had enough anti-aircraft guns. Despite the fact that flying monsters didn't appear until the second half, he didn't neglect the existence of the anti-aircraft guns on the list, consistently installing them.』

『The bronze medal went to Vantner of Canada, who used the traps well.』

『Using his taunting and charging skills properly, he placed the monsters into the traps. It's to be admired.』

『It's hard to believe he's the hot-blooded person who grabbed Chris' ankle during the target processing.』

『Um... Originally, tankers should have good teamwork. However, Vantner seems

more specialized in solo play. He's a person who would act like a variable in Overgeared.』

The Spanish representative, Pon, snorted as he watched the match.

"He's a vacuum, not a variable."

Pon smiled sarcastically. He fought with Vantner every day, but they had known each other for a long time. Pon congratulated Vantner and was happy.

The second event that followed was 'Catching Pigs.' Out of the thousands of identical pink pigs, the participants had to find the pigs with black dots and handle them. The pigs without dots had unlimited health and couldn't be killed, so their numbers continued to grow.

The gold medal winner was the person with the ability to observe their target and not lose concentration...

『Brazil's Jishuka!』

『Her observation abilities are great. How can she find the dots among all the identical pigs?』

『It must be Hawk Eyes, Hawk Eyes. It is the ability to see 30m away while maintaining a safe distance from the target.』

『The crowd became mixed up again when a target was handled, but she didn't miss any shots. She has great concentration.』

『Jishuka alone scored higher than the sum of the scores of the 2~5th places.』

『In one word, it's overwhelming.』

In the second event, Brazil won the gold medal, Britain the silver medal, and the bronze medal went to the United States. The countries with outstanding archers monopolized the score.

"Grid, did you see? Later in the night, I will go to your room and receive your congratulations!"

At the press conference after the event. One of the sexiest women in the world, Jishuka made a remark that caused shockwaves.

*-Going to his room? -\_-;;*

*-An adult man and woman, what are they going to do in the room...?*

*-Hah... I'm jealous of Grid... Doing things at night with a sexy girl like that...*

*-He probably saved the planet in a past life.*

*-Damn Grid...*

"Why are my ears ticklish?"

As Grid become the public enemy of the men of the world, the competition was becoming heated up.

Then the third game in the afternoon.

Hell running. It was a map that embodied a part of hell. The first person to arrive at the destination while avoiding obstacles and the threat of the demonkin would be the winner. The interest of the Satisfy players was very high. It was comparable to their interest in team events and PvP.

Hell. It was a great opportunity for them to indirectly experience the land that no one had visited yet.

"You should pay attention. Hell is likely to be the ultimate content in Satisfy."

The reserved audience seats. Lauel suddenly came to the place where the Korean representatives were gathered and sat beside Grid.

"Hell will be one of the countless lands that you will reign over."

Except for Grid and Peak Sword, the Korean representatives moved away from Lauel. They still didn't have resistance towards his chuuni nature.

"Hell... It was a little strange."

Grid was currently wearing an interpreter. Thanks to that, Lauel understood his words and was shocked.

“Have you visited hell before?”

“Just for a short time.”

“Wow.”

He visited hell? It sounded like a joke or a bluff. But the one saying it was Grid. Lauel had to believe him.

“What was it like?”

“Hrmm.”

Lauel’s eyes shone like lanterns, but Grid turned his gaze away. Yura was participating in ‘Hell Running’ for South Korea. The match was about to start.

“Confirm it with your own eyes. It’s much better than hearing from me, since I only experienced it for a few minutes.”

Grid was also interested in hell. His demonic power was now at 830, so Grid never knew when he would go back to hell.



It was very meaningful to experience certain contents ahead of others. They were able to acquire faster and more accurate information than others, becoming a driving force of their growth. In that sense, hell running was a very important event and the participants were spectacular.

Zibal of the United States, Hao of China, Seuron of Argentina, Regas of Britain, etc. The strongest people of each country were participating in this event. Their intentions were to experience hell, rather than focus on the gold medal. In a nutshell, they prioritized individual development rather than national honor.

The criticism of the people? In this event, they didn’t mind. They were those who were dreaming higher.

Kraugel foresaw this. That's why Alexander participated in hell running instead of Kraugel. He judged that Alexander would be able to secure gold. He might miss out on the opportunity to experience hell, but he was doing his best to treat his mother's illness.

[You have entered hell.]

[You are affected by a strong evil energy.]

[Your body is exhausted. Attack power, defense, and agility will decrease by 30%.]

[Health won't recover naturally.]

[You have received a mental blow. Mana regeneration rate will slow by 50%.]

"There are a lot of debuffs."

"There's no health recovery? Do we have to depend on only potions and recovery skills?"

"Look at the speed of mana regeneration. We can't abuse our skills."

"Um... Solo play in hell is impossible."

The representatives were confused by the debuffs. They felt like they were being rejected from hell. However, Yura was different.

[Hell is a Demon Slayer's true stage!]

[All stats will increase by 20%.]

[Skill cooldown time will be reduced by 20%.]

[The power of all purification skills will increase by 15%.]

[Magic bullet production rate has increased to the maximum.]

[Health and mana regeneration rate will increase by 50%.]

‘My stage.’

The Demon Slayer class. Yura was amazed and thrilled by the power of the legendary class, which was superior in all respects to a normal class. However, it fell behind in many ways when compared to Pagma’s Descendant. Of course, Grid had opened up several hidden pieces while Yura couldn’t open even one. Even taking that in consideration, the Demon Slayer was a combat specialized class, yet it had a much weaker impact than Pagma’s Descendant.

Yura wondered if she was wrong about this class and became anxious. But now it turned out that the Demon Slayer had a real stage. In accordance with the name, this was a class that exerted its true power in hell. This was very positive news. Sooner or later, the content about hell would open and Demon Slayer was predicted to be the strongest class in hell.

Yura was looking forward to how she could develop in the future.

『32 participants representing each country are at the starting line.』

『We have all the greatest players gathered together.』

『I’m particularly looking forward to Damian, Hao, Sueron, Zibal, Pon, and Regas.』

『I don’t know what type of variables the stage called hell will produce... For now, they could be considered the biggest favorites to win.』

『In particular, I’m expecting a lot from Damian. A pope who can use the power of the goddess of light will surely do great damage to the demonkin.』

『I agree. In this event, there’s more room for Damian to act than Kraugel.』

『Is that why Kraugel gave up on this event?』

People didn't care about Yura. She struggled against Kraugel, so the expectations for her were low. The hidden class she obtained wasn't that great and the limitations were clear. But after a while, people in the world were paying attention to Yura.

Hell moon. It distinguished between those who experienced the Behen Archipelago and those who hadn't. Yura quickly dealt with the demonkin and avoided the obstacles. The other participants were focused on grasping hell itself.

In contrast, Alexander was running alone and complaining about Yura. He couldn't overlook the fact that she was ahead of him.

'This damn girl.'

She was beautiful and had excellent abilities. But she was still yellow skinned. Kraugel and Grid were inevitable, but other yellow skinned people shouldn't be ahead of him. Why? The race itself was trivial.

Alexander thought this and attacked Yura. The hardened aura stretched out and stabbed Yura in the back. Alexander was strong and had a much higher level than Yura. When viewed objectively, Alexander was in a position to crush Yura. But an unexpected result occurred.

The environment was the problem. Currently, Alexander received serious debuffs while Yura received rather large buffs.

"Kuaaaaak!"

Yura stopped Alexander's attack by turning her weapon into a sword, then she immediately fired a magic bullet. Alexander suffered terrible pain. After firing at him a few more times, Yura shifted her gun into a sword and attacked. After that. The main character of hell running and the one who won gold was Yura. Alexander barely escaped from Yura and received the silver medal.

After the event was over. n front of reporters, Yura looked at the camera and said.

"Grid, tonight I will go to your room for praise... please let me in."

Her expression was detached but her voice was shaky. Her white face turned red. Yura was embarrassed, but she didn't want to lose to Jishuka. There was another uproar on the Internet.

-Grid #\${~}@#

*-A man must have no conscience to steal two beautiful girls.*

It was the day when the incarnation of jealousy was born all over the world. Grid's anti-fan cafe, which had been quiet for a while, suddenly became noisy.



# Chapter 426

『This year's National Competition has reduced the number of participants in each country.』

『Thus, the siege system has been changed.』

『Now that the siege is ahead of us, let's take a look at that changed system.』

Siege was classified as a team event. All participants from 32 countries had an obligation to participate. It would be held in a tournament form, the matches determined by drawing lots.

『Up to here is the same as last year. However, there are a few things added. Every country will get 50 NPCs that are level 300. It's the organizer's intention to expand the size of the siege and diversify the strategies.』

『Level 300 means they are third advancement NPCs. The presence of these NPCs will be overwhelming given that only 47 out of the 224 National Competition participants are third advancement.』

『That's right. The key to this siege is how effectively you use the NPCs, rather than the strength of individuals.』

『Will they destroy the enemies or take possession of the enemy's castle? The two countries with the highest probability of winning are... 』

『It's the United States and Japan. The United States has Lauel's strategies while Japan has Damian's buffs.』

『Lauel's strategy and Damian's buffs... Doesn't Damian have a high chance? So what if Lauel has an outstanding strategy? The Japanese team's NPCs who receive Damian's buffs will be overwhelming.』

『We can't ignore Bubat of Turkey. He might be defeated by Grid every time in PvP,

but Bubat's true strength shines in large scale battles. Bubat might sweep through the battlefield.』

『We also can't miss Canada. As the peak of the guardian knights, Vantner has wide range taunts and the strongest tanking power. If this is combined with Chris' overwhelming damage, they can neutralize the NPCs.』

『These five countries can be considered the best candidates.』

『What about Russia and South Korea? They have Kraugel and Grid.』

『Haha, that's impossible. It's true that Kraugel and Grid are the strongest.』

『But Russia and South Korea don't have any obvious buffers or strategists.』

『If the third advancement NPCs can tie up Kraugel and Grid's feet, Russia and South Korea will collapse.』

『In particular, the South Korean players are weak... I think it will be hard for them to even move to the round of 16.』

The second day of events finished. Yura and Jishuka really came to Grid's room. The purpose of their visit to Grid was very pure, unlike people's dirty imaginations. They each won a gold medal. Therefore, they wanted to celebrate with their favorite man. They just wanted to have a good time talking with Grid.

That's right. Both women had no dating experience and were acting cautiously. Fortunately, Grid didn't misunderstand Yura and Jishuka's visit. It was because Grid lost confidence in relationships after being trampled on by his first love, Ahyoung. He thought that Yura and Jishuka treated him this way because they were friends and colleagues. He never imagined that the world's greatest beauties and talents would like him. He treated them as friends.

He sat on the couch and watched TV with them without any agitation. Grid was even chewing dried squid.

"..."

Even so, was there no mood? Yura wore a white dress down to her ankles and showed

an innocent beauty. Jishuka wore a figure revealing dress that reflected her sensuality. They wanted to maximize their charms to appeal to Grid. They gazed at Grid who was scratching his stomach while wearing a t-shirt and shorts.

In this uncomfortable atmosphere, Grid spoke after being deeply immersed in the news for a long time.

"No matter how hard I think, it will be difficult to win a gold medal in the siege."

Grid knew better than anyone about Lauel and Damian's strengths. He couldn't beat them when it came to a siege. Jishuka leaned her chest on Grid's forearm and responded.

"Aren't you giving up too easily?"

Grid was aiming for the top. It was to reign as the absolute existence. Jishuka thought that Grid should try his best in any situation. Grid felt Jishuka's soft chest and Yura's cold eyes and cleared his throat. Then he spoke while chewing on dried squid.

"I have directly experienced Damian's buff, and it's a complete scam. If it's given to 50 third advancement NPCs..."

Was it adding wings to a tiger? No, more than that. It was giving birth to a monster unit. It was terrible when he imagined it.

"Then Youngwoo, do you think that Japan will win the siege event?"

Grid nodded at Yura's question.

"Japan or the United States."

The arena selected for the siege was Anterava Forest. Two large castles faced each other across a forest. But this forest was huge. The thorny road that couldn't be cut, the misty road where it was impossible to see in front, and the swampy road that was hard to escape from. There were many dangerous areas judged to be impossible to move through, so there were only eight ways to make it through the forest.

It was a siege map with eight available routes to invade the other team's castle. This was enough to make Lauel's strategies shine.

'It will happen like this as long as the US and Japan don't meet in the beginning.'

In the end, Grid assumed that the US and Japan would play in the finals.

"Then what about South Korea?"

Jishuka asked Grid, who was locked in serious thought. Grid's response...

"As the experts said, we would be lucky to enter the round of 16."

Yura didn't deny it. South Korea relied on Grid too much, but it wasn't difficult to tie Grid up with the third advancement NPCs.

"Well, Brazil is the same."

Brazil was classified as a minor country in Satisfy. Furthermore, Jishuka was a normal class and didn't have Grid's potential.

*Suuk.*

Jishuka smiled bitterly and rose from the couch. She looked around at Grid's room with curiosity and interest. She was trying to grasp Grid's taste and tendencies.

"Hehe, isn't this bed quite big? It isn't a bed for people to sleep in alone."

It was too hard on her yesterday and today and she fought for the honor of her country and Overgeared. Jishuka was mentally and physically tired, so she lay on Grid's bed without any impure intentions. Then she literally fell asleep.

"Wow."

"..."

Grid was embarrassed and Yura was caught in a crisis. Yura thought she might lose Grid to Jishuka and eventually lay on the bed as well. Thanks to that, Grid slept on the couch. To be honest, he wanted to enjoy the luxury of sleeping next to Yura and Jishuka. However, he was afraid that he would be reported as a sexual harasser.



Shang X Lila Hotel's 3rd floor hallway.

One man was hiding at the entrance of the corridor and watching Grid's room. It was the representative of the United States and the 2nd ranked user, Zibal.

"Ugh... In the end, he's going to sleep with both of them?"

Zibal was a man. He particularly liked pretty girls. In other words, like most men in the world, he had instinctive feelings for Yura and Jishuka. But they were very tough. He didn't tell anyone this, but he actually had an experience where he was rejected.

But Grid! This person who seemed worse than him was currently having a frenzied night with both women. It had already been three hours since Yura and Jishuka entered Grid's room, and no one had come out. Zibal couldn't understand why such bright women would fall for Grid.

'You... You are big.'

He had items in the game and boundless energy in reality? Zibal was feeling envious when a hand touched his shoulder. He looked back in surprise and saw Lauel.

"I've been looking for you for a while. I didn't expect you to be a voyeur."

"I'm not a voyeur! What do you think of me...?"

"Ah, calm down. It doesn't matter what sickness you are suffering from. Come back to my room."

"Why?"

"Why not? Are you going to hide here all night in front of Grid's room? Do you want to get a glimpse of Yura and Jishuka's ankles? Kukuk."

"That's not it! Why do I have to go back to your room with you?"

"I'm holding an operational meeting to prepare for the siege tomorrow."

"Ah...!"

Zibal had been blinded by jealousy and couldn't make a reasonable judgment. Lael followed him into the elevator and thought.

'The ideal flow of the siege tomorrow...'

It included Japan's early elimination and had Russia fight well. Lael wanted to eliminate as much risk as possible so that he could confront Russia. The reason was simple. He hoped to use the bait of a gold medal to have Kraugel join Overgeared.

But he was worried about whether Russia could do well in this siege event. The skills of the Russian representatives, including Kraugel, were greater than he expected. However, he wasn't sure if they had any talent for strategy.

'I will feel sick if Russia meets Japan or Turkey early and are eliminated.'

At this moment. Even Lael, who acknowledged and worshipped Grid as much as Huroi and Damian, didn't think much of South Korea's chances. There was little room for South Korea to play in the siege event.



『The 2nd National Competition that the whole world is paying attention to! It's now day 3! It has started!』

『The siege is the only event on day 3?』

『Yes, it is a tournament format and team event, so it has to last a long time.』

『At this moment, a representative from each country is climbing onto the stage.』

『They're drawing lots to determine their opponent.』

『The representatives who pick the United States or Japan as the opponent will receive the grudges of their team members and people. Haha!』

Who would have the golden hand and who would have the dirt hand? The whole world watched the monitor with anticipation. Then after a while. The world's greatest dirt hand appeared. A character born with bad luck. Of course...

“...Sorry.”

It was Grid.

Grid picked the United States. The Korean people were frustrated, while Grid started sweating.

# Chapter 427

『Huhu, Grid pulled out the A lot.』

『The first match of the siege... It's also against the United States.』

『Look at Grid's expression. He has never sweated like this before.』

『It's a rare appearance. This means he doesn't have much confidence.』

The ratings of the siege relay started to rise rapidly. It showed that most people were having great fun with this situation.

*-Didn't Yura and Jishuka sleep in Grid's room last night?*

*-I want to deny it, but it's true... The paparazzi took photos of them leaving Grid's room this morning...*

*-Kuoh... He deserves punishment for being alone with the best beauties in the world.*

*-The United States will trample on him!*

*-Grid's misfortune is my happiness!*

Hundreds of millions of men were blinded by jealousy. They wanted to see Grid collapse quickly. The Korean people were resigned.

*-Well... It would be hard to win a medal in the siege war, even if we didn't meet the United States right away.*

*-In retrospect, it's better to be eliminated early. Our players will be able to take a day off and fight hard tomorrow.*

*-In particular, Grid must've spent a lot of energy last night.*

*-Grid was the one who drew the United States. He thought of the big picture.*



*-Truly God Grid.*

The early elimination was confirmed. The Korean citizens tried to think as positively as possible. It was the same with Grid.

‘I’ll finish it quickly and go to the capsule room.’

What if he concentrated on hunting while the other rankers were busy with the National Competition?

‘I can get a little bit ahead.’

Grid only thought about the game and had no intention of exploring Paris. Lael came near him.

“Think of this as war exercises.”

“War exercises?”

Lael grinned brightly at Grid.

“Isn’t your ultimate goal to be rich, to be the best, and to be recognized by people? To achieve that goal, you must become a king.”

The first condition for becoming a king was lineage, but users had no concept of lineage. What Grid needed was justification and a vast territory. It was his destiny to constantly take part in wars to expand his territory.

“Originally, a war simulation requires huge manpower and money. It’s difficult to do with Overgeared’s current capacity. But today, we have an opportunity to try a free simulation.”

"..."

“Try your best. I will teach you strategies and tactics. Well, if you’re afraid, you can give up early. This is your limit.”

Lael was the only one in Overgeared who criticized Grid. Lael always pointed out Grid’s faults, sometimes making him feel ashamed. The reason? He was hoping for Grid’s development. Yes, it was the same right now. Lael spoke in a high and mighty

tone, clearly provoking Grid.

He knew. The current Grid had lost motivation. Thus, Lael couldn't stay still.

"..."

The Grid of the past would've felt resentful without grasping Lael's intentions. But now it was different. He saw why Lael was provoking him and replied.

"Okay, bring it on."

He was idle for a moment. Giving up? It was clear that he forgot himself these days.

'Wake up.'

*Clap.*

Grid slapped his cheeks with both hands. His black eyes once again gained their like.

'I will try my best to win.'

As always.



"You're taking care of Grid."

"Do you think I will lose on purpose?"

The American representatives heard the conversation between Lael and Grid. Lael shrugged at them.

"You don't need to worry. I will fight my best for Grid's development."

Above all, he had to win until they met Russia. Lael had no intention of being defeated by South Korea.

'The variables that Korea has are the Ruler's Cloak and the Hooded Zip Up.'

Lael was aware of most of Grid and the Overgeared members' items. First, the Ruler's

Cloak. It was a legendary rated item that Grid acquired the day that Reidan's Overgeared knights were created. Charge Command, Military Command, and Ruler's Voice were all skills attached to the Ruler's Cloak, allowing for a simple and efficient commands delivery system. If Grid took advantage of it, he would be able to efficiently command 50 NPCs and act as a moderate threat.

Next was the Hooded Zip Up. The invisibility cloaks made by Grid out of the sylphid scales were luxury Overgeared items. Grid, Yura, and Peak Sword all possessed one, so it was necessary to guard against stealth.

'Other than that.'

He needed to pay attention to Grid's basic attack power. Yura hadn't grown enough to be comparable to the US representatives outside of hell, while Peak Sword could only tie up one US representative. The other Korean representatives weren't worth discussing.

"Let's go."

South Korea and the United States were the opening match of the siege event. Hundreds of thousands of people cheered for them as they entered the capsule.



[You have entered Anterava Forest.]

[You have 20 minutes before the siege starts. Please prepare during these 20 minutes.]

"South Korea... They are only good for warming up the body."

"Can they even warm up the body?"

"Hahaha!"

In fact, the atmosphere in the United States team was the worst when Zibal picked the A lot. The siege where they only knew the map and simple rules. There was a lot of pressure because they didn't have information about 50 NPCs and were expected to open the event in the first match. They were also worried about meeting Japan in the

beginning.

But Grid pulled out the A lot after Zibal. He was truly a nice guy. The US representatives could relax because they weren't worried about South Korea. Their footsteps were light as they entered the castle, which had walls of a low height of one metre.

"Hoh, they are the rumored NPCs.

"Let's take a closer look."

The castle's garden.

50 NPCs were present. 15 of them were tankers who wore heavy armor and were armed with large shields, while 20 were close combat soldiers wearing light armor and holding sharp weapons. On top of that, there were 10 archers and 5 magicians.

"Panmir, check the status of their items. Then we will measure their stats with a simple spar."

Zibal was surprised to see the NPCs' faces when he issued the orders.

"Isn't it rude to want to look at our equipment and skills just like that?"

"A rude group of people arrived as reinforcements..."

"Do you have any skills? I don't trust you."

The NPCs remarked. Zibal and the US representatives were baffled at their attitude.

'These NPCs aren't our subordinates...'

'They are equal to our position?'

'We are playing the role of NPC reinforcements?'

Then a notification window appeared in front of the US team.

[A joint quest has occurred.]

[Siege War]

Level of Difficulty: Not measurable.

Two countries are in a war for ownership of Anterava Forest.

You are a member of Kingdom A.

Cooperate closely with the knights of Kingdom A to occupy the castle of Kingdom B and take over Anterava Forest.

\* This quest is specifically developed for the National Competition and isn't related to Satisfy's story. However, the NPCs understand Satisfy's worldview.

Victory Condition: Take over Castle B or wipe out the troops of Kingdom B.

\* The time limit is 2 hours. If there is no victor within the time limit, the country with the highest number of survivors wins.

\* If you don't attack and only defend, your affinity with the NPCs will drop exponentially and this will lead to defeat.

'This...'

They thought that the NPCs had the concept of soldiers. But they were allies? It was quite different from what they expected. It would be difficult to form an absolute command system.

"Let's go the enemy castle. Let those seven people follow our plan."

The NPCs started to act arbitrarily. If the US team couldn't give orders to them, any plans developed would become useless. What should they do? The US representatives were in turmoil for a while before coming up with a good idea.

{LaueI, explain your strategy to the NPCs.}

{Yes, if they listen to a good plan, they will understand and pass the command rights over to you.}

It was true. However, it was doubtful if explaining the plan would change the attitude of the NPCs. They couldn't rule out the possibility that there might be stupid NPCs. Lauel asked his team members.

{Who has the dignity, leadership, or charm stats?}

'Ah!'

The US team members noticed Lauel's intentions. Among them, Zibal, Skill, and Zephyr went forward. They were top rankers and held various titles, including a nobility title. They had at least 300 points in dignity. In particular, Zibal and Skull had opened up the leadership and charm stat.

Lauel took the lead and declared to the NPCs.

"I am Lord Lauel. As an earl and hero of the Eternal Kingdom, we won't fail. If you trust in my honor and status and follow my commands in this war, I will guarantee victory."

Lauel was followed up by Zibal, Skull, and Zephyr. Then more than half of the NPCs exchanged looks and nodded.

"I will trust you for the moment."

"But if you're judged incompetent, we will no longer follow your orders. At that time, you will have to follow our orders instead."

"...Okay."

Lauel and Zibal nodded without hesitation. Exactly 31 NPCs bowed to them, while the remaining 19 NPCs watched silently. Still, it was a level where the chain of command could be completed. On this positive note, Lauel started to explain the plan to the NPCs. The NPCs became impressed by Lauel and gradually started to trust him.

The viewers of the world watched this process and were impressed.

*-Wow, I thought it would be bad at first when I saw the status of the NPCs.*

*-The dignity stat of the US representatives is enormous. Now the NPCs are following them willingly.*

*-Lauel is first class.*

*-Doesn't Lauel seem to have over 500 dignity?*

*-The dignity stat is the dignity stat, but the NPCs were quickly inspired by the plan. It seems like Lauel has prepared a great operation.*

Then what about South Korea? As the US representatives checked the equipment and skills of the NPCs, the screen switched to the Korean castle.

『Grid is the first user to become a duke, so it's estimated that his dignity and charm stats are higher than Lauel's... 』

『It's unknown if the other Korean representatives have opened up special stats like dignity.』

『In addition, South Korea doesn't have a strategist like Lauel. We have to worry if it is possible for Grid to persuade the NPCs... Heok?』

『W-What is this?』

The commentators were amazed and their mouths dropped open. It was the same with the viewers. Why? Grid wore a small crown and as he walked forward...

"I will swear allegiance to you!!"

"Just say the word! I will follow you!"

The 50 proud NPCs knelt before him! The world fell into a great shock as Grid smiled.

'Lauel, it doesn't matter if you are good at strategies.'

Grid would show his unique value by breaking all this down with items. Grid grabbed the Great Lord's Sword and gave an absurd command to the kneeling NPCs.

"Take off your equipment."

## Chapter 428

Apart from strength, stamina, intelligence, and agility, special stats could be opened by clearing specific quests or acquiring a title, position or class. In addition, it wasn't possible to put points into special stats, so they were very difficult to increase.

But Grid was different. Every time Grid created items with a certain rating, 'all stats' increased. There was also the various titles that increased his stats such as Apostle of Justice, Kingdom's Hero, and First Duke. He even had items. The Holy Light Crown increased his intelligence by 300 and his dignity by 200, while the Great Lord's Sword gave him 150 dignity, insight, and leadership.

The result? At present, Grid had 2,000 dignity, 1,000 charm, and 300 leadership.

This wasn't the end. There was even the Pagma's Descendant class effect of 'easily acknowledged.' NPCs, especially NPCs with the proper perspective, had no choice but to instinctively look up at Grid. They were able to sense that he was a 'great person' simply by meeting Grid's eyes.

Grid's presence was overwhelming. This was one of the reasons Lael often stated that 'Grid is a qualified king.'

However...

Now, take off their equipment? No matter how great the person, it was an absurd command that couldn't be easily accepted. They had to take off their equipment? It might be different if their affinity was high, but the 50 NPCs didn't follow Grid's unreasonable command.

In this confused atmosphere, Grid put on the Ruler's Cloak and ordered again.

"Take it off. If you want to win the war, believe in me."

"...!"

Grid was just repeating himself. However, Grid's voice rang out through the castle. There was a heavy weight in his voice that caused the listeners to feel a thrill. This was



the effect of the passive skill attached to the Ruler's Cloak, Ruler's Voice.

"...I understand."

Grid's words contained a mysterious power. For some reason, everything that Grid said seemed to be a reality. The 50 NPCs felt an infinite trust in Grid and started taking off their equipment.

Grid observed them with the Great Lord's Sword.

'The fastest and most obvious means of making them stronger is item enhancement.'

At first, he thought about strengthening the equipment of the 50 NPCs. But the economic spending was too big. He couldn't rule out the possibility that these NPCs were 'disposable,' so he had to avoid excessive investment. In the first place, he didn't have a lot of enhancement stones. In order to prepare for the National Competition, he had enhanced the recently produced Triple Layers.

Thus, Grid came up with two possible methods. The first was to utilize the Legendary Blacksmith's Appraisal skill. He planned to strengthen the NPCs by finding hidden features in their items. But the result wasn't good.

'Is it all a failure?'

Grid appraised the items of all 50 NPCs, but none of them had a hidden feature. One method was discarded. Grid was disappointed, but he didn't judge it to be hopeless yet. There was another way to strengthen the NPCs. This method was to utilize the Character Observation skill attached to the Great Lord's Sword.

For example, in this way.

Name: Tron.

Level: 300

Class: Heavy Armor Knight

Strength: 1,610 Stamina: 1,300

Agility: 500 Intelligence: 105

Possessed Skills: Piercing, Charging, Three People Provocation, Shield Throw, Steel Skin, Intermediate Spear Mastery Lv. 3, and Intermediate Shield Mastery Lv. 5.

Unique Skills: Increased Attack Power (Passive), Rotation Cut, and Advanced Sword Mastery Lv. 5.

Name: Cary

Level: 300

Class: Armored Sword Knight

Strength: 1,500 Stamina: 600

Agility: 1,415 Intelligence: 80

Possessed Skills: Increase Aura Attack Power, Three Stage Cutting, Ascending Slash, Intermediate Sword Mastery Lv. 8.

Unique skills: Multi Shot, Quick Shot, Advanced Bow Mastery Lv. 6.

“Tron.”

“Yes!”

"Throw away the spear. Take Cary's sword and use it. Cary, give him the sword and take up a bow."

“Huh? Ah... Yes! I understand!”

Everyone in the world had particular aptitude and skills. However, when living in society, it was inevitable that they would face a situation where they had to compromise, taking up a job that wasn't suited to their aptitude or skills. It was the same for NPCs. Some of them were wasting their talents due to their own

circumstances, or they weren't aware of their aptitude.

Grid realized it when watching the soldiers and knights of Reidan.

"How did he...?"

"He noticed my skills at first glance?"

"There were no vacancies in the light armored knights, so I suffered from acquiring shield skills that I'm not interested in."

"...Thanks to Grid, I'm able to use what I'm interested in."

[Affinity with Tron has risen by 20.]

[Affinity with Cary has risen by 20.]

[Affinity with Faiba has risen by 20...]

...

...

The affinity of the NPCs towards Grid started to climb. It was gratitude for Grid identifying their aptitudes and redistributing their items and roles. The amazed NPCs couldn't tear their gaze away from Grid. It was the same with the Korean representatives.

'How is this possible?'

'Grid constantly shows things that are beyond common sense.'

'He's top class. Different from normal players.'

As the Korean representatives and NPCs were feeling admiration. Grid was observing the rest of the NPCs when he suddenly made a strange smile.

"I found someone interesting."

Grid's sharp eyes were fixed on a NPC called 'Lucky' standing among the magicians. Lucky was the only one among 50 NPCs to have a special stat, and it was the good luck stat. It was a stat that even Grid failed to have, despite his 14 stats. Well, it was a stat that Grid would probably never get.

"You will use this weapon."

"...?"

Grid handed something over to Lucky, causing all eyes to widen. They couldn't understand the current situation. Grid seemed like he was playing around. It was natural. The new weapon that Grid gave to the 'magician' Lucky was a flail.

"Why... why are you giving me farming equipment...?"

He liked magic, but had no interest in farming. Why was he being given a farming tool in this situation?

'Is he indirectly saying that I am useless?'

Lucky was confused. His chest hurt at the thought of his presence being denied.

"Take it."

As an awkward silence flowed, Grid moved away from Lucky and pointed to another NPC.

"Swan, follow me for a while."

Grid was smiling strangely again. The anxious Swan was brought to a tent.



『What is he doing?』

『I can't understand Grid's behavior.』

The commentators for the National Competition were confused. It was difficult for them to understand why Grid had the 50 NPCs take off all the items and they swapped equipment around.

*-He's changing the role of the NPCs?*

*-It's too absurd and stupid to interpret it as something deep.*

*-Why did he give a magician a farming tool?;;;*

*-I can't understand it...*

As the chaos among the viewers increased, some keen experts speculated.

『I just remembered. Grid's current sword looks similar to the Lord's Sword. The Lord's Sword can only be received from the king or emperor, and it's capable of showing detailed information of the desired character.』

『In other words, Grid is confirming the abilities of the NPCs and giving them roles and items more suitable to them... 』

『Unfortunately, we can't be sure about this. The Lord's Sword is a rare item without a lot of information about it, and Grid's sword has some differences.』

『Anyway, one thing is for certain, the act of giving a magician a farming tool is a joke.』

『Haha... Ah, as we are speaking, the battle between South Korea and the US is about to start.』

20 minutes of preparation time ended. Now the first match of the siege event started.



The US team.

The US representatives and NPCs, led by Zibal and Lauel, left the castle. Zibal gazed at the Anterava Forest in front of him before turning his attention to the wall. The blacksmith Panmir was at the walls.

"Panmir, I will ask you one last time. Is everything okay with the NPCs' equipment?"

"How many times have you asked already? According to my research, they are armed with level 300 rare items and there's no problem with the durability."

"Okay, from now on, concentrate on making siege weapons."

"I already know, so stop telling me."

The 1st ranked blacksmith, Panmir. He learned the techniques of the dwarven blacksmiths. As a result, he could create a variety of items including ego items, magic weapons, and siege weapons. Panmir was confident that he was better than Grid.

'Grid, please reach here. Then I will trample on you.'

Grid luckily found a legendary class and became the best blacksmith without any effort. Panmir's sense of hostility towards him was incalculable. Panmir started making the siege weapons, while Zibal looked at Skull. Skull led eight NPCs and was going to head to the point where Lauel predicted Grid would appear.

"Will Grid really appear here?"

"It's 100% certain."

"Hrmm... You must have a reason to be so sure. Well, I will believe in your brain for now. But there's one problem. Do we really need this many people to tie up Grid's feet? Even Skull..."

Lauel looked at Skull's unit and reminded Zibal.

"If Grid uses Blackening, he's stronger than Kraugel before Super Sensitivity is used."

"To that extent? Even so, the duration is only approximately three minutes."

"We need Skull and eight third advancement classes to hold on for those three minutes."

"..."

He was frankly unable to understand. Zibal was 2nd in the rankings, but he would find it hard to face Skull and so many third advancement classes. However, he couldn't deny Lauel's opinion.

"Okay, I understand. Then I will move."

Zibal disappeared into the forest.

# Chapter 429

There were a total of eight paths in Anterava Forest.

Some paths were intricately intertwined like mazes, some paths had numerous obstacles, and some were narrow enough to only allow single file movement. Of course, there was also a wide road. They all had different appearances. The paths had different lengths and travel times, but they all had one thing in common.

They would eventually lead to the castle. Yes, no matter which route was chosen, they could reach the enemy castle.

‘This is the difficult part.’

How could they win by moving forward while defending against eight paths? There were too many variables. It was virtually impossible to produce definitive results. But Lauel believed. When the environmental and military conditions were equal, the most important factor in designing a strategy was the enemy’s tendencies.

Lauel was confident of victory because he perfectly understood Grid’s character.



The path through the center of Anterava Forest.

It was the path that took the shortest amount of time to reach the enemy castle, and was flat, so many people could move at the same time. The South Korean side made their way along it. It was meaningless to go against Lauel’s genius, so they judged it was better to concentrate their power in one place and play a quick game.

Of course, this was expected by Lauel.

“Welcome.”

“...!”

The Korean army moving along the path were surprised and stopped. It was because



the US team ambushed them from the forest on the left and right. The tankers immediately raised their shields, but...

*Puk! Puuooooook!*

*Pepepepeok!*

“Kuak!”

"Kkuk!"

The US archers had already fired their arrows and the magicians finished casting their spells, causing a great deal of damage to the Korean army. It was difficult to block arrows and magic that was suddenly fired. The Korean troops were confused because of the sudden ambush.

"Hit them!"

*Puaaack!*

The US tankers and close damage dealers lead the way, assaulting the Korean army. Zibal was planning to trample on South Korea, but...

‘What?’

Did the NPCs have different levels? It was strange. The NPCs that the US and Korea received should be equal, but the Korean NPCs seemed better. It was difficult to overwhelm them, despite starting the battle with a perfect ambush.

“Che.”

Zibal was tied up by three NPCs. In the rear of the Korean formation, Yura was firing her magic bullets while the magicians cast spells to counterattack. There was a brief lull.

“Get ready!”

Lauel appeared as the Korean representatives were hurriedly organizing the troops.

“As expected from Grid. He properly took advantage of the Great Lord's Sword.”

‘Great Lord’s Sword?’

Zibal had heard of the Lord’s Sword, but it was the first time he heard of the Great Lord’s Sword.

‘Don’t tell me it’s a special sword only given to dukes?’

Zibal shook as he felt doubts.

“Lauel... How were you so certain of our route? What courage did you have to lay forces here for an ambush?”

“Prior to the beginning of the siege, I declared to Grid that I would show great strategies and tactics.”

He emphasized strategy.

“I wanted to plant a bias in Grid. The bias was that Lauel will use complicated maneuvers and strategies.”

As a result, this situation was created.

"Grid gave up on predicting my movements and decided to focus on moving quickly."

In fact, it was impossible for Lauel to not know that pressing forward with force was Grid’s specialty. He spoke loudly, causing Peak Sword to look horrified.

"In other words, we used the route that you intended?"

"That's right."

*Papapapang!*

At the same time as Lauel’s reply, the US archers once again shot their bows. But this time, the Korean rankers were prepared and blocked the arrows with their shields. The arrows blocked by the shields fell to the ground, trampled on by the swordsmen.

"Did you speak to make us uneasy? You guys, you are quite empty. Don’t you have 10 less troops than us?"

A smile spread across Peak Sword's face.

"Maybe you were anxious that we wouldn't use this route and deployed one or two defenders on the other paths?"

Laue! asked, "Is that so?"

"You're all in trouble."

Laue! made an interested expression.

"Why? Do you think you can break through this road just because there are more of you?"

"Let's see?"

Grid had redistributed the roles and items of the NPCs, making it possible for the Korean NPCs to be stronger than the US NPCs. But the level difference between the two countries was too great. The US had many strong users such as Zibal, so the difference of 10 troops didn't mean victory was guaranteed.

'But.'

Peak Sword had faith. It was in Grid. Grid had separated from the main force alone. He selected another route and was moving down that way. Laue! had set aside plans for any situation, so he probably set one or two people on every path. As soon as they encountered Grid, they would be killed as soon as possible and Grid would advance to the US castle faster than anyone else.

'Until then, we have to somehow endure.'

Grid would break through and Laue!'s plan would be in vain. They had to hang on. Under the leadership of Peak Sword, Korea maintained a thorough defense. Laue! looked at them and muttered.

"There's one person missing."

It was as expected. No other words were needed. They were members of the same guild, so he didn't want to cruelly give them despair.



The road through the southernmost part of the Anterava Forest. It was very narrow, had many obstacles and was long. Of the eight paths through the forest, it was the route that took the most time to reach the enemy castle.

But Skull and eight NPCs were using this path. Their mission was to grab the feet of Grid, who would appear here. If Grid didn't show up, they would move to occupy the Korean castle. But Lael was convinced that Grid would appear here.

If you didn't have the means to win, you had to bet. If this was a gamble where victory wasn't assured, Lael would bet it on a person's psychology.

'Grid has flying magic, so the complicated terrain won't be a problem for him. Lael said he would come this way, but... '

Skull was one of the people who appreciated Lael. But this time, he couldn't help feeling dubious. It was questionable if Grid would really appear here. What if he used a different route? The United States would only be able to rely on Panmir.

"Hat!"

Skull and the group moved as slowly as possible while Magic Detection was used. Suddenly, he burst out laughing at his frustration and anxiety. It was because the symbol of Grid, his items, could be seen from far away. There was a helmet on his head so the ID couldn't be seen, but who else could it be?

It was Grid!

Skull shouted at the group.

"The enemy! Hit him!"

"I understand."

The NPCs pulled out their weapons and jumped at Grid. The magicians only used basic attack magic, because they had to keep the magic spells in case of an accident. But that alone was enough.

*Chaaeng! Chaeng!*

As expected from third advancement classes. Grid couldn't withstand the attacks of eight people and was forced on the defensive.

"Die!"

Skull saw an opportunity and aimed for Grid's back.

*Puok!*

Nevertheless, he was overgeared. Grid's defense was so strong that Skull couldn't cause much damage, but he didn't panic. Maybe it was because he lost composure from the plan going wrong, but Grid was moving terribly, unlike what he showed in the recent target processing match. He was so weak that eight NPCs weren't needed.

'I would've been enough by myself.'

After falling to the ground to avoid Grid's counterattack, Skull kicked up and attacked. Grid was hit and stated to hurriedly run away. He was trying to survive and accomplish his purpose, running in the direction of the US castle.

'How ridiculous.'

Skull chased after Grid. He was now enjoying this hunt.



"Pant... Pant... They're really solid."

"This is the United States."

The center of Anterava Forest. South Korea was on the defensive. They couldn't move easily because their health and stamina were at the bottom. The United States had completely surrounded them, but couldn't relax either. Most of their NPCs were hit hard by the South Korean NPCs. But what could they do when the US representatives like Zibal were more active than the Korean representatives? The Korean NPCs were 1-2 times stronger than the US NPCs, so it took too long to create this situation.

'How did the Great Lord's Sword create such a difference in the NPCs?'

The overgeared Grid. Zibal felt envious. He gave an order to everyone.

“Let’s end this.”

*Cheok!*

The US troops surrounding South Korea raised their weapons at once, causing the Korean representatives to feel frustration.

‘We couldn’t last.’

Despite the fact that Grid strengthened the NPCs, they couldn’t hold on before Grid occupied the castle. They couldn’t help being ashamed of their helplessness. The United States stepped forward to deal the final blow. At this moment, there was a noise.

*Chwack!*

The strange sound of hitting was heard from the Korean side. It was a very strange, yet light-hearted sound.

‘What?’

The US and Korean representatives were puzzled and turned their heads towards the sound. Then they became embarrassed. A crazy magician was striking someone on the same side?

‘F-Farming equipment.’

Suddenly, Zibal felt a pained feeling and grabbed his forehead as he recalled the bad memories.

“...Finally.”

The knight being hit muttered. Unlike the other NPCs, he was a knight without a name because his head was wrapped in cloth.

‘What?’

The eyes of the Korean members’ widened. It was because the low health gauge of the faceless knight suddenly fully recovered. Their doubts deepened and an awkward atmosphere flowed.

"Do you know how bad I feel that while you are fighting fiercely, I alone am standing still and being hit repeatedly by a flail? It was awful. I really thought I was going to die."

"...Heok!"

The US and Korean representatives stiffened at the same time. The complaining knight took off the cloth and the name that appeared above his head...

"Grid!"

That's right. It was Grid. Originally, he intended to go alone to capture the US castle, but he was caught by Lael. Despite strengthening the NPCs with Character Observation, he determined that they couldn't cope with the US forces. Thus, Grid relied solely on items.

The method was simple. Have Lucky continuously hit him with the Motley Flail. He would resist the debuffs and continue to be hit until the best buffs occurred. It was a dangerous plan that could end with the worst case situation of a 'definite effect,' such as health or mana falling to 1 point. However, he couldn't win against the US using normal methods, so he had to take risks.

And now, finally.

[You have received a great blessing from the Motley Flail!]

[All resources will recover by 100%!]

[Your attack power and defense are doubled for 2 minutes!]

[Your accuracy is 100% for two minutes!]

[The next attack will be a critical hit!]

"I'm on a roll now."

Rather than Triple Layers which he let Swan borrow for a while, Grid equipped the Holy Light set, Grid's Boots, and Iyarugt. He immediately used Blackening, Blacksmith's Rage, Quick Movements, and unfolded Pinnacle Kill. Zibal was in pain from being reminded of the farmer and allowed the blow.

[Critical!]

[The Holy Light Gloves's option effect is activated, causing the skill '5 Joint Attacks' to be generated.]

Grid marvelled at the effect that appeared after a long time. Thanks to this, Zibal received another bad name. It was the bad name of 'punching bag.'



# Chapter 430

Debirion. The indigenous god that the monks served. He was known as the god of hunting.

This was the reason why Zibal was Debirion's Envoy. He chose a class specialized in hunting, aiming only to raise his level to reach first in the rankings. The fatal disadvantage was that it was weak at PvP. He originally didn't greatly feel this disadvantage. His innate sense of battle was great and he couldn't perceive himself as weak. His experience of being defeated on the battlefield was so low that it could be counted on one hand.

But that was against 'humans.' Now he realized that he was lacking in talent compared to the top classes, the so-called 'skies.'

'During the Reidan invasion...'

Yes, he was killed in one blow by the hand plow of a crazy farmer. It was Zibal's history of defeat. Killed by a hand plow! The moment he couldn't believe this reality, he was killed by the assassin called Tarma and seriously wounded by Pon and Kraugel.

Above all, at this moment...

"Pinnacle Kill."

*Puooook!*

"...!"

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have died.]

[This is a server dedicated to the National Competition. The death penalty won't occur.]

He died to Grid.

Defeat, defeat, yet another defeat. The head of the Snake Guild and representative of the United States fell to the status of punching bag. Zibal's shame and fury pierced the sky.

'I have always been praised...!'

He was proud about being better than anyone, so how could he be humiliated so many times in a row? This couldn't continue. He had to restore his fallen honor. Zibal swore as he watched the landscape change to black and white.

'I will become stronger!'

He would no longer cling to the rankings.

'I will obtain a strength that transcends the concept of level!'

Zibal was a fool with talent. On that day, he established a foothold for his efforts.



[Your party member Zibal has died.]

Zibal turned to grey after one blow from Grid. When the 2nd ranked user died, it wasn't just the people of the world who were shocked. It was Lauel as well.

'What?'

Lauel valued Zibal in many ways. Bold determination and execution, unique boss raid ability, fast level up skills and innate combat senses. Looking at Zibal's advantages and the abilities of his character, it was enough to qualify Zibal to be in Satisfy's top 10. He was strong and balanced.

Yet he died in one blow. Zibal had less than half his health remaining, but it was an unintended result, considering Zibal's equipment and level. Lauel's gaze was stuck on

the farming equipment in the hands of the Korean NPC magician.

‘That flail...’

It was probably an item that had a chance to exert the strongest buff. Thanks to it, Grid’s current damage rose by at least double.

‘Crazy. When did he make such a strange item?’

Grid had stayed in the Behen Archipelago for a while, so failing to grasp his latest specs was deadly for Lauel. Lauel was anxious and took a few steps back. It was to look at the entire battlefield.

*Puok!*

*Kwajak!*

“...This is bad.”

Blood and screams filled the battlefield. Lauel’s eyes twitched as he saw it. It was so absurd that he laughed. Grid was running wild like an unbridled foal. It was impossible to measure his strength as he tore through the US formation in an instant.

‘The third advancement NPCs are being cut down like they are straw.

Grid’s current strength was just like Kraugel when Super Sensitivity was used. The level of a disaster. A level that humans couldn’t resist. But Lauel didn’t give up. Buffs had a time limit. In particular, the more outstanding the buff, the shorter the duration. Grid could only maintain this for approximately two minutes.

Lauel started directing the troops again.

"Set the forest on fire!"

Was it to suppress the Korean army that started to move in response to Grid? The NPCs set fire to the forest and Lauel used Wind Dragon’s Breath, quickly turning the area into a sea of fire.

"Restrain the actions of the enemies!"

Lauel ordered without hesitation. The magicians summoned stone and ice barriers to forcibly lock Grid into a limited space. But the barriers built by the magicians were nothing in front of Grid.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

“T-This is impossible.”

The magicians doubted their eyes. It was an unbelievable sight, the barriers summoned by investing a lot of mana were shattered with a single blow by Grid. In the end, Lauel had no choice but to use Zephyr, who was keeping Peak Sword and Yura in check.

The 1st ranked acrobat, Zephyr. He was a man skilled in using tricks to distract the enemy with his agile and abnormal behavior. When Kraugel attacked the US, Zephyr was low on mana and couldn't act against Kraugel. But Zibal declared that Zephyr's footwork was excellent.

"Zephyr, please tie up Grid's feet. In the meantime, I will take the Korean base."

"I understand."

*Pahat!*

The monster who killed the 2nd ranked user and six third advancement NPCs in an instant, Grid. Zephyr showed no signs of tension as he headed towards Grid. He believed in his skills.

'He might be a monster, but he can't cope with my acrobatics.'

It was funny that he had to just buy time.

"Kyakyakyakyak!"

Zephyr burst out into bizarre laughter while jumping over Grid's head and spinning like a spintop. It wasn't a meaningless act, but the activation of his 'Acrobat's Laugh' skill. The enemies who heard the laughter would temporarily lose their hearing and become confused.

But Grid resisted.

Zephyr didn't panic. He already knew that Grid had status resisting capabilities.

"Kikikikikik!"

Nevertheless, the reason he laughed was because he didn't want the enemies to approach him and to also raise his morale.

"Why are you repeating it?"

The confusion was resisted, but the sound of the laughter was terrible. Grid frowned and swung Iyarugt towards the approaching Zephyr.

*Pahat!*

Red light scattered like jewels and cut at Zephyr's body.

*Peeeeeeong!*

"Kuk!"

A powerful explosion occurred and Grid groaned. It wasn't Zephyr that Grid attacked, but a Zephyr clone with the ability to explode. Beyond the smoke, Zephyr's eyes were curved like a crescent moon.

"Beast's Ring."

*Peeng!*

A blazing ring of fire was created around Grid.

'What?'

Like an elephant, a large cerberus appeared and jumped towards Grid in the center of the ring. The momentum was so terrifying that Grid reflexively took a defensive posture. However, no shock was delivered. The cerberus penetrated through Grid and the ring and disappeared like it was a lie.

'What is this?'

A mere trick? This pointless skill... Grid flinched the moment he thought this. It was

because the burning ring, centered around him, had started to flare up.

‘It is popping!’

Grid retreated with surprise and at this moment, Zephyr threw 12 balls that he had been rolling around in his hands.

*Pepepepeok!*

“Kyakyakyak! Does it hurt?”

Zephyr headed towards Grid, who was once again swept away by the explosion. He was overflowing with confidence. Even if he couldn’t kill Grid, he was confident that he could play around with Grid for an hour. Of course, he was too arrogant.

“It doesn’t hurt.”

*Step.*

Grid stepped forward from the smoke. He spoke to Zephyr, who was summoning hundreds of doves.

"You will die in five seconds."

Grid had countless combat experience. He might not be smart, but he could quickly understand the characteristics of the enemies and judge how to cope with it. That’s how he could say this.

“Kyakyakyakyak! I don’t know what you are talking about!”

Zephyr burst out laughing like it was really funny and the hundreds of doves flew towards Grid. Grid’s field of view narrowed as hundreds of flapping wings and beaks threatened him. Disgusting things like bird dung and feathers also fell down. But Grid wasn’t shaken. He depended on all his buffs to rush in Zephyr’s direction.

‘It’s difficult since he’s resistant.’

Zephyr clicked his tongue and took off his hat. The moment Grid attacked him, he planned to pull out a turtle to defend, and then a rabbit to increase his movement speed and fight back. But Grid was too fast. He stabbed as soon as he arrived, not giving

Zephyr time to pull out a turtle or rabbit. Inevitably, he had to use Clown's Tears.

It was the ultimate skill that caused a hallucinogenic effect on nearby targets and increase evasion rate by as much as 70%. If he combined all his items, titles and class effects, it was an additional 21%, giving him an evasion rate of 91%. It would be difficult to hit the current Zephyr even with targeted skills. It was no different from being invincible.

However...

*Puk!*

"Cough!"

Zephyr's heart was pierced by a sword. Questions rose at the unexpected pain.

'Why can't I avoid it?'

He evaded Grid's sword, only to be drawn back like there was a magnet. It was a phenomenon that couldn't be understood. Zephyr coughed up blood as Grid dealt a second blow.

*Puok!*

"Kuheok...!"

Why? Why couldn't he avoid the enemy's attack? Zephyr was filled with intense doubts when he suddenly had a hypothesis.

'Don't tell me that his accuracy exceeds my evasion rate?'

It was ridiculous. There was no way such a fraudulent accuracy existed.

'It's just luck...!'

Zephyr denied it as he died.

"..."

Silence filled the battlefield. This was Zephyr. One of the leading rankers was easily

dismissed by Grid. However, the silence didn't last long.

"What are you doing? Sweep them all away!"

At Grid's cry, the South Korean representatives and NPCs attacked the US forces.

"Shoot! Shoot!"

The US archers and magicians resisted. They made Grid their top priority, so all of Grid's attacks were focused on Grid. However, Grid's defense had doubled. No matter how strong the third advancement users were, they couldn't deal a fatal injury. In particular, the Holy Light set resisted some of the magic attacks. His items were really great. Grid used the ability of Elfin Stone's ring to maintain his health as the enemy bombarded him.

There was a bright smile on Lael's face as they met face-to-face.

"I am proud of you."

Usually, he was criticized for only using items. But Lael knew. A person also needed abilities to utilize their items. A pig wearing a pearl necklace? In particular, Grid actively showed the use of strategies with their items. Lael was thrilled by the dramatic growth.

"If you have no talent, you wouldn't have grown to this point. Perhaps you could keep trying because you were stupid. I sincerely respect you."

Lael was touched and spoke tearfully. But Grid felt offended.

'Is that a compliment or a curse?'

Anyway.

"Can't you tell the difference between business and personal matters? Stop being so delighted."

Right now, Grid was the representative of South Korea. In addition, he fought with his colleagues rather than fighting alone. He couldn't be beaten on purpose by Lael. Lael understood. He was in the same position as Grid.



"I can."

"...?"

There was something strange. He was speaking from the standpoint of the winner...

'It can't be!'

The worst result appeared the moment Grid sensed it.

[Your castle was occupied by the enemy!]

It was the notification window that signalled South Korea's defeat in the siege. Lauel smiled at Grid.

"Setting fire to the forest was a signal to Skull."

" ... "

Siege didn't support the party chat or whisper function. The organizers were hoping for a more realistic and dramatic war to be produced. Thus, Grid was careless.

Grid was very sad.

The result of the first siege match. As expected, South Korea lost. But the world didn't condemn or mock South Korea. Everyone, regardless of race or nationality, praised the Korean representatives, especially Grid.

"Well fought!"

Grid received more praise than when he won the gold medal. This meant that Grid showed an amazing scene. Now Grid was growing to be someone's subject of envy.

# Chapter 431

The NPC called Swan.

He had the unique skills of 'Adaptation' and 'Escape.'

Adaptation showed the effect of 'increased speed of recovery from abnormal conditions,' 'decreased terrain penalty,' and 'decrease in the usage conditions of items.' Escape had the effect of 'never being caught by the enemy and never dying in combat.'

Grid had an idea the moment he saw Swan with the Great Lord's Sword. He gave Swan the role that he originally intended for himself, under the assumption that Lauel predicted all his thoughts and actions and prepared countermeasures for them. It was to convince the enemy that Swan was Grid and make them follow Lauel's plan.

The result was commendable. Swan was armed with Grid's Greatsword and Triple Layers. He was recognized as Grid and served as good bait for Skull's group. The US determined that Lauel's plan was a success and completely erased their guard against Grid.

Thanks to this, Grid could act freely. He waited until the buff effect of the Motley Flail was activated and successfully pushed the US into a crisis.

The result was a defeat.



After the end of the siege.

The resurrected NPCs gathered around Grid. The NPCs in the US team seemed to be resurrected as well. The NPCs for the siege weren't disposable. At least, in the server dedicated to the National Competition, they enjoyed eternal life, just like players.

"I'm sorry. I was unable to properly perform my role as bait."

Swan apologized and looked at Grid.

Grid alternated looking between him and Lucky. He was filled with a powerful possessive desire to have them.

‘I want to take them to Reidan...’

Third advancement NPCs. The level was nearly twice as high as the soldiers in Reidan, and a lot of them were able to deal with the unbuffed Grid. In addition, Lucky had the good luck special stat and Swan had skills that would be useful in raids. But Grid had to end this relationship here. They would only temporarily be used for a limited amount of time in the National Competition.

“You did nothing wrong. I’m sorry that you lost because I was lacking.”

Those who were originally in a high position couldn’t easily recognize their mistakes because they had a lot to lose, and were also good at passing on responsibility. But Grid was the opposite. He apologized to Swan and even knocked on his shoulder to encourage him.

Swan was thrilled because he was a noble person with humility and responsibility. There was a growing sense of respect in his heart. Grid reached out to the thrilled Swan. Did he want to shake hands?

‘A noble man is shaking hands with someone like me...’

The moment the excited Swan grabbed Grid’s hand.

“What are you doing?”

“...Huh?”

There was rising resentment in Grid’s eyes as he looked at the bewildered Swan.

“Are you planning to keep my items?”

“Ah...”

He could feel killing intent. The frightened Swan hurriedly started to take off Grid’s items that he had been wearing for a while. Grid also gave back Swan’s items.

"..."

The two men had an expression of regret as they changed items. Someday, they hoped to meet again. On the other hand, the magician Lucky was staring at Grid in a hot and sticky manner.

'The taste of hitting was very good... '

He couldn't forget the thrilling feeling whenever his flail hit Grid's hard muscles. Due to Grid, Lucky got a new hobby. Unfortunately, his everyday life was destined to be difficult.



Thanks to the match between South Korea and the United States, other countries were able to gather useful information.

First, the NPCs had hidden abilities. Second, the NPCs could be armed with new items. Third, there was no need to be deceived by the eight paths.

"It's a simple matter if you walk through the center."

The shortest and widest path. It was better to concentrate their forces on the most efficient path, rather than disperse their forces and take risks on inaccurate plans. Most of the countries thought this, making the siege matches very monotonous.

The moment the siege started, they gathered in the central path and fought. The country who won there would win the siege. Of course, it wasn't just a contest of power. The battle tactics was the key. The representatives of each country distributed their items as efficiently as possible, armed and strengthened the NPCs, and fought against the enemies in an extraordinary manner.

As a result, the siege event maintained a steady high audience rating and produced many conversations. But the South Korea vs US match received the highest ratings.

Grid broke his existing image of 'ignorant overgeared' person and prepared a lot, while Lauel's brains made everything useless. Grid's destructive force which smashed the US formations.

The South Korea vs US match had more elements to stimulate the viewers than any other match. Grid and Lauel's reputations rose in an incomparable manner, and this

was directly linked to the rise in awareness for the Overgeared Guild.



The National Competition's third day.

After the round of 32, round of 16 and the quarterfinals, the four finalists were decided. Under the power of Damian, Japan earned the nickname of the 'Strongest Army.' Russia had Kraugel, who broke through the enemy and reached the castle. The world's strongest United States.

Thus far, there was nothing big. People predicted that the US and Japan would enter the finals, and Russia's actions were also within prediction range. But Argentina was different. Few people expected Argentina to advance to the semi-finals. Even the people of Argentina didn't expect it. Argentina was one of the countries weak in Satisfy, and they didn't even qualify for the 1st National Competition. They were almost the same as South Korea.

But they advanced into the top four and were facing the strongest countries. How did they do it?

Seuron. The result was due to his absolute force.

"Soul Predator..."

The reserved audience seats. The South Korea representatives, including Yura and Peak Sword, kept a close eye on Seuron. They weren't the only ones. Players from all countries were concentrating on Seuron as they watched the siege. It was due to Seuron's presence. His strength was comparable to Kraugel, Damian, and Grid.

'This is the dignity of combat specific classes.'

Seuron's unique combat ability to exploit the souls of enemy and allied corpses to increase his own strength was perfect. It was difficult to find any weak points in all aspects of physical attack, magic attack, defense, resistance, AOE, CC, etc.

'I think that even God Grid will find it hard against Seuron...'

Peak Sword had this thought, despite being a passionate follower of Grid. But Grid had no interest in Seuron. Grid was only focused on Kraugel.

‘How can he think about moving like that?’

Kraugel’s movements avoided all the concentrated attacks of dozens of NPCs while breaking through the enemy at the same time. Grid couldn’t even imagine the movements, let alone mimic it. Grid realized one thing.

‘Imagination.’

Maybe this imagination was one of the important elements of his strength? It was a tremendous weapon because Kraugel could move in ways that others didn’t expect. It was movement beyond predictions. However, did a person have to be smart to be imaginative?

In other words...

‘He is good at fighting and smart?’

Grid recalled that he heard people who were smart were good at sports.

"This is very annoying."

It was a desperate reality for Grid who wasn’t smart. He felt like he faced a higher barrier than an average person living in this world. The Grid in the past would’ve trembled with anger and lamented.

‘But I’m not useless.’

Grid now knew. It was much more profitable to overcome this than to blame his own talent.

“Umm...”

Grid grew more and more focused as he watched Kraugel. He was devising methods to win against Kraugel in PvP.

At that moment.

*Ttiring~*

A mail arrived on Youngwoo’s phone.

'Is it Sehee?'

A phone that almost never rang. He expected it to be from his parents or sister, only to find something interesting. Comet Group. It was a mail from one of the domestic companies that offered to sponsor Grid.

[Shin Youngwoo-nim.

We've been watching your activities in the National Competition with great interest. As a Korean citizen, I feel very proud and thankful. If you don't mind, can we discuss the contract that was cancelled the other day? We will do our best to satisfy you. Please give us a positive response.

Head of the Public Relations Team, Yook Shihyun.]

It was the company that offered him 300 million. 300 million. He couldn't deny that it was a huge amount of money to receive just for wearing the mark of the Comet Group on his chest. However, Grid's value was much higher than that. It wasn't a baseless pride. Weren't there articles about Zibal getting 3.6 billion from the world class company Radidas?

'I should get at least 1 billion... '

Yura spoke to Grid, who was looking at the text message.

"Why aren't you replying to it?"

"Hrmm..."

Grid turned to look at Yura. There was a pink flush on Yura's white cheeks. She couldn't help feeling embarrassed as Grid stared at her. But Grid wasn't conscious about this at all.

"I don't want to meet them at all. They don't know my value."

It wasn't a grudge. Above all, Grid was in the position of master of Overgeared, so he

couldn't put down his value. He was worried that the value of Overgeared would fall if he was too cheap.

Yura asked him with a serious expression, "Youngwoo, your current cash assets should be around 6 billion?"

"No, it's around 5 billion."

If he added the building that was to be completed in a month, his total assets would be 15 billion. It was huge for Grid, who was debt-ridden two years ago. He couldn't help being proud as he recalled those days. The fact that he could eat food without worrying about money made him feel like he could have the world.

Yura handed out reality to Grid with a gentle expression.

"Youngwoo, 5 billion isn't as much money as you think. It is likely that you will have to spend billions of won if you want to buy high end materials like adamantium or dragon scales, that ultimately must be collected."

Then Peak Sword chimed in.

"There are many rich people in the world, and at this moment, a new rich person is being born. There are hundreds of gold spoons in South Korea alone who can collect cars worth more than 5 billion won. As the average level of the users in Satisfy increases, the value of items will rise more and more. We need to have enough money to adapt to the times."

The end point was simple. If he was aiming to be a king, he shouldn't be complacent with what he currently had. Grid wasn't in a position where he could reject the pumpkin that rolled up to him.

'That's right.'

Grid received enlightenment and replied to the team leader.

*-4 billion.*



# Chapter 432

The average number of viewers for the Super Bowl was just 100 million people, so why were the advertising fees much higher than the Olympics and World Cup? It was due to the abundant concentration.

Unlike the Olympics and World Cup, which were festivals of the world, the Super Bowl was only for the US. From the company's point of view, it was easy to identify and capture the needs of the Super Bowl viewers. A single ad was able to reach 100 million potential customers, so the value of the Super Bowl ads was inevitably high.

It 2030, it was natural for the advertising fee per second to exceed 250 million won.

On the other hand, the Olympics and World Cup? The number of viewers overwhelmed the Super Bowl, but the concentration was too low. It was necessary to produce several advertisements in accordance to the interests of each country, and the advertisement effect was also limited because viewers were interested in different events and countries.

The first time it occurred, companies from each country thought that the Satisfy National Competition would be similar to the Olympics. It might have the highest number of viewers, but the advertising effect would be low compared to the number of viewers. They didn't actively invest in any advertisements, choosing to sponsor individual participants, similar to the Olympics. In the first place, it was funny to call gamers 'players' and to sponsor them.

But the result was shocking. The Satisfy National Competition attracted the attention of people around the world, even though there were few participating countries. The advertising effect far exceeded the Super Bowl. In particular, the performance of the individual players had a huge impact.

Sports and games were different areas. When watching athletes, the consciousness of the viewers stopped at 'great.' Meanwhile with gamers, it extended to 'I am going to be like that,' making the viewers immersion very high. Thus, the value of gamers was soaring. If they could sponsor a top-class gamer, a company wouldn't hesitate to invest billions of won.

Nevertheless, the 224 gamers participating in the 2nd National Competition had an average sponsorship value of 500 million won. This market was still not properly formed. Satisfy gamers didn't know their value. They were people who played games from home, so they didn't understand economic principles.

What did the companies think about this? They sucked as much from the players as possible. Sooner or later, the players would have professional managers to handle these things. At that time, the value of the players would surge. Until that day, the companies wanted to benefit as much from the players as possible without paying as much.

But it was reaching the limit. The players were starting to realize their value. The evidence was the 4 billion proposed by Grid.

"He came out surprisingly strong."

The Comet Group's PR team leader, Yoo Shihyun, laughed as she saw Grid's reply. She didn't think Grid would come out like this.

'This is because of Radidas.'

Radidas sponsoring Zibal for 3.6 billion won was the trigger. The players looked at Zibal and started to realize their true value. Grid suggesting 4 billion meant he judged that his value was higher than Zibal's value.

"...Well, it's appropriate."

To be honest, it wasn't just appropriate, but the best. As a result of sponsoring Grid for 4 billion won, the Comet Group could enjoy the huge promotion effect of tens of billions, maybe trillions of won. Grid's power was that great. His global popularity was increasingly rising. Grid himself might not be aware of his true value.

Yoo Shihyun smiled and called the direct line of the president of the Comet Group.

Then after a while.

After discussing with the president, she came to the best conclusion. She would offer Grid 10 billion won in exchange for a two-year contract. Grid's value would obviously rise by the time the 3rd National Competition arrived, so it was a tremendous benefit to keep Grid when his price was still cheap. She was convinced that he would take the

deal if she offered more than double the 4 billion won.

*-Can I meet you now? I'm in Paris.*

Even at this moment, Grid's value was going up. Other companies would try to make contact with Grid. Thus Yoo Shihyun urgently sent a reply to Grid.

Grid's answer was 'Okay.'

"Good."

A smile appeared on Yook Shihyun's face. She sat in front of a mirror and made herself look as beautiful as possible. The basics of selling something was to convey a good feeling.



"Now I'm going to make money."

The semi-finals were just beginning.

United States vs Japan.

Russia vs Argentina.

It was very interesting to study. Peak Sword was puzzled when Grid got up during such an important time.

"Isn't it better to watch the matches?"

"I can watch it on TV."

Even if he sat in the audience, it was still watching on a monitor. He could watch it on any TV. In particular, his hotel room had a 3D TV that was a huge 120 inches. He would rather watch it on TV.

"I'll go as well."

Yura got up along with Grid. It was regarding a business deal, so she was uneasy about Grid going alone. However, Grid refused.

"I can do it alone."

So far, Yura had handled his money. Grid thought he was sufficient since he learned from watching her.

"If I keep depending on you, I will be a fool who can't do anything alone. In the first place, you can't be with me forever, can you?"

"..."

'We can be together forever.' Yura wanted to say, but Grid had left before she could even open her mouth.



The area around the Eiffel Tower was always troublesome. It was because there were too many tourists. But this was the time when the National Competition was in full swing. The streets were empty, as if to prove the overwhelming popularity of the National Competition.

There were only a few roadside cafes that had guests.

Thanks to that, Grid was about to recognize the person he was meeting at first glance. There was only one Asian woman sitting alone at the promised meeting place.

"Team Leader Yook Shihyun?"

"Hello, Shin Youngwoo-nim. It's great that I can meet a global star directly."

The woman who answered Grid's call greeted him politely. She smiled brightly and handed Grid her business card. Grid confirmed it and sat across from her. Yook Shihyun inwardly panicked. A man who remained nonchalant after seeing her beautiful face and body was unfamiliar to her.

'I thought he was a womanizer because he's dating Yura and Jishuka at the same time.'

Yook Shihyun started a long attempt to persuade him. She talked about the Comet Group's social position and the benefits that Grid would enjoy if he was sponsored by the Comet Group. But Grid interrupted her in the middle.

“The conclusion.”

Would she give him the 4 billion won that he asked for? Yook Shihyun smiled with satisfaction.

“I will offer you 10 billion won. However, it’s for a two year contract.”

“...”

Grid’s expression didn’t change. His pupils didn’t even move. It was different from what Shihyun expected.

‘He can remain so calm after hearing 10 billion won?’

In the game, Grid was close to a beast. He was always violent and crushed any enemy. But he was actually a very smart person. Yook Shihyun considered Grid’s potential for development and became greedy. She felt possessive.

On the other hand, Grid was very surprised, unlike his outer appearance.

‘10 billion?’

It might have a two-year contract attached, but it was more than Grid wanted. 10 billion! It might be insignificant to some rich people because it was ‘much lower than the price of the mansion my parents bought me for my birthday,’ but it was very big for Grid.

Wasn’t it equivalent to four or five legendary items? Grid had only created 13 legendary items since becoming Pagma’s Descendant.

‘Isn’t this a windfall?’

Grid was about to chuckle when he suddenly had a thought. He learned all sorts of knowledge and reasoning during the year he spent with Lael, so his thinking ability expanded.

‘My value was higher than I thought.’

It was rare for there to be any free favors in the world. Especially when it came to business companies. The 4 billion he proposed was changed to 10 billion? A two-year

contract... Maybe it means that my value will far exceed 10 billion won next year.'

Grid had experienced the worst result one or two times after chasing the greed that was right in front of him. Grid took time to calmly consider it before opening his mouth.

"I'm confused."

Of course he was confused! It was the first time that a company had placed his value so high! Yook Shihyun had a satisfied expression on her face as she looked at Grid.

"I was hoping for 4 billion won per event, only to be offered 10 billion won for a two-year contract... Is the Comet Group a crook?"

"...?"

Yook Shihyun couldn't understand for a moment. But she soon realized.

'You're the crook!'

Well, strictly speaking, Grid had a point while the Comet Group was the crook. There was an awkward silence between them for a while.

*Ttiring~*

A mail arrived on Grid's phone. No, it wasn't one.

*Ttiring.*

*Ttiring.*

*Ttiring.*

Grid's phone kept on making noise! Yook Shihyun had an uneasy expression on her face as Grid checked the contents and rose.

"One company who offered me 3.5 billion won per event has eventually offered 4 billion won in response to my request."

Of course, it was a lie. But Grid was convinced that it would be realistic. Yook Shihyun

cried out in a desperate voice.

"4.1 billion! We will give you 4.1 billion!"

"...Hah."

It was a painful thing for those who had no money. Grid grasped the concept of money and laughed.

'Indeed, this is why sports athletes have annual salaries of over 100 billion won.'

Was his worth lower than them? No one could say that. This was the era where virtual reality games was more popular than any sport! Grid ordered coffee and declared.

"4.2 billion. I will give you until I finish this coffee to reply."

"..."

It was an espresso! The cup of coffee was the size of two thumbs, causing Yoo Shihyun to urgently call the president.

# Chapter 433

Among the seven guilds, the Golden Guild was at a medium level. Seuron was the master and he had gradually been growing stronger after acquiring the Soul Predator class. It was enough to make him aspire to become the peak of two billion users.

“Kukukuk!”

Argentina met Russia in the semi-finals. Seuron was thrilled to face Kraugel.

"Kraugel, I'm lucky that I have a chance to defeat you in front of the world."

Argentina wasn't active in the target processing match because they didn't have competent ranged dealers. Since they weren't in the race for the medal, Seuron wasn't obsessed with the event and just enjoyed himself. But things were different now.

In the battlefield where a hundred people were fighting for their lives, Seuron was able to create an environment with fresh souls, complementing his class effect. Seuron was confident. It might not be possible yet in a one-on-one match, but he could defeat Kraugel on the battlefield.

"Become the stepping stone of my fame!"

Seuron excitedly pulled out some of the souls accumulated in his body and turned them into beads. They were beads the size of soybeans.

*Suuuuok.*

Dozens of glittering jade beads circled around Seuron. It was a beautiful effect comparable to Grid's Iyarugt.

“Bang!”

Seuron shouted like a young child firing an imaginary gun. Dozens of beads turned fiercely and shot off. Their goal was Kraugel. The Russian representatives and NPCs near Kraugel weren't targeted because they were recognized as trivial by Seuron.



*Tutututututung!*

The soul beads shot forward at a speed that second advancement classes couldn't see and attacked Kraugel. They were like bullets fired from machine guns. The phenomenal thing was that Kraugel avoided all the beads. It was a miraculous move that combined Keen Senses, his high agility and his innate skills.

Kraugel ran in a zigzag and reached Seuron, wielding White Fang.

*Chaaeng!*

Seuron defended with the Brutal Heavy Sword and felt the difference in strength.

'Indeed, it's clear that his battle stats have reached at least level 400.'

It was the result of completing various quests and titles first. It was unknown if any elixirs had been taken. It was truly unique. Kraugel's stats were beyond common sense.

*Peeok!*

Seuron was shaken by the blow, while Kraugel removed his sword and dealt a second strike. The moment that Kraugel was going to deal a critical strike.

*Pahat!*

The soul beads that stopped in the place where Kraugel was first standing started to move again. They flew to Kraugel and spread like a spider's web. Kraugel's reaction was somewhat late because he hadn't expected such an efficient skill. One arm was caught in a spider web.

[Your right arm is temporarily restrained.]

"..."

Kraugel's expressionless face slightly distorted. Seuron's sword came flying as he

swiftly switched White Fang to his left hand. Seuron laughed as he avoided Kraugel's counterattack and kept attacking.

"Kukuk, I will bind your soul!"

Seuron's skill was activated. The soul web in contact with Kraugel's body linked to Kraugel's soul, giving Seuron temporary control of Kraugel's soul.

[Your body is out of control for seven seconds!]

Kraugel had a different experience. His right foot moved when he tried to move his left arm. When he tried to move his left feet, his right arm moved. Kraugel's best strength, his control, was contained.

*Seokeok!*

At this moment, Seuron summoned 14 soul spears and shouted with all his might.

"Taste this unbreakable power!"

It wasn't a lie. Since changing to a Soul Predator, Seuron had never been defeated. There was only one person. He was defeated during the Reidan raid by the 'temporary farmer.' But that farmer was a named NPC, so he didn't count as a user. At this moment, Seuron was sure of his victory. He didn't know. The fact that the Kraugel in front of him was that farmer!

"You have certainly grown."

Kraugel acknowledged Seuron, even when they met in the past at Reidan. He avoided all the soul spears pouring towards him and praised Seuron.

'How?'

Seuron was shocked. It was natural to be surprised, since the soul-controlled Kraugel moved just as swiftly and precisely as before.

‘Don’t tell me...! He was able to adapt in such a short amount of time?’

White Fang pierced Seuron’s neck. Seuron was able to increase his defense using Soul Armor and killed his allies to obtain more souls. Then he attempted a counterattack. The brilliant battle between the two people received praises from all over the world.



“Ah, I think I am going crazy.”

*Brr!*

Grid’s body continuously shook after he left the cafe. At first glance, the jerkiness was like a tap dance. It was the aftereffect of drinking the espresso. A headache was coming.

“Dammit...”

Grid didn’t like bitterness and only took the syrupy cold medicine for children when he had a cold. For him, coffee was like rotten water. He was disgusted by Americans who could drink it like it was bottled water. That’s why he only ordered juice or hot chocolate at a cafe.

Then why did he drink a cup of espresso? It felt like he was drinking poison. But it was worthwhile. He got the ideal contract! Grid purposely chose a smaller drink in order to give Yook Shihyun a feeling of pressure.

That’s right. The reason why Grid ordered an espresso was that it was necessary to his bluff. Now he was using a process called ‘pre-planning.’ He couldn’t just rush forward forever. He acted cautiously.

*-Please read the contract carefully. Read it several times until you completely understand it. Don’t forget to record it.*

*-God Grid! Isn’t it amazing for a Korean to contract with a Korean company?*

-♣ Go! ♦ If you join ♦ ♣ ✕ You will get 💰💰 a 1 million💸★cash bonus★

*-Team Leader Kim Minyoung.^^*

Grid intended for messages to arrive during his conversation with Yook Shihyun. He had asked Yura and Peak Sword in advance to send him a message at this exact time. The spam messages came flying by chance. He hadn't signed up for the spam blocker service because it cost him 2,000 won each month...

'This is why people say that money shouldn't be spent.'

Grid received a new enlightenment and vowed he would only order jajangmyun instead of kanjajang.

『Oh my god...! The United States' castle was captured!』

『Against everyone's expectations, Russia has won!』

The road to Shang X Lila Hotel. A loud noise was heard from the store that Grid was passing, and Grid turned towards the TV in the store.

'Russia won?'

It was also against the United States? Grid clenched his fists tightly. He couldn't suppress his feelings after learning that Kraugel had overcome the United States.

'Kraugel...'

Was he superior to Grid in every way? Grid couldn't accept it. He didn't intend to derail the value of the person called Kraugel. Grid couldn't evaluate Kraugel's innate talent and achievements. However, Lael was a normal class user who beat Grid!

It was a cruel reality for Grid. Grid felt how trivial he was. His self-esteem that he raised with much difficulty was crushed at this moment.



The 3rd day of the National Competition ended. The National Competition's ranking was updated.

1st. South Korea (2 gold)

2nd. Russia (1 gold, 2 silver)

3rd. United States (1 gold, 1 silver, 2 bronze)

4th. Brazil (1 gold)

Joint 5th. United Kingdom and France (1 silver)

6th. Canada (2 bronze)

7th. Japan (1 bronze)

It was a lot different from what most people expected. The most powerful country in Satisfy, the United States was ranked 3rd, while Korea and Brazil stood out? But people weren't shaken. The National Competition was just beginning. There were 16 events remaining and as the days passed, it was clear that the overall ranking was taking shape as people expected.

As everyone thought, the overall rankings stabilized on the 14th day of the National Competition.

1st. Russia (4 gold, 3 silver, 2 bronze)

2nd. United States (4 gold, 2 silver, 4 bronze)

3rd. Canada (3 gold, 3 silver, 3 bronze)

4th. South Korea (2 gold)

5th. Spain (1 gold, 2 silver)

6th. Japan (1 gold, 2 bronze)

7th. Brazil (1 gold)

Joint 8th place. United Kingdom, France (3 silver)

Joint 9th place. Argentina, China (2 bronze)

10th. Turkey (1 bronze)

South Korea and Brazil hadn't won a single medal since the third day, while the countries considered strong in Satisfy were constantly winning medals. It was the time when the difference between a strong team and a weak team was evident. Now there were only 5 events remaining.

The people wondered about which of the three countries between the US, Russia, and Canada would win. But no one could easily predict it. All members of the United States could be called top-class. Russia was slightly weaker than the US, but they had the crown called Kraugel.

Chris and Vantner were starting to show good chemistry for Canada. They were too powerful. It wouldn't seem strange if any of them won.

『We are forgetting something. Isn't there another country that could be a contender to win?』

Another championship candidate? The viewers from all over the world were puzzled by the experts' words when they recalled someone. Grid. The main culprit behind the destruction of common sense hadn't competed in any solo events yet.

*-Perhaps South Korea is another candidate to win?*

*-At any rate, winning gold medals is the best thing to do in the National Competition. If Grid wins the gold medal in the raid event and his three solo events, Korea will win. ⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨*

*-Wow, that's right. If Grid wins four gold medals and Russia and the US don't win any, Korea will win.*

*-But that's impossible. -\_-;*

Right now, people of the world were aware of Grid's power. It couldn't be denied that he was top-class. The problem was that there were many top-class players comparable to Grid. Kraugel of Russia, Chris of Canada, Damian of Japan, Seuron of Argentina, Pon of Spain, Regas of Britain, Zibal of the US... all of them were tough.

Would Grid be able to win four gold medals alone against the specialists of each event?

It was impossible.

『What if.. What if Grid really wins four gold medals and leads South Korea to victory?』

『He will be a myth.』

『But it's impossible. The peak of 2 billion users, Kraugel, is standing in his way.』

『It's questionable if he can cross the mountain called Kraugel. In addition, Zibal might seem weak, but isn't he optimized for raids? There's a less than 10% chance that South Korea will defeat the US in the raid event.』

These words kept coming. The atmosphere of the people of South Korea, who had been looking forward to Grid's appearance, became solemn.

# Chapter 434

"I'm full."

It was his mother's words. His mother, who raised him alone in a cold and foreign land. She went hungry everyday, causing the skin of her belly to go taunt. But she took care of her son's three meals a day without fail. She endured countless suffering that Kraugel couldn't even fathom.

Just.

He wanted to repay the grace his mother showed when she raised him. But the heavens didn't allow it. It taunted his mother, as if she was born to be unhappy.



After the 14th day of the National Competition, the players were given two days of rest.

It was a type of maintenance period. The players began their preparations for the remaining five events. There were some who obtained new items and raised their levels, some who cleared quests with high rewards, or some who raised their control skills with spars.

Kraugel was one of them. He entered a dungeon that other players would find difficult alone and hunted monsters. He gained experience as the talk with the doctor passed through his mind.

*-Your mother's symptoms are becoming worse. If she doesn't receive the new medicine...*

During the National Competition, Kraugel was forced to hospitalize his mother and constantly kept in contact with her doctor. And the news that was delivered every day was unfortunate. There were physical complications and his mother might only have a few years left.

" ... "



The only new medicine that could cure Alzheimer's. Kraugel needed to lead Russia to victory to obtain it. He discarded his pride and conscience and agreed to a dirty deal. At the time of the siege. Kraugel couldn't refuse Lael's suggestion to join Overgeared in exchange for Lael 'conceding' the game.

But the current flow wasn't ideal. Judging by the five events remaining and the list of participants, Russia was unlikely to win. Russia could only aim at the gold medal in PvP, while the US was in a position to win gold medals in the boss raid and blacksmith production event.

Unless there was a special incident, the winner was likely to be the United States.

'There's hope if another country wins the boss raid or blacksmith event, but...'

Zibal's ability in boss raids was unrivalled, while Panmir was the best blacksmith after Grid. In addition, Grid declared that he wouldn't participate in the blacksmithing event. It was natural that the US would win gold medals in these two events.

Had Heaven forsaken his mother?

Kraugel's feeling of despair deepened.



The Overgeared members knew about Grid's ability in raids. In particular, Peak Sword had witnessed Grid raiding Hell Gao. After that, there was Vampire Earl Elfin Stone and Vampire Viscount Tiramet... Grid had defeated many named bosses.

But Zibal was more than that. There were rumors that the number of named boss monsters raided by Zibal was approaching 20. Debirion's Envoy had a passive skill that dealt addition damage to monsters as well as various active skills. Zibal was a real specialist in raids.

"God Grid! Let's aim for a silver medal!"

Grid watched Zibal's raid videos. Peak Sword guessed he was nervous and energetically shouted. 'Incompetent Peak Sword' had failed to win a medal during the National Competition, so he could only keep up Grid's morale.

*Ttiring~*

As they were watching Zibal's videos against boss monsters and trying to analyze his raid skills more deeply, the phones of Grid and the Korean representatives rang at the same time. It was an announcement delivered to all National Competition participants by the organizers.

[The information of the raid monster has been released. For more information, please check the TV or the Internet.]

Grid confirmed the message and terminated the footage being played, turning the channel to Satisfy's news station. The middle aged anchor was delivering the hot news that was just received.

『The information about the boss monsters to be raided by 32 countries has been released. Let's take a look.』

The life of breaking news was fast. The anchor moved quickly in case he lost viewers to other stations and the information of the boss monster flashed on the screen.

[Drake]

Level: 420

A flying monster with a small amount of dragon's blood.

Their intelligence is greatly reduced compared to wyverns, but their combat power and power of the breath is overwhelmingly superior!

They have high status resistance, extreme resistance to physical attacks, resistance to magic attacks, relatively high stamina, and can stay in the air infinitely.

Drop items: Drake's heart, drake leather, drake's fang, drake's bone.

『Drakes are a senior monster that have never been raided once. It means a strategy hasn't been revealed yet.』

『Doesn't that mean all teams are in an equal position when starting?』

『That's right. It seems like the organizations have considered equality.』

『However, the players will be feeling desperate. In order to hunt flying monsters, ranged damage dealers and magicians are needed. How many ranged damage dealers and magicians are capable of damaging a drake?』

『Blocking the flying ability is the key to the raid. But how can they block it when the monster has status resistance...?』

『Since it's a level 400 monster, they need to be at least at the third advancement to do damage. I wonder how many countries can succeed in the raid.』

"How do we defeat that?"

"Won't the US also find it hard?"

The South Korean representatives were sulking. Yura and Peak Sword's expression was also bad. Only seven people were going against a flying boss monster, and South Korea only had Grid and Peak Sword above level 300. Everyone judged that the raid was impossible and felt despair.

"I'll be in the capsule room for the next two days."

Grid rose from his seat.

"Yes, let's go hunting. I should gain at least one more level."

Peak Sword got up along with Grid. It was impossible to think up a strategy to defeat this boss monster. The South Korean representatives were tired and judged it was better to give up early and prepare for other events. It was the same for the representatives gathered in other spaces.

Only the United States, Russia, Canada, and France were seriously concerned about a strategy against the drake.



The National Competition's 17th day.

The last team event, the boss raid would take place. The interest of the world was hot.

A drake. People were excited about the chance to indirectly experience the power of boss monsters that were difficult to meet. The players were motivated, unlike how they were originally. The organizers announced that the teams would keep the items dropped by the drakes.

It was an extreme measure because they were worried that the unmotivated attitude of the participants would interfere with their performance in the event. The result was commendable. The representatives who grumbled 'How can we catch a drake?' and planned to drop out early became motivated. They needed to succeed in the raid in order to get the items that the drake would drop.

It was the same with the Korean representatives. The materials dropped by the drake were incomparable to the materials distributed in Satisfy so far. It was a profit even if it was shared between seven people.

"God Grid! Let's do our best! Even if we can't win the medal, we must fight to the end and make sure the drake dies!"

Peak Sword shouted with tension. Meanwhile, Grid was still calm. His attitude made Yura uneasy.

'Why?'

Grid was promised a large amount of money from the Comet Group and raised his value of a Satisfy gamer. Despite feeling proud and pleased with himself, he somehow felt bad since he signed with the Comet Group. She wondered if he had some worries that she didn't know about?

Regardless of Yura's concern, the competition's schedule proceeded.

『All participants should go to the capsule room!』

The 244 participants from 32 countries moved to the capsules assigned to them and logged into Satisfy. The countries appeared in different maps, but a drake appeared in

front of all of them and roared.

*Kurarararara!*

[The dragon's blood deals fear to all subordinates!]

[You will be in a rigid state for 10 seconds.]

[All buffs are deactivated, with defense and resistance reduced by 50%. You will step back from the enemy.]

[You have temporarily lost your hearing from the drake's roar!]

[All types of conversations will be blocked for 1 minute and 30 seconds!]

[Your body has been suppressed by the gust from the drake's wings!]

[As long as the drake's wings continue to flap, all speeds will drop by 30%!]

Depending on the level and resistance of each player, the duration of the debuff was different. In any case, all the players of each country suffered. In particular, the players who pre-used buff skills lost them before they could even enjoy the effect.

“The command system has collapsed.!”

The United States was also overwhelmed. The drake's roar had the effect of blocking all types of conversations. This was a problem because no matter what they said, the contents wasn't communicated to their colleagues. An unknown enemy, the drake.

Zibal quickly understood thanks to his numerous raid experience, but it was useless because he couldn't communicate with his team members.

“Kuak!”

“Ugh...!”

The drake, which was over 5m in length, moved at a speed that wasn't suitable for its huge size. It started devastate the US team, making the world feel shock.

『The strongest US team is trampled on so easily...! Strong! The drake is really strong!』

『The 30% slowness effect is deadly. Even Kraugel was hit. First of all, the strategy is to stop those wings... 』

『Ah! As soon as you spoke, Bondre of France used ice magic and froze one of the drake's wings!』

『... But it was broken in an instant. Its resistance to magic is ridiculously high.』

The moment that the atmosphere became serious.

“Eh? Comet's new capsule is so much better than the performance of other capsules! I can move smoothly! Hey! It's amazing!”

The Korean Grid started speaking loudly. The attention of the commentators and viewers focused on him. On the upper chest of Grid's Triple Layers, the logo of the Comet Group could be seen. Yura blushed as she looked at Grid and realized.

Grid had been uncomfortable the last few days because he was embarrassed at the thought of speaking such words.

"..."

Yura looked at Grid while the viewers resented Grid's obvious PPL (product placement) because it broke the immersion. Grid was being blamed for being a monster created by the age of materialism. Fortunately, the voices of the viewers didn't reach Grid.

Grid wasn't shaken and could concentrate on the raid. He took out a pole that was 3m long and had a diameter of 80cm, inserting it deep into the group. Then he threw the trident attached to the pile by a rope towards the drake. It was the Spear Shot skill that he obtained from the Behen Archipelago.

*Puok!*

The trident pierced the drake's leather and it tried to fly away. But the rope connected to the pole pulled it tightly and the drake's flight was blocked. That's right. Once again, it was the power of items. During the past two resting days, Grid had devised items that could neutralize the strength of flying monsters.

He came up with several of them. Grid pulled out new items.

TL Note: From now on, all previous mentions of drakes will be changed to wyverns. So Huroi's pet and the pets used during the pet marathon are wyverns, not drakes.

# Chapter 435

Grid pulled out new items.

There was a very large hammer that could be swung with both hands.

[Dragon Hammer]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 400/400 Attack Power: 250

A hammer made by the legendary blacksmith Grid.

It is designed to hit the 'Dragon Harpoon Pillars.'

It is very big and heavy and the attack power is excellent. It can be used as a weapon, but it isn't easy to swing.

Conditions of Use: More than 3,000 strength.

Weight: 5,500

The Dragon Harpoon was a pillar with a trident. Yes, this large harpoon was designed to block a dragon's flight.

[Dragon Harpoon]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 500/500 Attack Power: 620



- \* There is a 100% chance of hitting the target when the 'restrain' effect is activated.
- \* The restraint effect will last while the pillar is embedded in the ground.
- \* The pillar will come out a little bit every time the opponent resists.

A secondary weapon made by the legendary blacksmith Grid.

The harpoon optimized for throwing is made of jaffa, while the pillar designed to be embedded in the ground is made of a large amount of steel.

The harpoon is thrown after the pillar is embedded in the ground, so the super large weapon is extremely difficult to handle.

The ridiculous weight and the long time it takes to install makes it impossible to be popular.

However, the effect is absolute.

User Restriction: More than 4,000 strength. More than 2,000 dexterity. A skill in the javelin series.

Weight: 30,000

Putting aside the weight, the conditions of use were ridiculous. 4,000 strength was a stat that damage dealers only dreamt about, and 2,000 dexterity was impossible to obtain unless they were production class users. There was also the javelin type skill...

How many people could meet these three conditions at the same time? It might be different in a few years, but at the moment, it was only Grid. It meant there was no material value. It was clear that no one would buy it if he put it on the auction house.

But the power was excellent. The attack power and options were very different from normal secondary weapons, and the durability was high enough for it to not be considered consumables. But secondary weapons had limitations that couldn't be overcome. Their persistence was weak.

[The target 'drake' is struggling with the Dragon Harpoon!]

[The pillar of the Dragon Harpoon is pulled out a little bit from the ground! (4/5)]

[The target 'drake' is struggling with the Dragon Harpoon!]

[The pillar of the Dragon Harpoon is pulled out a little bit from the ground! (3/5)]

Five times. The pillar could only withstand the resistance of the object restrained for a certain period of time. The laws of physics didn't apply. Regardless of the weight or strength of the object being restrained, it could unconditionally resist it five times.

*Kurarararara!*

The drake struggled like crazy against the harpoon. Every time the giant body moved, the rope connected to the trident was pulled more tightly and the pillar stuck in the ground shone. Every time the pillar was shaken, it felt like a natural disaster where the ground shook and the earth rose was occurring.

『The South Korean team's drake is extremely angry!』

『The pillar won't last much longer. It will soon regain its freedom.』

The relay of the commentators became urgent. They were imagining the Korean representatives who would soon be killed. But Grid was fine. He held the Dragon Hammer and hit the head of the pillar.

*Kwang!*

[The target 'drake' is struggling with the Dragon Harpoon!]

[The pillar of the Dragon Harpoon is pulled out a little bit from the ground! (1/5)]

[The Dragon Hammer has hit the pillar!]

[The Dragon Harpoon's pillar has sunk deeper into the ground! (2/5)]

[The durability of the Dragon Harpoon is decreased by 57!]

It wasn't unusual for it to be pulled out completely, but Grid hammered in the pillar of the Dragon Harpoon again. It wasn't a hammering machine.

*Kyaoooooh!*

*Kaaang! Kaaang!*

Grid kept hitting the pillar while the drake went wild. The rope that connected the harpoon and pillar were stretched and loosened repeatedly. Grid confirmed that the durability of the Dragon Harpoon was rapidly decreasing and shouted.

"What are you doing? Attack it while it can't fly!"

The Korean representatives lost their hearing from the drake's roar and couldn't hear anything. They didn't understand what Grid was saying. But they weren't fools, so they knew what to do.

"Draw Sword, Sudden."

"Regulus."

"Flame that won't turn off!"

"Shield Boomerang!"

*Pepepepeok!*

The Korean representatives attacked the drake using their strongest skills. Yura had already been firing her magic gun from the beginning. However...

[You have dealt 250,040 damage to the target.]

[The target has avoided it.]

[The target has resisted.]

[The skill can't penetrate the target's leather.]

The Korean representatives couldn't damage the drake except for Peak Sword. Was it because the drake's defense and resistance was ridiculously high? That was a secondary problem. The real problem was the low level of the South Korean team members.

Apart from the level 306 Grid and the level 309 Peak Sword, the level of the Korean members were in the 200s. In severe cases, there was a 200 level difference with the drake. If the level difference was that big, then damage wasn't applied properly. It was like smashing an egg against a rock. No, maybe worse than that.

'I'm not helping at all.'

Yura was firing her gun. However, her beautiful face distorted as countless MISS messages emerged in front of her. She had reigned for a long time so this helplessness was difficult for her to bear.

*Kwaaaaah!*

The drake fired a breath like this resistance was futile. It was powerful enough to turn this place into a sea of fire with one breath.

"Aaaagh!"

Screams were heard. Peak Sword and Yura endured the breath, but the remaining representatives suffered a deadly blow and fell into confusion.

"...Hrmm."

Grid checked the damage of the breath. While the other team members were feeling stress and despair, he had a smile on his face and made an absurd remark.

"Maybe I should do this alone? If so, all the drops belong to me okay?"

"...Eh?"

He would hunt that huge monster alone? The Korean representatives heard an absurd remark as soon as their hearing was restored, while the pillar of the harpoon was pulled out.

*Kuuong!*

The durability was severely damaged and the Dragon Harpoon was a mess as the drake recovered its freedom. Grid placed the Dragon Harpoon to the side and looked at the monster flying into the sky.

“You’re much weaker than Elfin Stone.”

Vampire Earl Elfin Stone was a named boss with overwhelming abilities and skills. Despite the combined Overgeared elites, they experienced despair several times. On the other hand, the drake wasn’t named and only had a high level. It needed to be raided by combining the strength of the seven representatives, so the organizers came up with this gap between the drake and Elfin Stone. The only part where the drake was more tricky than Elfin Stone was that it was a ‘flying monster.’

“I can move in the sky.”

Grid armed himself with Braham’s Boots and flew up. The weapon he held in his hand as he shot through the sky wasn’t Iyarugt, Grid’s Greatsword of Failure.

[Efficient Hunting Sword]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 410/410 Attack Power: 720

\* Deals an addition 30% damage to monsters.

\* Increases critical rate by 50% when attacking monsters.

\* The chance of a monster dropping items when killed is increased by 20%.

A longsword made by the legendary blacksmith Grid.

A weapon made by combining the advantages of the weapons that monster hunters love.

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. Advanced Sword Mastery level 3. 2,000 strength. 1,000 agility.

That's right!

Grid successfully produced an item that dealt additional damage to monsters! It was possible because he collected hundreds of production methods during the two years since he became Pagma's Descendant. It was unfortunate that he only strengthened it to +7 because he was lacking enhancement stones. But in this state, the monster hunting ability was better than the +9 Iyarugt, the +9 Failure and the +8 Grid's Greatsword.

"Above all, there is an option to increase the item acquisition rate."

A weapon optimized for hunting like Debirion! Grid held a blade that was reminiscent of a half moon and unleashed his swordsmanship.

*Kurararakarak!*

The drake wanted to kill this dirty human.

*Kuoooooh!*

The drake exerted a great pressure on the atmosphere as it headed towards Grid. But Grid didn't shrink back. He held his posture to the end.

"Linked Kill!"

*Puok!*

He stabbed strongly at the large target that was thankfully coming towards him on its own.

*Puook!*

Two hits.

*Puk! Puk! Puk.*

Three hits, four hits, five consecutive hits.

*Peeok!*

The drake hit Grid's chest, but thanks to the strongest armor Triple Layers, Grid was able to endure the pain and link another sword technique.

"Link."

[Critical!]

[Critical!]

[Critical!]

[Critical!]

A small human facing a monster that was bigger than a house. How many of the viewers watching thought he was like a flame in front of the wind?

*Kieeeeeeeek!*

The monster's fall!



『This is impossible!』

The commentators of the raid were silent. Were they admiring the systematic strength of the US team, which quickly recovered from the confusion and started to hit the drake?

No.

Were they admiring the stability of the Japanese team, which relied on Damian's buffs and tank?

No.

Were they admiring Kraugel's control skills as he completely controlled the drake's aggro? That also wasn't it. The representatives from each country were obviously impressive as they raided the drake in different ways, but it didn't leave a deep impression.

Only a single person. Only Korea's Grid was able to create this feeling of thrill in the commentators. Grid faced the drake and played the role of tanker and damage dealer alone. Control? Strategy? He just smashed at the drake with overwhelming attack power. He also did it alone.

"God Grid fighting!"

The 15th ranked Peak Sword was cheering hard for Grid.



# Chapter 436

*Kwaaaaah!*

The drake roared as it was repeatedly hit by Grid. At the same time, its tail moved nervously.

*Peeeeeeong!*

“Kuk!”

Grid’s body was hit by the quick and sharp tail. He trembled as he coughed up blood.

‘Shouldn’t a dragon type have more magic damage?’

A dragon’s strongest technique was well known for being the breath. Grid thought the drake would be the same. However, he was mistaken. The drake had weak breath attacks and strong physical damage, the opposite of the wyverns.

‘Dammit! I thought it was weak due to the first breath!’

It was actually pretty strong. Every time he was hit by the tail, his health decreased by 6,000 and it caused the ‘stunned’ and ‘stiff’ state. Grid was sure that there was no one who could raid a drake alone.

So what if your raid abilities were excellent?

The first strike from the tail would cause a state where they would die! However, Grid was different.

[You have resisted.]

Grid cleared away the stiff state the moment he was hit by the tail. He moved forward

during the opening where the drake pulled back its tail and stabbed his sword. Once again, Grid targeted the drake's brow.

"Kill!"

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 635,900 damage to the target.]

The power of the Efficient Hunting Sword was amazing. Criticals kept bursting out every time he used a skill, causing amazing damage. The situation was very pleasant for Grid, who was under the influence of 50% damage reduction in PvP during the National Competition. It felt like the shackles binding his hand and feet were released!

*Kurararak!*

Why did it keep being hit? The drake was upset by Grid and fired a breath. A huge fire pillar headed straight for Grid. The drake was relieved. It laughed because it was confident that the human would be roasted. But Grid was fine! Grid wore Lantier's Cloak, which had the option to raise various resistances depending on the climate. Grid wrapped the cloak around himself as he advanced through the flames and attacked the caught off guard drake.

"Pinnacle."

*Kieeeeeeeek!*

There was a critical and the drake wailed like a newborn baby. It didn't seem so dreadful now.

"Wow... Really bad."

"He keeps hitting the same place... A demon, a demon."

The Korean representatives muttered at Grid's brutality, but they knew. How difficult it was to hit and hit the same spot again and again. To be honest, the Korean

representatives were extremely impressed.

‘It’s common sense that if you continue to hit the same area, the defense will weaken and the damage will become bigger.’

‘It’s really hard to hit the same spot when the target is moving.’

But Grid was doing it. It was something that completely overturned the evaluation that ‘Grid doesn’t have good control.’

"You finally understand? This is God Grid’s skills!"

Peak Sword jumped excitedly as he watched Grid’s activities and shouted.

“God Grid has always faced enemies stronger than himself!”

Nobody knew it except for the Overgeared members, but Grid was the one who faced the most powerful NPC Piaro and the peak of two billion users, Kraugel. No matter how bad Grid was, it was impossible for him to not improve his control. However, Grid’s control wasn’t noticed during this National Competition because his items were so overwhelming. He didn’t have a chance to show off his skills because he defeated the enemies with his items before he could show his control.

But the drake was strong, giving Grid a chance to show his power.

“Do you know God Gridddddddd?”

Peak Sword’s yell reached Grid in the sky.

Grid frowned.

"That person is really loud."

It was enough to disturb him. His concentration was disturbed. Grid would prefer he be quiet, like during the Hell Gao raid.

‘I should make him a pickaxe soon.’

He could mine minerals during these times. Peak Sword would feel sad if he knew this. Meanwhile, Grid checked the drake’s health gauge. 50%. This was the result after

Grid's serious onslaught that lasted seven minutes. It was poor compared to the US, Japan, Russia, and Spain who were raiding the drake as a team. In particular, the United States and Japan had already reduced the drake's health by 70%.

Grid also expected this. But Grid wasn't worried. He wouldn't stop attacking!

*Peeng! Peeng!*

The patterns of the drake changed after it fell to 50%, subsequently launching a breath.

'I can't let this hit.'

The drake's breath was weaker than expected, but it was still 3,000~4,000 damage. The cumulative damage was a burden. Grid concentrated and avoided it. He had fully adapted to flying magic over the past two years and was able to move freely in the sky.

However, the problem was that the drake's breath cooldown time temporarily became 0.

*Pepeng! Pepepepeng!*

It meant it was impossible to avoid the breath indefinitely. In the end, Grid allowed one breath to hit him and was shaken. It was only for a moment, but the drake didn't miss the gap and swung its tail hard.

*Peeeeok!*

The tail precisely struck Grid's face. It was a well-timed attack. It was natural that a critical would pop up! The Korean representatives and commentators who saw it were certain. Grid was in danger. In fact, Grid also felt a chill. But he was lucky. Grid didn't feel any pain. It was thanks to the low probability of invalidating physical attacks option that was attached to Tiramet's Shoulderguards. It was the moment when the drake's tail became useless.

*Kurarararara!*

What were these items? The Korean representatives felt like this was what the drake was shouting.

'If I was the drake, I would feel like dying.'

'Me too.'

'I would feel like cursing him now.'

On the other hand, Grid rushed into the gap caused by the drake recovering its tail and was once again beating it up. The drake's tail was powerful and fast, but was vulnerable after the gap was revealed. Grid was thoroughly taking advantage of this.

*Kieeeeek!*

The drake screamed as its health fell below 50%. It felt danger. Then the changes begun.

[The drake's survival instinct has kicked in!]

[The drake's heart is beating faster!]

[The drake's body is burning!]

[The drake's defense and resistance drops, while its speed, attack power and magic power is greatly increased!]

"Wow."

The drake was surrounded by flames and looked like a volcano. A volcano floating in the sky! The pressure was so great that it made Grid's chest tremble.

*Kwaang!*

The drake narrowed the distance to Grid. It was a speed that was above Grid, who had 2,000 agility. Grid borrowed the power of the Slaughterer's Eye Patch, but still couldn't fully capture the drake's movements. It flapped its wings once and the drake's foreleg hit Grid's nose, making his face distort with pain.

[You have suffered 9,300 damage.]

[You have suffered 1,710 damage.]

It hurt. His armor increased physical resistance and Tiramet's Belt reduced damage by 10%, but he still lost one-seventh of his health from that blow. There was also additional fire damage.

‘The level difference can’t be ignored.’

Grid dismissed the drake’s strength as nothing more than level. The other representatives would’ve been outraged if they heard this. Why? Flying monsters had the advantage of being able to fly in the sky, so they were originally supposed to have low stats.

Despite being a flying monster, the drake was superior in all aspects of attack, magic, defense and resistance, so it was really abnormal. Zibal had raided 20 named bosses and even he found it to be one of the strongest. The experts currently relaying the situation expressed their fear of the superior species, calling the drake unbalanced.

But Grid didn’t think so.

The Yatan Servants, Malacus and Neberius. Pope Drevigo and pope candidate Pascal. The great demon Hell Gao and Braham’s golems. Vampire Earl Elfin Stone and Vampire Viscount Tiramet. Piaro and Kraugel...

The drake wasn’t particularly special compared to the absurd enemies that Grid had fought. A top species? They were just mass produced anyway. They were different from enemies where only one existed. And Grid was the poster child of unbalanced.

“Blackening.”

*Kakiing.*

Grid’s skin turned pale and the whites of his eyes became black. At the same time, there was a gaze of demonic energy around him.

[Your black magic power has increased.]

[You don't have any black magic power. It will be replaced with demonic power.]

[While Blackening is activated, your species will change to half-demon.]

[As a half demon, your maximum health is reduced by 50%. Your attack power, magic power and agility will increased by 20% each.]

[All attacks will be converted to the black magic attribute.]

He constantly allowed the drake's attacks and lost half of health. Anyway, his maximum health would be reduced by 50% if he used Blackening, so it was good timing.

'From now on, it's dangerous to allow an attack.'

The drake's tail whipped and Grid wore Doran's Ring while thinking. Grid tried to counterattack by using Quick Movements to evade the attack and aim for the gap, but the drake blocked it by launching a breath. It was evidence that the drake was capable of learning. The drake might have less intelligence than a wyvern, but it wasn't a fool.

The tail was no longer the drake's weakness.

'Learning faster than me...'

It wasn't just fast, but several times faster. Now Grid was dumber than a monster. The drake swung its forelegs at the frustrated Grid. It was ridiculously small compared to the huge body size, but its strength was powerful. The claws were harder than steel and the speed was like a jab from a world boxing champion.

However, it wasn't enough for Grid who had used Blackening and Quick Movements. Grid avoided the drake's attack by borrowing the power of the Slaughterer's Eye Patch and triggered Blacksmith's Rage, instantly boosting his attack power and attack speed. Then he once again hit the drake.

*Kiyaaaaaah!*

The drake suffered a great deal of damage compared to before. It was the result of its resistance and defense weakening after its health fell below 50%. But the drake didn't back down. Despite the blood pouring down from it, the drake cried out in a berserk manner, shooting a breath while flapping its wings at the same time.

“...!”

Flames filled Grid's vision. His body failed to withstand the strong wind pressure generated by the drake and he fell to the ground. A great crisis! The drake descended and aimed at Grid's upper body!

It was like a meteor falling towards Grid, so everyone in the world sensed it. Grid would fail the raid. This meant there was actually a higher chance of Grid succeeding in the raid. Grid's main feature was to overturn people's expectations!



# Chapter 437

The drake descended and tried to pin down Grid's body.

The commentators foresaw the worst.

『Grid is in trouble. The drake is too fast and Grid's posture is off. He can't avoid it.』

『He can't use a skill because he is falling like this. Pagma's Swordsmanship is a skill that can only be activated by moving his legs. Now that I look at it, Pagma's Swordsmanship is a skill that is limited in many ways.』

『Why didn't Grid use Revolve? If he countered the drake's attack, wouldn't he be able to take the lead in the battle more efficiently?』

『He didn't use it because he couldn't. Is it so easy to get the right timing for the counterattack? It was more luck than skill that he succeeded in countering Bondre's spell. Originally, a counterattack is very hard to use. Is there anyone in the world who can freely do it except for Kraugel?』

There was no one who ignored Grid. They all acknowledged Grid's skill. But looking at it from a realistic perspective, the drake was stronger than Grid and fought well, so it was natural for Grid to be defeated.

"Grid!"

Yura, Peak Sword, and the other Korean representatives urgently cried out. They somehow wished to save Grid from the plunging drake. But except for Peak Sword's attack, the drake wasn't hurt and its momentum didn't decrease. Peak Sword's attack was relatively strong, but it wasn't enough to change aggro.

In the end.

*Kurarararara!*

The drake surrounded by fire was on the verge of seizing Grid. The drake seemed to

be laughing. It revealed its fierce fangs as it got closer, but Grid was smiling rather than looking frightened.

“You can’t kill me.”

Grid said something meaningful the moment it happened.

*Puok!*

A trident came flying and struck the back of the drake’s neck.

*Kieeeeeeeek-!*

The drake was shocked by the sudden attack, but it wasn’t at a level to stop its anger towards Grid. It ignored the trident in its neck and attacked Grid. But the drake couldn’t reach Grid. It was because the rope attached to the trident pulled the drake’s neck backwards.

It was the trident of the Dragon Harpoon. Who could use a weapon with such absurd usage conditions except for Grid?

The God Hands. Since it reproduced Grid’s hands, all items can be worn without restrictions. A fraudulent item that could use weapons and magic! While Grid was fighting the drake, they repaired the harpoon and combined items. They flew towards Grid and handed him a sword.

It combined a blue shark-like sword and the long crescent shaped sword.

[Failure + Efficient Hunting Sword (Combined)]

Rating: Legendary (Transcendent)

Durability: Infinite

Attack Power: 1,500~2,180 Attack Power: 120

\* Agility +100

- \* There is a certain probability of blocking the enemy's attacks.
- \* There is a certain probability of activating the '5 Joint Attacks' skill.
- \* There is a high probability of activating the 'Cutting' skill.
- \* Deals an addition 40% damage to monsters.
- \* Increases critical rate by 60% when attacking monsters.
- \* The chance of a monster dropping items when killed is increased by 30%.
- \* There will be a fear effect if the enemy is more than 15 levels lower than the user.
- \* Attack power +30% in dark places.

A weapon that maximizes the merits of the legendary rated 'Failure' and 'Efficient Hunting Sword' after being combined by the legendary blacksmith G.

Conditions of Use: Pagma's Descendant

- \* The combination time is 2 minutes.
- \* This item can't be traded.

Grid had made two Efficient Hunting Swords, not one. The reason he made more than one was because he wanted a legendary rating. In the end, he failed and only got a unique rating. Still, it wasn't bad for Grid.

*Kurarararal!*

As the drake was floundering from the Dragon Harpoon, Grid replaced the Largest Gloves with the Holy Light Gloves. The sun set behind him as he grabbed the new weapon. It was one of the reasons why Grid didn't use Item Combination from the beginning. Grid wanted to maximize the option effect of Failure by calculating when the sun would set after the drake appeared. It was called looking at the big picture.

"Now die and leave your materials. Leather, bones, teeth, claws, heart, eyeballs,

everything.”

At this moment, Grid didn’t recognize the drake as an enemy. It was only seen as prey.

*Taack!*

Grid stepped forward with dark energy around him, making him look cruelly beautiful.

*Kuwaaah!*

The drake was exposed due to the Dragon Harpoon and panicked. It roared pathetically and struggled, but it couldn’t escape because a God Hand kept hammering at the pillar. The combination of the Dragon Harpoon, Dragon Hammer, and God Hands could truly be called overgeared. If the durability of the harpoon was infinite then the target could be bound forever.

“Hiyah!”

Grid aimed precisely at the sparkling dot on the drake’s head that he saw with the Slaughterer’s Eye Patch. The second reason why Grid didn’t use Item Combination from the beginning! It was to create a weakness to maximize the power of Item Combination, and this weakness was the forehead that had been continuously struck!

“Pinnacle Kill.”

In the darkness, the strongest skill left Grid’s sword. It was an extreme stab that contained killing intent.

[Critical!]

[The weak spot has been attacked! Further damage will be dealt!!]

[The Holy Light Gloves’s option effect is activated, causing the skill ‘5 Joint Attacks’ to be generated.]

[Failure + Efficient Hunting Sword (Combined) option effect is activated, causing the skill ‘5 Joint Attacks’ to be generated.]

[Failure + Efficient Hunting Sword (Combined) option effect is activated, causing the skill 'Cutting' to be generated.]

[You have dealt 21,300,590 damage to the target.]

[A player has dealt 20 million damage in one blow for the first time!]

[Title: 'Death in One Shot' has been acquired.]

[The passive '30% increase in critical strike damage' will always be applied.]

[The savage drake has died and returned to the soil.]

[Your level has risen.]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired drake fangs (2).]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired drake claws (4).]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired drake scales (6).]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired drake bones (10).]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired a drake heart (1).]

*Kuuuuuung!*

The drake's body collapsed. It had almost half its health remaining, but it died in a single blow.

"..."

The commentators were at a loss for words. It was impossible for them to describe the current situation to the viewers. The spectators in the stadium and the viewers around the world had their mouths open like a carp. It was the same with the Korean representatives.

But the South Korean representatives were surprised for a different reason.

‘When did he set the item drops to the leader setting?’

No one knew. This meant that everyone was concentrating on Grid’s battle. They hadn’t even realized the God Hands had been hammering in a corner.



[The savage drake has died and returned to the soil.]

14 minutes after the start of the drake raid, the US team succeeded.

“Okay!”

"We have the gold medal!"

The US representatives cheered. They might lose first place to Russia, so they were glad and proud about having won a valuable gold medal. On the other hand, Lauel’s expression wasn’t good.

‘It is like this despite the fact that I didn’t cooperate properly.’

Lauel hadn’t given many comments in the operational meeting before the raid. The reason was that he ‘wasn’t a professional when it came to raids,’ but Lauel took this passive stance because he didn’t want the US to win the gold medal. He stayed silent despite knowing various methods to block the drake’s flight.

The problem was that Zibal’s raid abilities were too excellent. Zibal completed a strategy to capture the drake in real time, utilizing the strengths of his team members and leading the raid to success. As a result, the drake was raided in only 14 minutes and 33 seconds, making the US team sure that they had won the gold medal.

‘20 minutes... No, if only it was 18 minutes.’

Grid might’ve caught the drake first. Lauel thought it was a pity and logged out. Zibal also logged out with a bright expression.

‘I have finally proven that I’m not a punching bag.’

He was only weak in PvP. Otherwise, he was top class. He was excellent in all other areas, especially raids. Zibal confidently exited the capsule and waited for the crowd's cheers.

But the reaction was marginal. Only a small amount of applause was heard intermittently.

'Are they too surprised?'

They were speechless because the US team defeated the strong drake too quickly. Zibal's shoulder's shook as he couldn't contain his laughter. He was waiting. There would be the call stating that the US won the gold medal! However...

『At 14 minutes and 33 seconds, the US has succeeded in raiding the drake and won the silver medal!』

"What?"

The US team couldn't believe their ears. Lauel was the same. Their gazes was confused as they turned to the scoreboard. It stated the record of the team that raided the drake before the US.

South Korea: 8 minutes and 59 seconds.

"...?"

This was ridiculous! It might be possible for Japan with Damian's buffs, but South Korea took down the drake in 9 minutes? Grid, Peak Sword, and the other weak representatives succeeded?

"It must be a hoax!"

Zibal shouted with a red face. The record of the Korean team was so unacceptable that suspicions of manipulation naturally arose. Then the electric signboard changed to the Korean team... No, it was the highlight video of Grid's raid.

"..."

The mouths of the US representatives fell open as they saw the footage. It seemed like their jaws would completely fall off.

“Hahat! Puhahahat!”

Only Laue’s cheerful laughter could be heard.



# Chapter 438

*Hwaruruk!*

The darkness of the world was split apart by a huge spark of light. A great flare! Just like a candle on the verge of being blown out, the injured drake was surrounded by flames.

*Kwaaaaaah!*

The presence of dragon's blood in its body was weak. The pressure of the drake's roar was enormous. It showed off its presence as a superior species that human beings couldn't afford to look up to. But the drake was just a trivial existence to the man facing him.

The man flew up and wielded his blue greatsword without any signs of nervousness.

*Seokeok!*

A blue light in the darkness, like the Milky Way. The drake's huge head was split in two and flames flew all over the place.

*Hwaduk.*

*Hwaduuk.*

The black haired man with a blue greatsword that split the drake in half with one blow. The man with the wreckage of the drake pouring on him, his name was Grid. He confirmed that the drake had turned to grey and turned his gaze to the camera, opening his mouth.

“Comet Group.”

?

What was with the Comet Group? Grid only spoke two words. But that alone was enough. At this moment, the hundreds of millions of viewers focused on Grid

discovered the Comet Group. Whether it was positive or negative, the Comet Group enjoyed astronomical advertising thanks to Grid's words!

"Amazing...!"

The employees of the Comet Group watched the broadcast in real time and rose from their seats, clapping. In particular, the chairman felt like dancing. Thanks to Grid's words, the Comet Group built global awareness and took a step to becoming a global company. He was so grateful that he wanted to introduce his granddaughter to him.

On this day. Grid's professional attitude as he didn't forget about PPL became the basis of capitalist society.



The waiting room of the US team.

"That is pure luck!"

Zibal shouted angrily as he saw Grid's raid video from the beginning. He didn't say it was due to items. He acknowledged that Grid had the excellent ability to utilize his items. But there were parts he couldn't admit. It was Grid's nonsense attack power that wiped out half of the drake's health with one blow.

"There was clearly a critical attack, as well as the options of his items and title being triggered!"

It meant that all the potential of the items had been pulled to the extremes. This was a phenomenon that was impossible, equivalent to the luck of winning the lottery. Zibal was in denial.

"That... That damn bastard has been blessed by the god of games...!"

He said this because he didn't know how unlucky Grid normally was. Lauel laughed silently as he heard.

'If Grid was truly blessed by the god of games, by now all of his items would have the legendary rank.'

The value of legendary items compared to unique items varied by dozens or even

hundreds of times. To Lael, a legendary blacksmith who couldn't produce legendary rate items was the most unfortunate person in the world. The occasional good luck kicked in, but the cumulative bad luck made Lael think.

'How many countries did you sell in your past life...?'

No, maybe he was a demon who destroyed the world.

'Then you and I must've been enemies of the past. Well, it's good. The ghosts of the past life are born again with a connection to the present life.'

It happened when Lael was thinking about his past life.

『Oh my! Thailand didn't give up to the end, but eventually failed in the raid!』

『Of the 32 countries participating, only 23 succeeded in the raid.』

The raid event ended. The final ranking was South Korea 1st, US 2nd, and Japan 3rd.

'None of the countries that the Overgeared members belong to failed the raid.'

It was beneficial since the Overgeared members would acquire the items dropped by the drake. In fact, Lael couldn't imagine that Yura and Peak Sword didn't get any benefits as he headed to the press conference.



"Did you make the harpoon set that restrained the drake?"

"How did you come up with the idea of creating such a large secondary weapon? Coming up with repair tools to overcome the limitations of secondary weapons, I'm impressed. Do you mind showing the production process for that harpoon set?"

"What are the God Hands? Let the public see the options of the God Hands!"

"How much power is gained when two swords are combined?"

"You killed the drake when it had 48% of its health left. The experts predict that Grid did approximately 20 million damage. Is this true?"

“When the drake’s health was at 50%, the high ranking players found that they lost one-fourth of their health every time they were hit by the drake, but you only lost one-tenth of your health. Can you disclose the approximate level of your defense and health?”

“What is the principle behind Blackening? It is the power of an artifact?”

At the press conference, representatives of Korea, the US, and Japan were all gathered. But the hundreds of reporters only asked Grid questions. It was testament to the fact that the world’s attention was focused on Grid. Grid couldn’t reveal his own abilities, so he kept stating ‘No comment.’

"As of today, the team events are over and there are only four individual events left. One of them is the blacksmith production game. Grid, you declared that you won’t participate in the blacksmith production game. Is that declaration still valid?"

What if? If he really won three gold medals in the individual events, it was a situation where South Korea would be looking at first place. It was common sense that Grid would participate in an event where he was likely to win a gold medal, and the most likely event for Grid to win a gold medal was the blacksmith production game.

The Korean reporters wanted Grid to change his mind and declare that he would participate in the blacksmith production game. But Grid thought differently.

"I'm not going to participate in the blacksmith game."

No, why? The moment that the reporters were going to tear their tongues out at Grid’s stubbornness. One of the US representatives, the 1st ranked blacksmith, Panmir suddenly opened his mouth.

“Grid, are you avoiding me because you are afraid?”

It was an obvious provocation. At this moment, the hearts of the US representatives and the people were crying out. They were surprised at Panmir’s foolishness in allowing Grid to take the gold medal by making him participate in the blacksmith game.

But Panmir had his own pride as a blacksmith. He had no doubts that he was a much better blacksmith than Grid, who got a legendary class and would’ve obtained good items without any effort.

"If you're a man, try it. Don't run away like last year."

Panmir wanted to prove himself. He improved his blacksmithing abilities from the beginning to now. His accumulated effort and passion! Thus, he continued to provoke Grid.

"I will reveal to the world that you are just a legend in name!"

"..."

Panmir was a middle-aged man with grey hair. He was an older person, so Grid just listened at first. But it was impossible any longer. A legend in name?

"This is outrageous."

*Suuk.*

Grid turned from the front towards the direction of the US team. The side profile of his high nose and sharp jaw gave off a masculine charm that females liked.

*Snap snap!*

There was the sound of camera shutters snapping in unison.

*Gulp!*

What scoop would they obtain? As the reporters watched Grid and Panmir, Grid finally opened his mouth.

"Let me show you the difference between you and I."

"...!"

It was the moment when the showdown that the people of the world desired, excluding the US, was achieved.

'Good!'

Lauel, the US representative, formed a fist underneath the table. Lauel's gaze moved further, to where Kraugel was standing alone at the back of the wall.

‘Congratulations, Kraugel.’

There was hope to obtain the precious medicine for his mother.



The theme of the blacksmith production game was to make a longsword. It wasn't a special sword. It was an ordinary sword with a level limit of 300. It was a game where the participants would all receive the same production method and materials.

This was the biggest reason why Grid didn't want to participate in the blacksmith production game. In the end, the production relied on luck! Grid was the icon of bad luck, so he wanted to avoid any game involving a gamble.

[Ordinary Longsword]

Rating: Normal ~ Legendary

“...It will be embarrassing if I make a normal item.”

In the case of items created by Grid himself, the minimum rating was from epic~unique, while ordinary production methods started from normal~rare. Grid was afraid of the worst, but he soon controlled his mind.

‘I have produced more than 3,000 longswords.’

Longswords were weapons with excellent balance. It was the weapon with the highest demand, so Grid had a lot of experience making longswords.

Reidan's 1,000 soldiers... No, it was almost 2,000 soldiers now. Grid had been steadily making longswords to distribute to them.

To be honest, he could make a longsword with his eyes closed. Grid believed in his experience and know-how.

‘Let me prove it.’

He was a legendary blacksmith and he never once neglected that role. Grid worked harder than anyone else because he knew he wasn't lucky, so his pride wasn't any lower than Panmir's.

"Login."

Grid headed towards the capsule as soon as he returned to the hotel and connected to Satisfy. First, he wanted to verify the information of the items dropped by the drake.

# Chapter 439

"Panmir, are you crazy? Why did you do that?"

"We have to say farewell to being the strongest country in Satisfy this year. The US will miss out on first place because of idiots like you."

After the press conference, the US representatives gathered in one place. The atmosphere was the worst. They all blamed Panmir except for Lauel. It wouldn't be strange if curses emerged. But Panmir didn't shrink back. He didn't even feel sorry. He opened his mouth with a serious expression.

"I have been working as a blacksmith since Satisfy opened. From the moment I log in until I log out, I keep hitting the anvil with my hammer."

He used the same materials and production methods, but did research and used techniques to create better items. Panmir had really trained his skills over the years.

"Most people think that the result when making items relies purely on luck, but that isn't true. It also depends on techniques and devotion. Zibal, don't you know? The fact that I have invested 8 hours to create just one item."

'Grid takes at least 20 hours to make an item, sometimes it's two days...'

Speaking like this when it was only 8 hours! Lauel thought while Zibal nodded.

"I know it. Panmir, your working time is twice as long as an ordinary blacksmith."

"Why do you think that is?"

"...?"

The dissatisfied American representatives started to show interest. Panmir confirmed the calm atmosphere and explained in earnest.

"I stick to manual labor."



"Manual labor?"

"In fact, making an item is simple. Open the design of the item you want to make, register the necessary materials, click the 'Production' button and the hammering will start automatically."

This was how most blacksmiths made items. Depending on the item, it would take a minimum of 5 minutes to a maximum of 6 hours. If the time spent was too little, it was likely that defective products would be born. However, since a long investment time didn't necessarily result in a high rated item, the average time of blacksmiths was three hours.

"But I don't use the production system. I tap the hammer directly and make the item as best as I can. This is manual labor."

"What are the benefits?"

"The probability of a high item rating and additional options will increase. Most blacksmiths who do manual labor like me become rankers. It's clearly something that not anyone can do. How easy is it to concentrate and work for hours on one item? It's a harsh job that consumes stamina."

Panmir continued.

"Grid is Pagma's Descendant and from the moment he changed classes, he learned the finest blacksmithing skills. He just has to press the production button and he will easily be able to mass produce rare and epic items. If he's lucky, maybe he can create unique and legendary items. What does he know about effort? He will never know about manual labor. Even if he knew, he wouldn't use it when he can take the easy method."

This was the point.

"Grid only relies on luck and is different from me. In tomorrow's game, Grid will rely on luck while I will show my techniques."

Tomorrow, Grid would simply create top rated items by clicking on the production button as usual. Maybe he could make a legendary item. On the other hand, no matter how much effort and skill Panmir used, he was stuck with epic and unique rated items.

But Panmir wasn't shaken. He believed that the epic~unique item he made with all his effort would have a better performance than the 'name only' legendary items that Grid would create.

Skull, who had been listening to the confident Panmir, spoke a negative opinion.

"In the end, Satisfy is a game. It's obvious that the dexterity stat and blacksmithing skill level will have a big impact on the outcome. Systematically, there is more grounds for defeat than victory. I don't understand why you are so confident."

Panmir burst out laughing.

"My blacksmith skill is also advanced level 6. I have reached the intermediate level of the dwarf skills learned in Talima. This is why the items I make will have 12% better stats than what is seen on the production method."

Was that all?

"My dexterity has been steadily increasing through manual work and is approaching 1,700. I assure you, my dexterity is much higher than Grid, who doesn't make anything by hand."

'Grid's dexterity is almost 3,000.'

Was it just this? People always evaluated Grid using their own common sense. Laue! couldn't help laughing.

'We can't measure him.'

Grid worked harder than all of them. Unless Panmir realized this, he would always be below Grid.

Laue! shrugged at this thought.



### [Drake's Fang]

Classified as a class 2 metal, it's harder than any metal taken from human mines.

It's bigger, less curved, lighter and more elastic than an elephant's ivory. It's less hard than a drake's claws, bones, and scales.

It's ideal as a material for a spear or bow.

Weight: 100

### [Drake's Claw]

Classified as a class 2 metal, it's harder than any metal taken from human mines.

A drake's claws are formed by several layers.

Every time five years passes for a drake, another layer of the claws will grow. Thus, it's possible to guess the age of the drake through their claws.

It's the hardest of all the drake's body parts, and is ideal as a solid material for swords or spears.

However, this makes it very difficult to smelt.

Weight: 820

### [Drake's Scale]

Classified as a class 2 material, it's harder than any metal taken from human mines.

It's tough and elastic. It's classified as leather rather than metal, and is ideal as material for armor.

Weight: 250

[Drake's Bones]

Classified as a class 2 material, it is harder than any metal taken from human mines.

The next hardest part after the claws.

Although it is used as a material in armor, it is very brittle and has a weak impact surface.

Weight: 300

[Drake's Heart]

A heart with a little bit of dragon's blood flowing in it.

Generates an infinitely small amount of magic power and flames.

Weight: 1,000

Looking at the mines that existed in the human world, there should be mines in the god world and in hell. It was probably how the god mineral adamantium could exist separately.

"It's a jackpot."

Grid's expression was very bright as he verified the information of the materials. Thanks to the two fangs, he could make the best bow and spear! For Grid, who had Bow Mastery and Spear Shot, bows and spears were excellent secondary weapons and worth the investment.

'I will make a spear with the claws. I will keep the scales and bones for now.'

Grid had recently produced Triple Layers, the Largest Gloves, and Lantier's Cloak, so he was satisfied with his own defense. At the very least, he was confident there was no better armor in the National Competition. At this point, making a new armor was no different from a luxury. If a day when he required greater strength arrived, he would use it.

Grid held the drake's heart with a desire to deal with new production methods.

This was the biggest reward from the raid. Grid noted that the heart produced infinite flames.

'If I melt and attach this to a weapon, it will add fire damage every time I attack. If I attach it to armor, it will create a fire to defend and attack the enemy...'

It was a pity that there was only one. Why did a drake have only one heart? It would be good if it had 10 of them!

Khan's smithy. Someone approached Grid who was in front of the furnace. It was Lauel.

"I wish you victory in the production game."

Grid snorted.

"Can't you tell the difference between business and personal matters? Why are you cheering for me?"

The value of the gold medal in the 2nd National Competition was astronomical. They could get the best reward every time they won a gold medal. As a simple example, adamantium was awarded to blacksmiths. Lauel should be praying for the US' victory, for the sake of his own development.

"Well, you doing well will work out better for me in the end."

He swallowed down Kraugel's story again.

"Don't worry about it and do your best. When making an item, please be sure to use manual labor."

"Manual labor? Of course a blacksmith should use manual labor. How else do they make items? What are you saying?"

“...?”

Lauel was surprised by Grid’s reaction. He thought for a moment before asking cautiously.

"Do you know about the production button?"

“Production button? What’s that?”

" ... "

Indeed. The legendary blacksmith Grid seemed to be carrying a penalty that he didn’t know about. He didn’t benefit from the production system. Grid had been Pagma's Descendant for over two years and he handcrafted everything individually, even if it was one arrow.

‘This is why he works for so long.’

Lauel glanced at Grid.

“What? Why are you looking at me like that?”

“Just... Have strength.”

Grid felt bad for some reason.



The National Competition’s 17th day.

It was the day when the blacksmith production game was on. There was a total of 23 participants. Originally, the attention of the people should be divided between the 1st ranked Panmir and the 2nd ranked Stein. Now it was directed only towards Grid.

How great was the item made by a legendary blacksmith? The items Grid made were limited and weren’t circulated in the market, so people’s curiosity and expectations were amplified to the peak.

『The time limit to produce an item is 8 hours! Blacksmiths, please only use the production method and materials you were given!』

It was prohibited to add additional materials or to modify the design. This was a game to show pure skills under the same conditions.

‘Anyway, it’s a game of luck.’

Grid grumbled as he stood in front of the furnace. The other blacksmiths were the same.

‘Grid, you’re a legendary blacksmith who can easily make items. Your skills are fundamentally different from mine.’

‘Can you imagine doing physical labor like hammering for 8 hours straight?’

‘We will show you the power of manual work!’

Before the host announced the start of the match. The blacksmiths standing before the furnaces and holding hammers in their hands gazed at Grid heatedly. But Grid wasn’t conscious of their gaze.

‘Make an item in 8 hours? Why is the time limit so short? Isn’t this bad?’

Grid was more familiar with hard labor than anyone else. The other blacksmiths would be shocked if they knew what he was thinking.

# Chapter 440

『The time limit to produce an item is 8 hours! Blacksmiths, please only use the production method and materials you were given!』

The National Competition's 17th day.

The blacksmith production game began. Originally, this was a minor event. But after Grid announced his intention to participate, the situation reversed. It attracted attention comparable to the team events. The blacksmiths participating in the event felt gratitude towards Grid.

‘Thanks to Grid, our value has been raised.’

‘Thank you for sacrificing yourself for us!’

What if the people watching around the world saw the brilliant work of the advanced blacksmiths that made an item better than a legendary blacksmith? The blacksmith's reputation would surely soar into the sky. Each item they produced would become a premium and the value would skyrocket.

The eyes of the blacksmiths heated up as they planned to make Grid a sacrifice. Most of them believed themselves to be ‘craftsman,’ so they were very proud and didn't feel any fear towards Grid. Grid relied on his class, while they had technique.

On the other hand, Grid was looking at the production method and materials common to all participants.

[Production Method: Longsword]

Rating: Normal ~ Legendary

An ordinary longsword.

A distinct disadvantage is that anyone can use it easily and comfortably.



User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. Intermedia Sword Mastery level 7. 1,500 strength.

The making of the longsword was plain and simple, without anything special. It was good that it was simple. Grid had produced thousands of longswords, so he could make it with his eyes closed. However, Grid wasn't careless. The element that had a greatest effect on the result of an item was luck!

What would happen if he carefully made a longsword? There was a possibility that the result would be a normal sword due to his bad luck. Grid had experienced this thousands of times already!

'It would be different if I could change the production method.'

Grid had accumulated experience and knowledge by making thousands of items. He used that experience and knowledge to change the production method. Grid's true skill that no one else could do was minimizing the disadvantages of a production method with his own interpretation and highlighting the advantages.

But this time, the rule was to follow the production method. Therefore, Grid couldn't show off this skill. He was shaking with nerves.

'This is the organizer's manipulation...'

It was clear that the rule was made to purely control him. Due to that, the legendary blacksmith had to feel tension against blacksmiths who hadn't even reached the ranks of a craftsman. The world was unfair.

"Hahh, shi... these evil people. Does it make sense to give a legendary blacksmith a penalty every time?"

Grid barely suppressed his urge to curse. A boy came near him as fire started burning in the furnace. It was a pleasant looking boy with a bright smile.

His ID was Steng. He was 2nd on the blacksmith rankings.

"Grid, it's been a long time!"

"I agree."

It was already 2 years. When Irene had just been appointed as ruler of Winston, Grid participated in the auction at the lord's castle and briefly met Steng.

"I was so surprised when I learned later that you were a legendary blacksmith! It's a truly delightful and glorious memory!"

"I remember... Are you still training under the NPC?"

Steng was a very bright boy. His positive energy was overflowing, making Grid like him. Steng shook his head at Grid's question.

"I have been independent since last year and now I'm operating a smithy alone."

"You're running a smithy alone?"

"Yes! I direct the production and circulation of items so that I can provide consumers with quality items at a reasonable price. I'm also making a higher profit!"

It wasn't going through an auction house or merchants, so there was less of a burden from sale commissions.

'Is this good?'

Running a smithy was pleasurable in many ways for a blacksmith. If Grid hadn't joined up with the Tzedakah Guild, he might be running a smithy now.

"Do you make a lot of money?"

He estimated that Steng was around 18 years old. Based on the fact that he was British, he might already have a license.

'With these looks and driving a supercar, he can change lovers every week...!'

Grid had a bias towards good looking people, making him feel envious. Steng scratched his head and shrugged.

"Hehet... I can support my grandmother and my sister on behalf of my deceased parents. I'm always happy and thankful for this fact."

"..."

Somehow, Grid felt like he hadn't grown up yet. As soon as he made a fortune and cleared his debts, Grid bought a 800 million won car! He coughed while the temperature of the furnace reached the ideal level. Steng watched Grid pouring in iron ore and clapped with admiration.

"Amazing! Your ability to adjust the fire is spectacular!"

Apart from Grid, the other blacksmiths hadn't been able to start smelting iron ore yet. Adjusting the furnace to the desired temperature was simple and easy for him.

'I think your skills are much worse than mine.'

Grid clicked his tongue. Steng and the other blacksmiths weren't able to handle the fire as well as Panmir, the 1st ranked blacksmith who talked highly at the press conference. Panmir was so sloppy that he couldn't be compared to Khan!

'This is the first ranked blacksmith.'

It was a disgrace to be nervous about dealing with someone with such low techniques. Grid shook his head and started to concentrate on smelting the iron ore. The impurities in the melted iron ore were filtered out, the orange molten iron emerging from the furnace was brilliant and beautiful.

*Gawking.*

The eyes of the blacksmiths watching Grid widened.

'How can he draw out molten iron with such high purity?'

'So quickly...!'

'The power of his class!'

The blacksmiths admired and denied it. The reason for Grid's excellent smelting skill wasn't his experience and techniques, but a skill of his class. However, Steng thought differently as he watched from beside Grid.

'This is Grid's pure talent!'

Grid's movements were of the highest quality. Steng was 2nd on the blacksmith rankings, meaning he could recognize that such movements weren't possible by relying on the auto production system.

'Grid is also doing manual labor!'

Steng's enthusiasm grew. The legendary blacksmith was showing his true abilities, stimulating Steng. He wanted to do his best to compete with Grid and grow more from this experience.

"Grid! I look forward to going against you!"

"In any case, it's a game of luck."

Steng smiled cheerfully and also finished smelting his iron ore. Grid felt surprised by the skill that was different from Panmir and other blacksmiths, causing him to tremble as he once again felt the absurdity of the world.

'This kid... A person who isn't a legendary blacksmith has such talent!?'

It was also important to have innate talent. Life was also about talent.

'How comfortable would I be if I had a talent?'

As he recalled his past, Grid started hammering like crazy.

*Chaaeng! Chaaeng!*

"...!"

Steng, who was making a frame for the sword shape prior to forging, was surprised. It was because Grid didn't put the molten iron into the frame. Rather, he chilled it in water and started hammering at it on the anvil.

'Going ahead with forging without the shape?'

Pouring the molten iron into the frame was important for the shape. No, it was an essential process. For a longsword like they were making now, the frame was required to balance the shape of the blade. Yet Grid omitted that process! He just held it with tongs and started hammering at it.

‘What? Surely he hasn’t given up on the game?’

Steng lost concentration because of his agitation. He couldn’t focus on the quality of his forging as he stared at Grid. It was because the shape wasn’t made by the frame. Rather, the shape was gradually appearing under Grid’s fingertips.

“Wow...”

Grid’s skill transcended common sense. It was more amazing than any NPC Steng had met during his quests. Steng could indirectly guess how many items Grid had made in the meantime.

‘People have misunderstood!’

Was it that easy to be the best in a field? It was impossible to be the best simply by luck. Thus, Steng couldn’t understand or recognize the prejudice of those who dismissed Grid’s abilities as luck simply because he was a legendary blacksmith. And he was sure of it at this moment.

To reach this place, Grid had been working harder than anyone else! As Stein was feeling thrilled, Grid reheated the steel that was in the shape of a blade and kept forging. This was repeated a few times, increasing the strength of the steel. It was also done three times faster than ordinary blacksmiths.

‘Amazing...! You’re really amazing!’

Steng was convinced.

"Grid, you are a genius who also puts effort in! I respect you!"

“...?”

A genius?

Grid scoffed because it was one of the silliest things he had heard. Grid didn’t know. From the moment he overcame his lacking talent, he had already crossed the wall of mediocrity.



"Isn't this surprisingly interesting?"

"It's exciting."

8 hours of making items. People thought it would be boring. Nobody imagined it would be fine to watch blacksmiths hammering in front of a fire for 8 hours. But the situation was different. Despite producing the same items with the same ingredients, the blacksmiths showed different methods of working and it was great to see them working up a sweat in front of hot flames.

The commentator's witty comments during the work also made it not boring. They sat with friends, family, or lovers and 8 hours passed in a flash.

『The participants have started to complete their items!』

『Ohh...! Look at that glistening sword! Amazing!』

The swords that the 23 blacksmiths made got a close-up in turn. The basic appearance was the same, but each sword was slightly different.

『Hey! The 1st ranked Panmir and 2nd ranked Steng have made unique rated swords! The other blacksmiths also made epic rated or rare rated swords with added options... Eh?』

The information of the swords were disclosed to the audience and viewers. The MC who entered the stadium and checked the longwords was confused.

『L-Legendary blacksmith Grid was the only one who made a normal rated sword...?』

"Normal?"

The viewers doubted their ears as the camera zoomed in on Grid. Whether he knew it or not.

"Shit..."

Grid's expression distorted and he eventually couldn't resist cursing.

The world was in turmoil.

# Chapter 441

[The production of the 'Longsword' has been complete!]

[The experience of the Advanced Blacksmithing Skill Lv. 6 has raised this item's stats by 9%!]

[The experience of the Intermediate Dwarf Skill Lv 1 has raised this item's stats by 3.2%!]

[The Intermediate Dwarf skill Lv 1 has tried to plant a feeble ego into this item!]

[Success!]

[The Intermediate Dwarf skill Lv 1 has tried to plant a small change function into this item!]

[Success!]

[A unique rated item is made and all stats will rise by 12!]

*Ttiring~*

[Powerful and Noble Long Sword]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 450/450 Attack Power: 451

\* There is a very rare chance for the sword length to change when attacking.

\*Normal attacks will deal an additional 15% damage.



\* Accuracy will increase by 7%.

\* The durability isn't easily damaged.

A longsword made with delicate workmanship by the renowned blacksmith Panmir, who has accumulated training in Talima.

The merits of a longsword are highlighted and it is very stable. There is an irregular aspect due to the changing qualities.

The dwarf technique has implanted the creator's high pride in the sword. It won't break easily and only the chosen ones can use it.

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. Intermedia Sword Mastery level 7. 1,500 strength. The user will be selected by the sword.

'Unbelievable!'

His three and a half years as a blacksmith! According to Satisfy time, Panmir had produced at least 20,000 items over 10 years. Among them, more than 500 items had at least 6 hours invested in them. But despite producing so many items, there were few works that Panmir could proudly claim to be 'masterpieces.' This meant he was less likely to produce a top rated item with more efficient options.

But today! In front of the world that was watching, a masterpiece was born! It was perfect timing. He felt like the protagonist of a movie. It was the first time Panmir experienced such bliss in the 50 years he had lived.

"Good!"

Panmir forgot his age and cheered. He was so happy to prove that he was the best blacksmith against Grid, who was just luck to become a legend. He was thrilled that the past few years wasn't in vain.

'I won!'

Panmir didn't doubt it. He was convinced that Grid couldn't defeat him, even if a legendary rated sword was made. Powerful and noble. He combined the blacksmith

skill with the dwarf skill to make the best level 300 two-handed longsword. Then he heard the voice of the MC.

『L-Legendary blacksmith Grid was the only one who made a normal rated sword...?』

“...!”

The host confirmed the items created by each participant and declared. Panmir and the other blacksmiths were stunned by the host's words.

The legendary blacksmith Grid made a normal rated item?

It was a situation they couldn't even imagine.

‘Even the advanced blacksmiths made at least rare rated items...’

‘A legendary blacksmith just needs to press the production button and a rare item will pop out.’

What crazy thing did Grid do to make a normal item? Did he have no luck? There was only one explanation.

‘Did he forget a few ingredients?’

‘The smelting process seemed perfect... Maybe he made a big mistake during the forging process.’

As the blacksmiths were speculating, Steng, who had made a unique sword like Panmir, cried out like he couldn't understand.

"It isn't possible for Grid to make a normal rated item!"

Steng had witnessed the skills and concentration of Grid next to him.

"Grid struck the steel three times in the time I took to strike it once. When I was breathing from exhaustion, Grid's posture was unchanged!"

It was a truth without any exaggeration. Steng believed that a normal rated item couldn't have been produced unless Grid was a villain who destroyed a galaxy in his previous life.

“Check the item information again! This is obviously a mistake...!”

It happened when Steng kept sticking up for Grid.

“...Shit.”

The deeply frowning Grid let out a curse. He felt tremendous anger. It looked like Grid really had made a normal rated item!

“S-Such a thing...”

A result that completely negated Grid’s skills and efforts was born? Was this the rumored manipulation of the game operators? Steng paused and stared at Grid.

‘Grid is really unlucky...’

Steng fully grasped Grid’s character after a few hours. Then Grid asked him.

“The ownership of the item created... We don’t keep it, do we?”

Grid’s voice was trembling. Steng was able to feel how angry he was and barely managed to nod.

“That’s correct... It was be permanently displayed in the National Competition’s Hall of Fame.”

It meant that a normal rated item produced by the legendary blacksmith would be displayed forward to the people of the world. From Grid’s position, it was embarrassing. There was nothing more disgraceful.

‘I would be ashamed and want to find a hole to hide in...’

Steng was sorry. He was worried that Grid would become frustrated and quit the game. Then Grid grumbled with a deep sigh.

“Hah, I have to return this. It’s ridiculous.”

“...?”

Steng soon realized that something was strange. Wasn’t Grid angry at the wrong thing?

The host kept talking.

『How many of you would expect a legendary blacksmith to produce a normal item? Yes, that's right! I couldn't even expect it!』

The participants gathered in one place and looked at the sword made by Grid. Panmir and Steng's eyes widened.

'At first glance, it looks like a plain longsword without anything special, but... '

'This is huger than anticipated!'

This was a normal rated longsword? In addition to Steng and Panmir, the other blacksmiths started to realize that Grid's sword was unusual. But they were able to grasp this because they were excellent blacksmiths. The ordinary public was different.

*-What type of legendary blacksmith makes normal items? It might be different if he made it in 10 minutes, but hasn't he been hammering for 8 hours?*

*-Was he just hammering the air?*

*-Was he sleeping...? ⇨ ⇨ ⇨*

*-I'm only a beginner blacksmith, but my analysis is that Grid seems to have very low dexterity. He doesn't have experience with manual work because he can easily make items with his class, thus not raising his dexterity.*

*-Is that why the result is so bad? No, there's no way. No matter how low his dexterity is, won't there be a compensation effect due to his legendary class? Then how did he make a normal rated item?*

*-It seems to be the result of his insufficient skills + worst luck.*

*-Insufficient skills ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ His combat skills have increased since last year, so he must've neglected his blacksmithing.*

*-Stop talking nonsense. What evidence is there that Grid's skills are lacking?*

*-That's right. Look at the items that Grid was wearing. He made it himself, so it doesn't make sense to say that Grid's skills are bad. This time, he was just unlucky.*

*-Is there any proof that the items worn were made by Grid? Maybe he obtained them from raids?*

There was a thorough discussion on Grid's blacksmithing skills. To be honest, there was a lot of public criticism and ridicule. People hadn't forgotten that Grid spent the night with Yura and Jishuka, two of the world's most beautiful women. At this moment, Grid's anti-fans were in full active mode.

Meanwhile, South Korea was in an uproar.

(Breaking News) Shocking! The legendary blacksmith Grid made a normal rated item!

(Breaking News) South Korea missed the gold medal... It's virtually impossible to get 1st place now! Grid, he enjoyed a promiscuous private life and forgot his duties.

It was regrettable as a citizen of South Korea. South Korea, a country weak in Satisfy, could only dream about being ranked first due to Grid. But the media forgot this fact and wrote articles blaming Grid.

Grid, no, Shin Youngwoo's family were pained.

"This is disgusting...! They are scum!"

"Oh my, Honey. No matter how angry you are, don't use such words in front of Sehee!"

"Hum hum."

Youngwoo's parents felt sorry for their son who was on the TV. He was in a faraway land for the honor of their country, only to receive a massive outpouring of criticism due to one mistake!

"How resentful would he be!?"

"He paid off all his debt and cleared his father's debt as well."

"N-No, Honey... How many times have I told you that I will pay Youngwoo back? If you say that at this timing..."

Sehee, who had been watching TV silently beside her parents, smiled.

“Oppa is fine.”

Sehee was worried about his incompetent brother and took responsibility for him most of her life. She never outwardly expressed it, but she had been watching her brother closely. She saw her brother’s expression and knew what he was thinking.

‘He is frowning, but his left eyebrow is raised.’

Right now, her brother was feeling happiness and sadness at the same time. It was Sehee’s analysis that the worst thing hadn’t happened, and her insight was correct.

『A legendary blacksmith made a normal rated item? I think there are countless people who are disappointed with the outcome! But let that disappointment go! This is why a legend is a legend! Grid proved to be in a different class from the other participants!!』

The host spoke meaningful words, and at the same time, the options of Grid’s sword were revealed.

[Sealed Transcendent Sword]

Rating: Normal (Growth)

Durability: 360/360 Attack Power: 401

\* One option is added every time the rating increases.

The legendary blacksmith Grid made a longsword with skills and a commitment beyond human limitations.

A blade of steel that was hammered more than 45,000 times in a short period of time, it is beyond ideal and has a transcendent power.

However, it is limited by the typical form, causing its power to be sealed.

It will gradually find the right form and release its true strength in the process of being cut, hit and reworked.

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. Intermedia Sword Mastery level 7. 1,500 strength.

"Heok!"

"A growth type item?!"

Panmir, Steng, and the other blacksmiths realized it. The typical form that they believed to be ideal was actually a limit, and their mission was to break that limit. It wasn't possible for them to belittle Grid's abilities as just due to his luck or class. Just by looking at the longsword produced by Grid, they found out the difference between his skills and theirs.

'Grid, I misunderstood you.'

Grid must have worked and trained like Panmir did to reach his current level.

'...Respect.'

He couldn't see this person properly because he was overwhelmed by his own pride and bias. Feeling embarrassed by his foolish self, Panmir admitted his defeat in his heart and bowed his head. The other blacksmiths were the same.

This was the moment when Grid reigned over the world's finest blacksmiths. The ratings of the National Competition once again set a new record. There was one person who didn't care.

'Ah, shit. I became nervous when the Legendary Blacksmith's Breath appeared.'

Grid was sad.

# Chapter 442

[You are extremely concentrated and the Legendary Blacksmith's Patience skill has been activated.]

[Vitality, defense, and dexterity will rise by 200% for one hour.]

[The production of the 'Longsword' has been complete!]

[The skill level of (Understanding of Gods' Weapons) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill has increased from level 7 to level 8!.]

[The (Witness of God's Weapon) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill Lv. 8 has increased the item's stats by 20%.]

From this point on, Grid was filled with great anxiety. The probability of the Legendary Blacksmith's Breath being activated was much less than the Legendary Blacksmith's Patience. There was still 0.2% left the Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship skill, so why did it level up?

'This, perhaps...'

Could it be that the item he had to give up would have a legendary rating? Grid shivered as the worst situation came to mind.

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Breath Lv. 6 has been activated.]

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Breath Skill Lv. 6 has increased the item's stats by 8%.]

[The growth type item, 'Sealed Transcendent Long Sword' has been successfully produced!]

[As the first player to produce a growth type item, the title 'Person who has Reached



the Absolute Truth of Battle Gear' has been acquired.]

[The title effect 'increased item experience gain' passive will always apply!]

"Ah...!"

An item greater than a legendary item was lost. He felt sick. It was like a lottery winner losing his prize.

"...Ah!"

Grid was frustrated.



A growth type item.

It became stronger the more it was used. It could accumulate experience in PvE and PvP, increasing the rank. Their stats were high compared to items of the same rating, and their stats increase with every rating was also great. Growth type items were classified into two types.

First, an item that a specific soul belonged to. Every time the rank of an item rose, the skill or attributes that the soul possessed when it was alive blossomed. The number and power of the skills and stats varied according to the soul's rank, and it might not be compatible with the master. There was a special story related to the soul, meaning it was likely for there to be a hidden quest.

Elfin Stone's Ring and Iyarugt acquired after the Elfin Stone raid belonged to this category. Nobody knew the soul rating of Elfin Stone and Iyarugt yet.

Secondly, there were items without a soul. One option was added every time the rating increased. Since options were added to help the user rather than being random, the higher the rating, the better the compatibility with the user. In other words, it had similar characteristics to a class item. Its power was more stable compared to those with souls, but it also meant it was difficult to enjoy a dramatic effect.

Grid's Sealed Transcendent Sword belonged to this type.

'No matter what, the value is astronomical!'

The world was still.

"..."

The hundreds of thousands of spectators filling the Stade de France National Stadium and the millions of viewers watching the TV and Internet held their breaths. Out of these people, 99.99% were aware of the concept of growth type items. However, they had no experience with seeing them, so the impact of Grid's work was great.

'It is an item that most players probably can't get in their entire lives... '

'Grid made it directly!'

He wasn't just a legendary blacksmith. The footsteps that Grid was leaving were all legendary. The host opened his mouth while everyone was captivated.

『As I announced in advance, the item screening criteria for this match is 'value.'』

The list of 23 swords produced by the blacksmiths appeared on the screen.

『The value is measured by the 'rating' and 'performance.' As you can see, Panmir and Steng's swords have the best rating, while Panmir has the best performance.』

Grid's work wasn't mentioned. It was natural. For the performance to be good, it needed a higher rating. Grid made a growth type item, but the longsword had a normal rating, meaning the performance was inferior to Panmir's longsword. But that was only a story for now.

The 13 silent judges started to open their mouths.

『We have to consider the potential value of the item.』

『The item with the highest potential is definitely Grid's longsword.』

『The performance will increase as the rating becomes higher』

『It's obvious that Grid's longsword will perform better than Panmir's longsword.』

『Moreover, Panmir's longsword has a disadvantage. A condition of use is added.』

『The performance is excellent, but the usefulness and value of the item will decrease if the conditions of use are increased.』

『Thus, the 13 judges have decided that Grid's work is the best.』

『We will award the gold medal to Grid.』

There was no backlash against the judges' decision. There was no room to refute.

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

Thousands of people screamed and celebrated Grid's victory. Panmir also admitted defeat. But there was a problem. Grid wanted to reject the gold medal!

"I would rather have my sword than the gold medal."

Through this competition, Grid learned the principles behind making a growth type item. It was to follow the existing production method of an item, but to impose a power that couldn't be realized by the production method. However, it wasn't that easy to make. What would happen if he made an item according to the production method? Even if he made 1,000 or 10,000 items in the future, his luck meant it wasn't realistic for him to get the items he wanted.

"Dammit...! Give me my sword!"

Grid was desperate. He was determined to regain the Sealed Transcendent Sword that was in the hands of the host. Fortunately, Grid's words weren't passed onto the viewers. It was the power of the mute option.

"What is Grid saying?"

"Doesn't it look like he is angry at the host?"

"No, why can't we hear Grid's voice?"

The audience murmured as they started to detect the strange atmosphere. Director Yoon Sangmin of the S.A. Group and the French prime minister approached Grid. It

was to place the gold medal around Grid's neck.

"Ohh, Grid. Nice to meet you. I watched your actions well~"

The French prime minister greeted Grid in poor Korean. There would probably be few people in the world who would refuse a handshake from a high ranking politician of another country. But Grid refused! No, he didn't even see the French prime minister.

Grid was only interested in his longsword. Grid started to form tight fists. He was about to lose his temper when Director Yoon Sangmin whispered to him.

"Grid, your work will be displayed forever in the Hall of Fame and receive numerous praise. Countless people will appreciate your work and honor your achievements, increasing your value. So don't get stuck on the immediate benefits and calm down."

The rules were the rules. Not sticking to them would just bring him damages. Grid identified Director Yoon Sangmin's warning and eventually controlled his temper, bowing his head.

"...Damn."

"..."

*Snap!*

*Snap snap!*

Photos were taking of the French prime minister, who barely managed to suppress his unpleasant feelings, placing a gold medal around the frowning Grid's neck. Shouldn't a gold medalist be rejoicing? Grid's current appearance was similar to Sohn Kichung at the Berlin Olympics.

It was terrible.



"I will go beyond you in the next National Competition."

"Grid, I really learned a lot today! It was a valuable experience! If I get a chance, I will see you again later!"

"..."

The words of the blacksmiths, including Panmir and Steng, didn't reach Grid's ears. He was locked in deep thought.

'Why am I so unlucky?'

He already realized that he wasn't a lucky person. But he never imagined that this bad luck would be holding onto his ankles for all his life.

'Why is it a top item when I can't keep it?'

Why didn't it appear usually? Dammit!

"...Wait."

Grid was walking down the corridor when he suddenly smiled. It was because he had an interesting idea.

'If I continue to resist and do my best, I will someday overcome even my bad luck.'

This was just a trial. That's right. At this moment, Grid perceived that he could overcome the ordeal from the sky.

'Yes, let's see who will win.'

As always, he would be the final winner. Grid vowed to go against the heavens as he started his mind control. Just look back at this National Competition.

'I got many things.'

He learned how to make growth type items and got gold medals. The sword was a small sacrifice to obtain these precious things, so his mind calmed.

"This is interesting."

The same fact could be seen from a different perspective. Most people naturally knew this, but Grid only discovered it when he matured. Someone came towards him as he started humming.

The long National Competition was now reaching its final stages.

# Chapter 443

“Grid!”

The person who shouted Grid’s name was Blood Warrior Katz. Grid was very surprised because he was an unexpected person.

‘Why is he coming to see me?’

Grid had no connection to Katz. In the days when he was still a beginner. Grid enhanced the Ideal Dagger to +6 and went to the market to boast, only to witness Katz’ +8 weapon by chance.

"What do you want?"

Katz spoke bluntly to the puzzled Grid.

“Make me a growth type item! I will give you as much money as you want!”

"..."

As expected from a diamond spoon. Grid shrugged as he was reminded that Katz was the son of a prominent conglomerate in Japan.

"Unfortunately, I’m not accepting production commissions."

To be precise, Grid wouldn’t accept it from him. Grid wasn’t in a position to always make growth type items, and even if he made one, the priority would be selling it to the Overgeared members.

"Kuoh...!"

Katz frowned as he received the negative answer. Katz was called rogue, trash, arrogant, and other words. Grid thought that Katz might take a threatening attitude. But reality was different. He might treat others with contempt, was selfish and said foolish things in public, but he wasn’t a fool. He knew that his position was inferior to Grid, so he suppressed his nature and lowered his posture.

“Your... No, what do I have to do to qualify for your items?”

‘Look at this guy.’

Grid was able to get a glimpse of Katz’ desperation. He was a person prepared to do anything to get what he wanted.

‘...Can I use him?’

Katz’ value was very high, despite his nature. Grid considered it and made a decision.

“Go and ask Lauel.”

"Your chief of staff?"

"Yes, if you want one of my items, try and fulfill Lauel’s request. I will make you an item depending on Lauel’s decision.”

Grid was sure that Katz would be useful to Lauel.

“...I understand.”

Katz nodded and left this place. Grid looked at him walking away and was filled with joy.

‘A person who didn’t acknowledge me two years ago is now bowing to me...’

It wasn’t just Katz. Since his abilities as a blacksmith had been revealed, it was clear that many prominent figures would approach him in the future.

‘I am a real big shot.’

He could assert that he already had a successful life. Pride boiled inside him. But Grid already knew that this pride shouldn’t transform into arrogance.

‘It isn’t good to be too excited. I have to act more carefully.’

The attention on him was too high. He had to be careful of every action. Otherwise, there might be a backlash. Grid took a deep breath and moved to the waiting room.



“Congratulations.”

“God Grid! I knew you would do it!!”

The Korean team’s waiting room.

Yura and Peak Sword welcomed Grid. They were delighted by Grid’s victory. Thanks to Grid’s gold medal, South Korea now had a chance to take first place on the overall rankings, but that wasn’t why they were happy. They were delighted solely due to their liking for Grid.

“Thank you for always encouraging me.”

Grid replied in an unusual tone and sat on the couch. Peak Sword was confused.

‘Why is God Grid acting like this? Did he eat something bad?’

Ah, he thought about it. It seemed like Grid’s mental state was a mess because he was deprived of the growth type item he made. Would he be able to demonstrate his full ability in the pet marathon if he was in this state? The anxious Peak Sword started thinking up plans to fix Grid’s mental state.

"I'm going to close my eyes for a while."

Grid lay back on the couch and closed his eyes. Grid wanted to go back into Satisfy and check Noe’s status again, but he didn’t have time.

Indeed. He had barely closed his eyes for 10 minutes when a call came. As a pet marathon participant, he was invited to attend the press conference.

“There are no breaks.”

"Time is limited, so it can't be helped..."

This was why other players refrained from participating in two events a day.

‘Will Grid’s concentration and stamina last?’

Peak Sword couldn’t hide his worries as he asked.

“You must be tired from hammering for eight hours. How about you take a break while I go to the press conference?”

"I don't know about Huroi, but making you my spokesperson..."

Grid was worried it would be a repeat of 'Do you know?'

'Still, I would rather it be Peak Sword than Huroi.'

Grid imagined Huroi cursing at the reporters, shook his head and got up.

"I'll go."



“Hoh... Grid said something like that?”

One of the audience seats in front of the pet marathon. Lael heard the story about how Katz came to him and felt amazement. He realized that Grid was learning how to deal with people.

‘Taking advantage of Katz’ position to send him to me... He really is growing in many ways.’

Originally, Grid was a slow learning person. He experienced the same conditions as others, but was always behind. However, that changed the moment he visited the Behen Archipelago. His growth rate had accelerated.

“Kukukuk, this is interesting.”

Katz’ hands and feet shrivelled due to Lael’s unique laugh.

‘Katz...’

Considering his power, financial strength, and position in Japan, Katz was an S-class person. He had many available things. The disadvantage was his personality, but most members of Overgeared were already strange, so it wasn't a problem.

‘It's better to obtain him.’

Lauel decided and asked Katz.

"I know you have the power to join guilds, so why haven't you?"

"I don't like being interfered with. I dislike rules."

"Wow, you. You would've fainted if you were born a South Korean. You would've had to go to the army."

"...I would've gotten out of it. No, why are you suddenly asking this?"

"Join the Overgeared Guild."

"You want me in Overgeared?"

Katz' face distorted.

"I don't want to."

Katz refused without thinking about it. However, Lauel expected this and just laughed.

"You don't have to if you don't want to. You will never be able to obtain Grid's items."

"..."

Katz's eyes shook. He really coveted Grid's items.

'Well, it's natural.'

Katz was aiming for the top. He already declared two years ago that he would reach first in the rankings. However, he wasn't able to achieve his goal because of his lacking abilities and items.

'Anyway, there's nothing to lose.'

Lauel was overflowing with confidence. He made a wicked grin reminiscent of Grid and made the offer again to Katz.

"Join Overgeared."

He swallowed down the words, 'become Grid's slave.'

"However, if you want to join Overgeared, you have to beat Grid in PvP."

"Beat Grid?"

"Yes, you're able to defeat him. Your fighting style is a good match against Grid... How about it? If I tell you how to beat Grid, why don't you try it once?"

"..."

Wasn't Lauel the closest person to Grid? Why did he want Grid to be eliminated? Katz didn't question it. He grew up watching friendship be snuffed out like a candle in front of greed. Now Katz only felt one thing.

Anger!

"You will teach me how to win against Grid? Stop talking nonsense! I can beat Grid with my own power, even if you don't tell me!"

Katz's character had changed a lot compared to when he just became a Blood Warrior. He realized that everything in the world wasn't solved by money and there were a limit to his talent. From that time, he gave up on his arrogance. In other words, his declaration that he could beat Grid was a judgment based on reasonable grounds.

"Okay, I will beat Grid. In addition, I don't care how you use me. I will do anything if it means getting Grid's items. However, if you use me and then hit me in the back of the head, be prepared. I will put my whole power into killing you in the game."

"Huhuhut... Our agreement has been established."

"..."

Goose bumps formed on Katz' skin.



There were 53 people participating in the pet marathon. An average of 1.5 people from each country participated. They sat facing hundreds of reporters.

“Grid has hell’s best demonic beast, a memphis. In last year’s National Competition, the memphis showed its dominance by beating dozens of wyverns alone.”

"It is the opinion of many people that the winner of the pet marathon this year will be Grid. What do you think about this?"

Did the other players have the power to fight against Grid? Most people around the world were curious about this part. The players answered easily.

"There is nothing perfect in Satisfy."

"We have already grasped Noe’s weakness and figured out a strategy."

"Noe won’t win a gold medal for Grid!"

"...Isn’t this tiring?"

Grid looked tired as he watched the players shouting with confidence.

‘Isn’t the repertoire of every event the same?’

Before the start of the game, it was a pattern of confidence and then eventual defeat.



The pet marathon started 30 minutes after the press conference.

“Nyang!”

Noe appeared at Grid’s side. He had been eating well over the past year, meaning his black fur was shiny and his tongue was a vivid pink. The soles of his feet were softer.

“The best demonic beast of hell has emerged! Nyang!”

Noe shouted as his stomach protruded! The 人 shaped mouth opened with a complacent expression, making people realize.

“Fearsome guy... The level of cuteness has increased so much that his level must’ve risen tremendously!”

“He will be a tough opponent.”

The other players who summoned wyverns couldn't help admiring Noe's strength. But they still didn't lose confidence. It was because in the last year, they gained a lot of information and fully understood the Memphis' weakness.

# Chapter 444

Of the 53 players who participated in the pet marathon, 52 of them (except for Grid) were pet specialists. Since their classes were in the monster tamer series, their understanding of pets and their ability to collect information was unmatched. It was no wonder that they studied the memphis and came up with a strategy against it.

‘Even if it’s called the best demonic beast of hell...’

‘In the end, a memphis is just a cat monster.’

‘A cat monster has many weaknesses!’

They made confident expressions and started summoning more pets after the wyverns. Surprisingly, the pets they summoned weren’t strong like wyverns. Rather, they were insect-like monsters such as giant glow worms, gold cockroaches, and light butterflies. They had weak combat ability and low intelligence, so they generally weren’t used.

“What?”

“Aren’t they going to try their best?”

In order to win the pet marathon, the pet’s combat ability, agility, and endurance were the key. They had to reach the destination first while keeping other pets in check. Then why did they summon weak insect type monsters? The viewers were confused by the unexpected situation.

On the other hand, the experts immediately understood the players’ intentions.

『The players are well aware of the weaknesses of cat monsters.』

『For viewers who are unfamiliar with it, there is one thing that the summoned pets have in common. They produce light by themselves.』

『And cats are creatures sensitive to light. In particular, they have the habit of chasing

light when they see it moving.』

『In that sense, the giant glow worms, gold cockroaches, and light butterflies will act as counters to the memphis.』

Giant glow worms, gold cockroaches, and light butterflies. These three monsters had the ability to emit their own light. The worm-like 2 meter long giant glow worm emitted a gentle light from its tail, the gold cockroach flashed an intense gold, while the wings of the light butterfly emitted light. They were all beautiful lights used to dazzle their target.

Noe's mouth twitched as he saw them.

"Nyong. Nyong nyong."

His pupils became bigger. He made a strange sound and lay flat on the floor, his chubby butt up in the air. He shook his butt to the left and right as the glowing light from the monsters caught his eyes. He looked like a cat trying to hunt a mouse.

"What are you doing?"

Grid was perplexed by Noe's strange behavior and urgently checked his status.

Status: Committed

(I must catch these shiny things! Nyang! I was born into this world to hunt them! Nyang nyang!)

"This is..."

The only weakness Grid knew was Noe's tail. He had made a tail guard to thoroughly prepare for this. But he was hit by an unexpected weakness. The moment Grid made an absurd expression.

『Then the match will start!』



The referee shouted! A magic bead exploded. The explosion was the signal as the wyverns at the starting line immediately unfolded their wings. The other players approached Grid as they looked at the wyverns flying away.

“How about it Grid?”

“Aren’t we different from the last National Competition?”

Last year’s National Competition was very different from this year’s. Simply put, this year was much more professional. The common denominator with last year’s participants was that they had wyverns. However, this year the participants were pet professionals. Unlike last year’s contestants, they had the ability to fight back against Noe.

"..."

The players comforted the silent Grid.

"Well, you don't have to be ashamed. We're the best in our field."

“Yes Grid. Don’t bear bad feelings towards us. In the first place, you couldn’t beat us in this event. No one will criticize you.”

"..."

Grid was silent to the end.

“Nyong nyong. Nyong.”

He just quietly watched as Noe sneaked up in order to chase the lights. The players shrugged.

“Don’t even think about resisting. Can’t you only have three pets without a skill, and you can only summon two pets at a time?”

“On the other hand, we can summon up to five pets simultaneously. Even if you summon a wyvern-class pet, we can summon a new pet and neutralize it.”

"Haha, you probably want to hold a sword and fight directly, but how can you? This is the pet marathon stage. You can't move directly. Just watch silently."

“Five at a time...”

Grid finally opened his mouth. Then he smiled meaningfully.

“Isn’t it strange? If you can summon five pets, why are you only summoning two?”

As if it was a tacit rule, none of the players summoned another pet apart from the wyvern and one to keep Noe in check. Grid looked at the players preparing to pursue the drakes that disappeared beyond the horizon.

“If you summon several pets at a time, isn’t it harder to control? It is similar to how your control weakens when your wyvern gets further away.”

"..."

The players were inwardly embarrassed. It was because Grid spoke as if he had just realized something that was common sense to everyone else.

"Well, I guess you learned that by yourself..."

The players decided to ignore Grid and move quickly. Noe had been neutralized by now. They no longer perceived Grid as an enemy and were planning to focus on victory.

At that moment.

"Kyong!"

Noe, who had ran towards the giant glow worm, screamed in pain. He was hurt due to the invisible thread spread like a fortress around the glow worm’s body. The players saw Noe and smiled with satisfaction.

'That's it. Grid is now completely contained.'

'From now on, the game will truly begin!'

The players were happy about blocking the only variable. But they didn’t know one thing. The fact that Grid had a hidden hand!

“Come out, Randy.”

*Jeurereuk.*

Grid gave a command and black liquid poured out of Grid's pet inventory.

'Slime?'

The players were confused by Grid's new pet.

"What can you do with a slime?"

"This is too shabby for a last hurrah."

Grid wasn't an expert in the field of pets. He might've luckily obtained a memphis through a raid or quest, but it would be very difficult to tame the new pet afterwards. Thus, he brought out this slime. The players smiled like it was cute.

"Turn into me."

Grid gave a bizarre command to the black liquid. Then the liquid wriggled and did something surprising. It transformed into Grid!

"It wasn't a slime, but a doppelganger?"

"I've never heard of a black doppelganger."

The players were impressed. A doppelganger could be used in many ways, but they were hard to tame because they were A-grade. It was difficult unless the person was a high quality pet trainer. Grid's doppelganger seemed different from usual doppelgangers, so they felt wary.

"He has talent at scaring people."

"He truly deserves to be called God Grid. He's very versatile."

The players clapped. They were curious, but didn't feel a large amount of tension. It was because doppelgangers didn't have high combat skills. A doppelganger dominated into a pet had very weak abilities. It could only copy 10% of its master's stats. It was clear that Grid's doppelganger was a named monster, but it couldn't copy more than 15% of his stats.

‘This isn’t worth watching.’

The insect monsters they summoned could easily handle the doppelganger. Randy gave despair to the confident players.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

“...What?!”

The doppelganger could copy skills? It was also a legendary rated skill? The players finally realized the seriousness of the situation and urgently tried to summon new pets.

“Wave.”

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

Waves of energy spread out, hitting the dozens of giant glow worms, gold cockroaches, and light butterflies...

“The level of those hastily obtained as a countermeasure for Noe wouldn’t be high.”

Grid declared as he watched the dozens of ash pillars rising towards the sky.

“I’m sorry, but I’m going to take the gold medal.”

Grid had been aware from a long time ago. He had to be careful of his words in order to not lost his prestige as master of Overgeared and lord of Reidan. That’s why he didn’t speak lightly. That’s right. Since the press conference at the beginning of the National Competition, Grid was already convinced that he would win the pet marathon when he declared that ‘South Korea would win at least five gold medals.’

“Catch them, Noe.”

“Nyang!”

Noe regained his spirit and energetically moved. His speed completely exceeded the speed of the wyverns as he followed their path.

“Shit! Stop him!”

The players summoned all their battle pets at once and tried to stop Noe. For this moment, they were allied.

Grid spoke in a calm voice.

“I’ll leave it to you, Randy.”

"Believe in me."

*Clink!*

Randy had copied Pagma’s appearance and defeated Grid 82 times. Once he reached level 240, the ‘Copy’ skill was strengthened and the strongest doppelganger slowly regained the power of the past. Now he faced the dozens of pets alone. It was enough to thrill the world.

Grid’s legend was written down.

# Chapter 445

Randy's original Copy skill. He could copy 30% of his master's stats and two random skills. But now things were different. Randy evolved the moment he reached level 240, being able to copy 35% of the master's stats and three skills! It didn't matter if the skills were only level 1.

'Won't he be able to copy me perfectly someday?'

Grid appreciated the possibilities of Randy's development. It wasn't a baseless overestimation. Grid later found out that ordinary doppelgangers couldn't copy legendary skills. In other words, Randy was different from ordinary doppelgangers the first time he copied Pagma's appearance.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship."

A pet was classified as a monster. The effect of the Efficient Hunting Sword inflicted additional damage on monsters, so Grid armed himself with it before calling Randy. Thanks to that, Randy was running wild.

"Link."

*Pit!*

*Pipipipipit!*

"Kyaak!"

"Kuwek!"

Randy copied Grid's appearance. With the Efficient Hunting Sword (Copy) in his hand, he slaughtered dozens of pets. The pets were much weaker than wyverns and couldn't stand up to Randy.

"Kuwaaaah~!"

A big monster, the two-headed hippopotamus, didn't lose its momentum and tied up

Randy's feet. It withstood Randy's attack with its very thick skin and then threw him back using its 3.5 ton weight.

*Kuuong!*

"Uh...!"

Blood emerged from Randy's mouth. Despite the fact that he was wearing Triple Layers (Copy), his health was reduced by a quarter and his face distorted from the pain.

'I'm sorry.'

Grid knew Randy's heartbreaking story. He sincerely sympathized with Randy. He wanted Randy to be happy, unlike the past. But how could things in the world be easy? Grid always faced a major crisis and every time it happened, Randy experienced pain. In particular, ever since Randy learned the swapping locations skill, the number of times he was used as a bullet had increased.

Grid felt sorry. However, there was no guilt. Why?

'Happiness is victory!'

Randy had to be strong in order to fight and win. That's right. Grid wanted Randy to become stronger and obtain happiness with his own strength. In fact, Randy was a pet, so being strong was an important factor.

'I will keep pushing you.'

Did Randy happen to feel Grid's scary heart? Randy felt a chill as he avoided the second round of attacks from the two-headed hippo and used Revolve. A counterattack triggered at the perfect timing. The master of the two-headed hippo, the American Belatra was shocked.

"Piercing my Jeep's leather with a blow...!"

The two-headed hippo had one of the top three defensive power among the big monsters. They were classified as tank-type pets and Jeep was over level 210. It was the pet that Beletra focused on the most after the wyvern. The food was top quality and Beletra really raised Jeep with a lot of pampering. Yet Jeep lost one-third of its

health despite the hard work and love poured into it.

“What the hell is this doppelganger...?”

As Beletra was in shock, Randy discovered that the weakness was its long body and short legs and linked attacks. It was difficult and slow to cope with the attack because Randy had moved to a place where the two-headed hippo couldn't easily see.

“Kuwaaang!”

The two-headed hippo started to cry and the commentators spoke words of admiration towards Randy.

『A pet using a counterattack...! It's clear that Grid's doppelganger must be equipped with the same level of artificial intelligence as an NPC!』

『It's certain. Grid isn't just overgeared, his pets are over... No, they are really amazing... 』

『It's truly a top presence!』

In the last National Competition, Grid won three gold medals alone and made South Korea ranked second. This was a tremendous feat and most people predicted that Grid couldn't do it again. But at this moment! Grid was going to break his record!

The little demon wings spread open as the chubby legs and tails moved. The commentators guessed that Noe was flying at a speed faster than any monster in the pet marathon and would catch up with the wyverns.

『Don't tell me... Grid might really become a myth?』

Everyone believed it was impossible. But now it didn't seem impossible. Grid was likely to win a gold medal in this pet marathon, and if so, Grid would've won four gold medals alone. South Korea's current third place ranking would rise to the top, making Grid the unprecedented person who made a country number one through individual effort.

This was a solid record worthy of praise.



『Um... Maybe Grid can even win gold in PvP?』

『Haha... Then Korea's 1st rank will be confirmed?』

『Haha, it's impossible. Isn't Kraugel participating in PvP?』

『Indeed, even Grid can't beat the sky above the sky.』

The commentators laughed while Randy and the pets continued fighting.

"Shit! We're using up all our power!"

Despite the fact that they had formed an alliance, the other players were unable to defeat Randy. They became nervous and summoned new pets in order to attack Randy. Randy's momentum shrunk after he consumed skills and stamina to defeat the two-headed hippo.

The monster tamers tamed monsters that were usually difficult to hunt. Randy was Grid's pet and had a high level, but he couldn't face all of them.

*Chaaeng! Chaeng!*

Randy was pushed to the defensive and couldn't attack. The crowd and viewers booed as Randy gradually slowed from the wounds on his body.

"All players were working together!! Why isn't the referee stopping this?"

"It's really too much. No matter how great Grid is, 52 people concentrating on him..."

"Grid and the Overgeared members fought fairly when they met each other in the competition. What about these bastards? Don't they have a conscience?"

"Wow, Grid and the Overgeared members are trying their best for the purpose of the National Competition. They are a guild with a very high level of awareness."

"They are different from the Seven Guilds."

"Hey, you bastards! Do it properly! This isn't a pet marathon but a Grid raid!"

The anger of the crowd and public opinion on the Internet became the worst. The

referee couldn't overlook it anymore and was about to restrain the 52 players.

"It doesn't mean anything now."

Grid muttered while the whole world was in turmoil. The commentators were talking like madmen.

『Noe has caught up to the wyverns!』

『This is despite departing five minutes late...! Indeed, a memphis is the best demonic beast of hell!』

『The players made a mistake. They summoned several pets because they were obsessed with Randy. Due to this, they couldn't control the wyverns in the distance and the wyverns became confused.』

『Noe didn't miss this chance!』

『Ah! Noe just devoured the souls of the wyverns! Wow! Look at that acceleration! It's faster than earlier!!』

There was no need to argue anymore. Grid won the pet marathon. Grid overwhelmed 52 pet specialists with just two pets. Grid's pets were just incredible.



1st. South Korea (5 gold)

2nd. United States (4 gold, 4 silver, 5 bronze)

3rd. Russia (4 gold, 3 silver, 2 bronze)

4th. Canada (3 gold, 3 silver, 3 bronze)

5th. Spain (1 gold, 2 silver, 1 bronze)

6th. Japan (1 gold, 3 bronze)

7th. Brazil (1 gold)

8th. United Kingdom (4 silver)

9th. France (3 silver)

Joint 10th place. Argentina, China (2 bronze)

12th. Turkey (1 bronze)

"..."

Kraugel was thrilled when he checked the rankings after the pet marathon. It was surprising that Grid alone could sweep up the blacksmith game and pet marathon, where the US had been expected to win gold medals.

‘Grid, you are certainly great.’

How many people could prove they were the best in several fields? In that sense, Grid was special. He was unique in many ways, including his combat abilities, blacksmithing skills, ability to use items, and his pets.

Kraugel felt a lot of respect. It was the fourth time that Kraugel had such feelings towards another player. But he couldn’t get lost in his appreciation. Kraugel had to be composed. He was now in the position to make Russia first and obtain the medicine for his mother. To do that, he had to win the gold medal in PvP. Even if he respected Grid, he couldn’t show this when they met in PvP.

“...I must win this time.”

There were only two events left in the National Competition. The individual ‘carriage transporting’ event and PvP. There were no more events where the US could aim for a gold medal. On the other hand, South Korea and Russia were in a position to win a gold medal in PvP, making it likely that one of them would be ranked first in the overall rankings.

“Sigh.”

Kraugel let out a deep breath and started to examine everything Grid showed in this National Competition. In a survey, 92.3% of respondents predicted that it would be Kraugel’s overwhelming victory in the PvP that was three days away.

# Chapter 446

“Dammit!”

*Ku tang tang tang!*

After confirming the updated rankings, Zibal couldn't contain his anger and kicked the table. As his body that had been trained through exercising, his strength was incredible. The table flew into the door and shattered.

"The United States...! The US has missed the first ranking!"

The US had been a leader in all areas for nearly two centuries. For example, in the case of sports, the US Olympics had been first in the rankings 25 times. It was natural for the US to win the Satisfy National Competition, so neither the American people or the players doubted the result.

But the result changed. It was due to only one person! Grid!

“That crazy monster...!”

Zibal was truly going crazy. He couldn't discount Grid's abilities anymore and had to acknowledge his skills, but this was too much.

“This is pure luck...”

He tried to argue, but it was too much. Zibal was convinced and eventually admitted it with a deep sigh.

“What has he been doing over the past year to become such a monster?”

Grid had overcome all the weak points that were pointed out in the last National Competition and highlighted his strengths. It was virtually impossible for a person to grow to such a degree in one year.

“That guy... Was he originally a genius?”

He lived roughly until last year, so his skills couldn't show up properly? Lauel thought it was a ludicrous question.

‘Other people are misunderstanding Grid as a genius...’

Strictly speaking, Grid was a genius of hard work. Anyway, Lauel felt good about Grid's evaluation. Zibal's rage was redirected to Panmir while Lauel was inwardly laughing happily.

‘This is all because of him.’

If only Panmir hadn't provoked Grid. Grid wouldn't have played in the blacksmith production game and the US would've solidified the number one spot. The US was placed in the worst situation because of Panmir. Zibal wanted to pour out all the blame onto Panmir. But he wasn't in a position to do so. Panmir was a blacksmith that the Snake Guild couldn't lose before he was the US representative.

“...Hah.”

Zibal was also at fault for losing the gold medal in the raid event. He took deep breaths and calmed his mind. Then he desperately asked Lauel.

"Do we have any possibility of winning a gold medal in the carriage transporting?"

"As you know, the carriage transporting participants needs high eloquence or the charm stat to prevent the mercenary NPCs from having dark intentions. Zephyr might be a master of deception, but there is a limit to the sustainability, so he can only win a silver medal."

In the end, the winner of the carriage transporting was a country with a merchant or orator. If Grid had participated in it, he would've easily won the event with his transcendent charm.

“Hrmm... Then PvP?”

Lauel shrugged at Zibal's question.

"I'm well aware of Skull's strength. It's why I entrusted Skull with the most important role every time during the siege. But he can't be compared to Grid and Kraugel."

" ... "

Zibal felt wronged. Look at the current medals status! The 1st place South Korean had 5 gold, while the third place Russia had 4 gold, 3 silver and 3 bronze. On the other hand, the United States had 4 gold, four silver and 5 bronze medals. If they simply looked at the medal count, the United States was overwhelming.

He was sincerely angry that they couldn't aim for first place because of one gold medal.

"If only we could win one gold medal..."

Wouldn't there be an endless number of criticism from the people of their country and the media? Last year, Zibal had been criticized despite leading the US to the number one position in the National Competition. It was because he lost several gold medals to Grid. However, this time the first spot would be taken away, so it was obvious that the criticism would be incomparable to last year.

Skull watched Zibal sigh and opened his mouth.

"PvP has yet to be determined. Grid and Kraugel might face each other in the beginning and I might break one of them. Already giving up on the championship, I frankly don't like it."

Yes, the United States was the strongest. The representatives were the best in their field. Skull's power might seem lacking compared to Grid and Kraugel, but he had never thought of himself as weak.

"I'm sorry Skull. I will trust you."

Zibal regained his composure and asked Skull for a handshake. But Skull refused to shake hands and walked away.

" ... "

The nickname of the 2nd ranked Zibal was punching bag.



『... For this reason, the winner of the carriage transporting event is likely to be Spain. The 1st place on the overall rankings will be determined by PvP.』

The schedule for the National Competition had already been disclosed to the public three months ago. Based on this, after the end of the pet marathon, there would be another three days of rest. The reason for such a break to be included in the competition?

It was to give the players time to recoup, but who would believe that? It was actually so that the French government, the host country of the 2nd National Competition, could attract tourists for a longer time, while the broadcasters could attract more advertising fees.

This was the age of capitalism. And the monstrous Grid, who led this capitalist era, was talking with Yook Shihyun of the Comet Group.

*-Then I will ask you to act well in your next event.*

“Only if you make the deposit.”

*-Huhu, we have thoroughly calculated it. Then I will be going.*

Yook Shihyun gave a charming laugh and hung up the phone. She was young, influential, and thought it would be nice to have a lover like Grid, who was wealthy. She worked extra hard, calling Grid and meeting him for no reason, but it was wishful thinking.

She couldn't gain Grid's attention with just the specs of 'pretty charming and good ability!' There were much more attractive and talented people around Grid! Yura, Jishuka, and Irene. Due to environmental factors, Grid's eyes for women were mislead and they needed at least a D... Omitted.

Grid connected to Satisfy and first looked at the state of Assimilation.

[Assimilation]

Will awaken Braham's sleeping consciousness in your body and become one.

At this time, your class will be converted to Great Magician' and control of the flesh will be transferred to Braham.

Skill Duration: 3 minutes

Skill Cooldown Time: 9 days, 13 hours, 7 minutes and 5 seconds.

The reuse time of Assimilation was 10 days. But Braham was hit hard by closing the door to hell, making the skill reuse time increase by more than 80 days. It was why Grid didn't use Assimilation throughout the National Competition...

'If the speed of the carriage transporting or PvP is slow, I can use Assimilation in the finals.'

Please don't let him meet Kraugel until the finals. It was doubtful if his earnest prayer would work as he wished. In addition, even if he reached the finals, he couldn't be sure that the cooldown time of Assimilation would be over. Grid took out his hammer and repaired his equipment perfectly, then he left the smithy.

Unlike usual, he headed straight for the fields without looking for Irene. Piaro and thousands of farmers were seen.

"What do you get when you plant beans in the field?"

"Beans!"

"So pathetic! You still haven't seen the peak of agriculture yet! How many times have I told you that a real farmer would make beans and red beans grow at the same time!?"

"No... Piaro, how can we achieve the peak of agriculture?"

"You want us to grow both beans and red beans?"

"Huhu, you have moved a hand plow 100,000 times a day and still haven't received enlightenment... It reminds me of someone."



"..."

Grid tried to ignore the conversation and checked the status of the farmers. They had sleek muscles wrapped in something like thin armor and their skin was a healthy bronze. Their eyes were also fierce. They looked more like warriors rather than farmers. In particular, the former soldiers of Prince Ren that Piaro picked up in the Altes Mountains had grown to become knights.

‘Crazy.’

How did Piaro abuse the farmers to create this? Grid admired Reidan’s farmers who were much more powerful than the empire’s elite soldiers, before approaching Piaro. Piaro already noticed Grid and greeted him politely.

"You are busier than anyone, so why did you come to this place?"

Grid bluntly asked him a question.

"Am I still weaker than Kraugel?"

"Yes."

Piaro replied without thinking about it. It was as Grid expected.

‘I am foolish.’

Despite establishing a master and subordinate relationship, Piaro hadn’t changed. He was always honest and loyal. He didn’t butter up to the master in the guise of mocking.

"Dammit... Okay, I understand."

The reason Grid visited Piaro before the PvP event was to gain some courage. But it just backfired. Instead of courage, Grid was only able to obtain the painful reality, making him leave the fields with weak steps. Piaro continued bowing until Grid disappeared, then he muttered.

"However, if the both of you fight, My Lord can win."

Kraugel was strong because of his extraordinary mind and senses. During a battle, he kept in mind everything that could happen and anticipated the enemy’s behavior,

allowing him to respond quickly. But what if he couldn't predict Grid? Grid's battle style started to take advantage of his items and there were parts that even Piaro couldn't understand.

Why didn't Piaro tell this to Grid?

The reason was simple. Grid didn't ask who would win if he fought Kraugel, only who was stronger. Except for items, Kraugel's strength was much higher than Grid's.

"Let's go to the rice paddies."

Piaro held his farming equipment and started to farm again. He was now Piaro, who was a farmer.

# Chapter 447

“Kieeeeek!”

[A junior vampire was destroyed.]

[4,901,000 experience has been acquired.]

[An intermediate vampire was destroyed.]

[6,954,300 experience has been acquired.]

[One deluxe magic stone has been acquired.]

Three days until the PvP. It was nine days in Satisfy time, which Grid was going to spend hunting. It was to stimulate his combat senses while raising Iyarugt's experience at the same time. But it wasn't easy.

[Iyarugt]

Rating: Unique (Growth)

Experience: 85.98%

"The experience gain isn't very good."

He'd killed 40 junior vampires and 25 intermediate vampires, but the rate of experience increase was only 0.01%. The vampire cities were limited in the number of monsters, the vampires had excellent survival ability, and the speed of hunting was

slower, making Grid feel nervous. He wondered if he could raise Iyarugt's rating in nine days.

'I would rather fight against other rankers in order to quickly gain experience. Um... Are there any better hunting grounds around here?'

He missed the islands in the 50's on the Behen Archipelago where high level monsters were scattered. But Grid's current save point was the 60th island. It was pointless to go to the Behen Archipelago because he couldn't move past the 61st island.

"...Information is really important."

He would've been able to overcome this shortage of hunting grounds if he had excellent information. If he knew this, he would've made efforts to gather information.

"Ah?"

Grid was smacking his lips together with regret when he recalled a conversation he had with Lauel a few months ago.

'Now that Reidan has the basic facilities, we are planning to install special facilities.'

'Special facilities?'

'Now that we have the minimum of infrastructure and an army by raising agriculture, industrial, and academic facilities to a certain level, we must focus on collecting and exchanging information. First of all, we are going to set up a foreign department and assassin organization. In addition, there will be an adventurer's guild where we can buy information from adventurer NPCs and players.'

'Um, I see... You are quite busy. I believe you will do it well.'

"This is really..."

At the time, he didn't know the importance of information and laughed at Lauel's words. But now he realized the importance of information, allowing him to know how excellent Lauel's foresight was.

'Lauel, if it wasn't for you, I would've given up by now.'

He wouldn't have been able to lead Reidan properly, making it decay and eventually giving up. Grid, who was once again grateful for Lauel's existence, deliberately allowed the vampire to attack his side and counterattacked with Iyarugt.

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 79,900 damage to the target.]

[You have absorbed 9,588 health due to the option effect of Elfin Stone's Ring (Epic).]

What was one of the most important things in hunting? Was it the overwhelming attack power that could deal with the monsters? Was it the defense that could withstand the monsters' onslaught? No. No matter how high these two were, it was meaningless if the duration was short.

One of the most important parts of hunting was the endurance in combat. It was easier to hunt for a long time because of this endurance. Potions were a necessity for hunting. In general, players had to hunt while waiting for the cooldown of the potions, making it very tiring.

However, Grid was different. Grid had Doran's Ring that could restore damage, as well as Elfin Stone's Ring which had a bloodsucking effect every 12 seconds! He also had the most efficient potions from Reidan's alchemy facility, giving him the battle duration of a healer. No, he was probably as good as someone else. It was comparable to Blood Warrior Katz.

'I would like to raise the rating of Elfin Stone's Ring.'

Elfin Stone's ring didn't gain as much experience as Iyarugt. The effect only occurred once every 12 seconds, so the experience was limited. Similarly, Tiramet's Belt only accumulated experience when it was attacked, due to the nature of armor.

'Still, if I compare the item experience rate to the rate before getting the buff, it's definitely faster.'

It felt 1.5 times faster? But it was still lacking. Grid was immersed in hunting and

eventually left the vampire city. Then he sent a whisper to Lael.

*-Do you have information about any good hunting grounds?*

*-No.*

Lael answered emphatically.

*-... I see. Well, getting new information isn't that easy. I understand.*

In the end, Grid was forced back into the vampire city. Meanwhile, Lael apologized several times to Grid in his heart.

'In fact, I got a new update about a hunting ground that is better than the vampire cities a while ago... '

He couldn't say it yet. Lael didn't want Grid to grow. Why? Lael was hoping Kraugel would win in PvP!

'I can create any variables that will stop Kraugel from joining our team. Grid, this result is for you. Please forgive me.'

It was justified, but deceiving his master weighed on his heart.

*Sigh.*

Lael sighed heavily, covered half of his face with his hand and leaned against the wall.

"Alas, the greed of the loyalist is a terrible and beautiful thing...! But the tears of blood that I am shedding are for Grid. I can tolerate this pain forever...!"

The hands and feet of the maids passing by Lael curled in disgust. The road to the production of Lael's 'Reidan Female NPCs strategy' was long and tough.



『Today I'll take a look at the top candidates to win the National Competition. First, the United States. They have the largest number of medals and there are two events remaining. Unfortunately, it will be difficult for them to obtain a gold medal.』

『It's a pity. If they could just win one more gold medal, the US obtaining 1st on the rankings would become a fact. But this isn't possible... 』

『Still, I think they have shown the dignity of the champion of the 1st National Competition. The United States is the only one out of the 32 participating countries to reach the top in all events.』

『But it isn't meaningful. Isn't a gold medal the best result? Look at South Korea.』

『They have five medals... All five are gold medals... 』

『It's truly an unusual record. It's a country specialized in some events.』

『Isn't it more appropriate to see it as 'Grid' rather than a country? Grid alone won four of the five gold medals.』

『Yura picked up a gold medal in hell running, but she tends to be overshadowed by Grid. To be honest, I can call it a one-man team.』

『Grid is really great. He's full of surprises every time he appears in public. But can he play an active role in PvP?』

『It isn't possible because there is Kraugel, who is first in the overall rankings.』

『Grid is more versatile than Kraugel, but in the end, he's evaluated as weaker than Kraugel. Let's look at the survey on the Satisfy website. 92.3% of the 280 million respondents stated that Kraugel would win.』

『Of the 280 million people, around 260 million are expecting Grid to lose?』

『That's right. Kraugel is the peak of two billion users and is called the sky above the sky. It's natural for him to overwhelm Grid.』

『Invited experts, do you think that Grid will be defeated by Kraugel?』

『Grid is difficult to predict, making me reluctant to say anything, but I'm also expecting Kraugel's victory.』

『Looking at the two people's combat records in this competition, it's obvious that Kraugel is far superior.』

『Grid dominates in attack, defense, and health, but Kraugel can neutralize most of that. Meanwhile, Grid can't neutralize Kraugel's advantages... 』

『Um... You will see why Kraugel is called a god.』

The players, including Grid, were connected to Satisfy to prepare for the last event. The international stations broadcasted special programs every day talking about the confrontation between Grid and Kraugel. Indeed, numerous broadcasters and experts analyzed Grid and Kraugel. Based on this, the likelihood of Kraugel winning in a confrontation between the two people was over 90%.

Did this indicate that Grid was weak? No, that wasn't it. Grid's strength had been well proven and everyone in the world admitted this. However, the opponent was too bad.

The sky above the sky, Kraugel. A unique presence that was like an insurmountable mountain. Even the Overgeared members determined that it would be hard for Grid to win.

‘In the Reidan match, Kraugel was tired and not at full strength.’

‘His ultimate skill was on cooldown.’

But.

‘We couldn't have won against the weakened Kraugel.’

‘It was only Grid who could win.’

‘Grid, have strength.’

‘Beat everyone's predictions!’

Grid, who wanted to raise Iyarugt's rating. Kraugel analyzed Grid's power and prepared dozens of strategies in order to block all variables. In addition to them, strong users such as Damian, Pon, Regas, Seuron, Chris, Katz, Hao, and Tarma thoroughly prepared for the PvP.



As expected, the winner of the carriage transportation was Spain and the PvP opening ceremony was held afterwards.

『First, the lots will be draw! The 64 participants of PvP are going on the stage!』

Just like the siege, the opponents they would be facing was decided by drawing lots. This was for the sake of fairness, but Grid couldn't help feeling anxiety.

‘What if I face Kraugel in round one?’

Grid feared his own bad luck! He nervously gulped and firmed up his heart. He vowed to overcome his own bad luck.

‘...Go.’

Grid's eyes sharpened and he climbed onto the stage with the other players.

"Why didn't you participate in the carriage transportation? You should have high charm as a duke, and then you would've won the gold medal in that event."

Kraugel asked Grid. Grid's answer was simple.

"I wanted to fight you again. This time, in equal conditions."

There was a reason Grid declared that 'South Korea' would win at least five gold medals in the press conference before the National Competition. He didn't mention six gold medals because he thought he would be defeated in PvP. That's right. Grid planned to participate in PvP from the beginning.

He intended to lead South Korea to the championship, win gold medals and receive big rewards.

"The fight with you is enough to sacrifice them."

Fighting with someone superior. Grid believed that this would be a stepping stone to help him grow leaps and bounds from the past. No, it didn't matter. Grid just wanted to compete with Kraugel.

"I am also dreaming high. How high is the sky that I am going to break?"

"..."

The flower of the National Competition, the PvP event. With hundreds of millions of viewers watching in real time, Grid and Kraugel faced each other on the stage.

"Waaaaaaaaah!"

"Grid! Grid!"

"The sky above the sky! The sky above the sky! The sky above the sky!"

The two people were driving the entire world into a crucible of excitement.

# Chapter 448

"I will challenge the best, Kraugel."

Grid's eyes were burning with passion. Prior to victory and defeat, he was enjoying this moment.

Kraugel's conscience was smashed.

'I'm sorry.'

Grid didn't know it, but he had already made an unfair deal with Lael.

'I don't deserve to answer your pure heart.'

*Kkuok.*

Kraugel's face was disgusted and saddened as he formed a fist. Satisfy was no longer a game to him. He couldn't enjoy it. It was merely a means of achieving his purpose. He felt ashamed and sorry towards the many players aiming for him, including Grid. But there was no reason to collapse from the guilt.

"...I will only fight to win."

Kraugel swallowed down the poison in his heart. People didn't noticed the shade that covered his face as he stepped onto the stage, each step with the hope of fixing his mother's illness.

Except for one person.

"..."

A hospital on the outskirts of Moscow, Russia. Kraugel's sick mother was lying in a room for a long time. She shed tears as she saw her son on the TV.

『The lots will be drawn according to the country's ranking.』

Grid received the instructions of the host and was the first of 64 players to approach the glass barrel. Then he grabbed one of the colorful balls inside it without hesitation. He would drive away the bad luck that plagued him all his life! The host identified the number on the ball Grid picked up and shouted.

『Number 32. Grid has been assigned the 32 group. The next person is Skull of the United States.』

『Skull has been assigned number 12.』

『Kraugel's turn is next... 』

A lot of attention! The viewers focused on the TV as Kraugel approached the glass barrel. Then...

『Number 1! Kraugel is number 1!』

『Huhu, this is very dramatic.』

『Indeed. The best candidates to win, Grid and Kraugel, won't meet until the finals.』

『If the two players meet in the finals, won't the audience ratings exceed imagination?』

『Maybe most of the world's roads will be empty?』

"Waaaaahhhhh!"

The commentators were excited, while the audience and viewers were enthusiastic. The international broadcasters cheered. The biggest and best match was likely to happen, giving them record advertising rates! But the person who was even more joyful...

It was Grid.

‘Yes!’

Grid inwardly cheered with delight. He couldn't believe that he wouldn't meet Kraugel until the finals and thought he had finally shaken off his bad luck. But he soon realized his mistake.

『Hah... Another strong winning candidate, Hao of China, was assigned to group 32 with Grid.』

『It will be a fierce battle from the first round.』

『Chris, 3rd on the unified rankings, and Soul Predator Seuron will compete in the 31st group.』

『The winner will fight the winner of group 32.』

『Four winning candidates on one side of the draw... It's a complete group of death.』

『Hah, Damian has drawn number 29.』

"..."

Grid couldn't shut his mouth as he saw the completed tournament table.

'No, does this make sense?'

Hao, Chris, Seuron, Pon, Regas, Damian, and Katz. The winning candidates were assigned close to Grid. Grid would have to fight someone strong in every match! Reaching the finals wouldn't be easy.

"...This is too mentally exhausting."

It was impossible to shake off his bad luck.

Grid shook as he once again realized it.

"Well, it's good to build up experience."



'This is an opportunity.'

The miracle of the continent, Hao. He had no doubt that Kraugel was the only one stronger than him and now he stared at Grid.

‘I will break him.’

His strength would surely be proven and Kraugel would become aware of him. Hao burned with motivation as he looked between Kraugel and Grid.

‘Kraugel, I will make you look at me.’

The only one Hao acknowledged as strong was Kraugel. Hao had always been conscious of Kraugel and aimed for him. He wanted to be recognized and appreciated by Kraugel. Grid was a good scapegoat for this.

‘I will completely smash him.’

Hao promised. Lauel looked at Hao with a dark smile from where he was sitting on the stands.



"It doesn't look like Grid will be able to make the finals."

"Being matched with Hao in the first game..."

"Drawing the 32nd number and fighting four consecutive winning candidates, it's ridiculous."

"One moment of weakness will cause him to be eliminated."

"What is this table...?"

The expressions of the Korean people were dull. South Korea for number one! The dream that they would be able to see due to Grid was going to crumble!

"Isn't this manipulation?"

"It is 100% manipulated. Otherwise, it wouldn't be so hard for Grid alone."

"Look at Kraugel's path. Isn't his luck ridiculously good? The only one who can face Kraugel on that side is Skull."

"Bubat or Blood Carnival's Tarma were brilliant when they first appeared, but they

died against Grid.”

“Russia must’ve paid the organizers. They want to win.”

The Korean people couldn’t imagine. The reason why Grid’s draw was the worst. It wasn’t due to manipulation, but purely the result of Grid’s bad luck.



‘This worked out well.’

Tarma. Even the 2nd ranked user was assassinated by him. He had been ignored by people since dying to Grid, but he didn’t care. No, he viewed the situation positively. It meant his assassination target, Kraugel, wouldn’t be paying attention to him.

‘A 10 billion won neck.’

He was confident.

*Pisik!*

Tarma smiled as he checked the tournament table. The 1st match of the round of 64. Kraugel vs Tarma.

“Kuk...! Kukukuk! Good, this is very good!”

The worst dark gamers group, Blood Carnival! Tarma would show his abilities that allowed him to be ranked in the top five! Tarma was filled with killing intent as he climbed onto the stage.

In the center of the huge stage, Kraugel was already waiting. His eyes were sunken as his black hair fluttered in the wind. Deep and dull eyes. His atmosphere seemed different from the past, but Tarma didn’t care. The atmosphere meant nothing.

“The sky above the sky! The sky above the sky! The sky above the sky!”

The crowd yelled. No, the world didn’t doubt Kraugel’s victory and cheered enthusiastically for him. But Tarma wasn’t shaken. Not only did the crowd’s voices not enter the world of Satisfy, he was already accustomed to being blamed.

‘Kraugel, I will knock you down.’

Then he would go to the finals and get revenge on Grid.

“Kilkil.”

Tarma laughed before putting on a mask. This wasn’t an ordinary mask, but an item that strengthened his Stealth skill. The host identified Kraugel and Tarma and shouted.

『The 2nd National Competition’s closing ceremony, the PvP event! This is now the first match! Start!!』

The PvP had an environment where participants could fight at will. A flat and wide stage. The skill cooldowns and item durability would be reset at the end of each match. In the case of Grid’s Assimilation, it was on cooldown before the match and didn’t get the benefits of this system. In any case, the participants could do their best without worrying, allowing Tarma to open up his hidden power.

*Pahat!*

Tarma created shadows in all directions and hid himself in the shadows. The viewers were nervous when they saw him disappearing on stage.

『Tarma’s shadow technique has been invoked!』

『Shadow hiding is easier to hide in than Stealth and the emergence area can’t be predicted.』

『Viewers, please focus. Tarma will probably emerge soon from the shadows near Kraugel... 』

The commentators worked hard to explain the situation.

*Puok!*

Kraugel suddenly put his hand on the ground and said calmly.

"Heaven and Earth Rupture."



*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

It was truly an overwhelming sight. A destructive power that couldn't be compared to an earthquake shattered the ground and sky with intense force.

"Kuaaaack!"

Tarma became wounded from the blast and emerged near Kraugel with a scream. But it was from Kraugel's rear side. In the midst of the terrible pain, he tried to stab Kraugel without losing his coolness. However, his powerful dagger with the additional PvP damage and poisoning option didn't reach Kraugel. Kraugel predicted how Tarma would respond with his natural acumen and sharp senses, easily avoiding it and striking back.

"Cough...!"

Tarma had his heart pierced by White Fang and realized it as he looked into Kraugel's hollow eyes.

"This man is a monster...!"

The only one worthy of being the first ranked user. The sky above the sky! Someone on an entirely different dimension from Zibal.

"The sky above the sky...!"

Dozens of shadows spread around the moaning Tarma, surrounding Kraugel. Who could've predicted that the shadows would be used as a direct means of attack? Tarma believed that Kraugel wouldn't be able to cope. In fact, Kraugel was upset by the number of Tarma's clones.

His intuition told him it would be dangerous to allow an attack. Thus, he used Super Sensitivity. He completely surpassed the human realm as he avoided Tarma's shadow attacks and struck Tarma.

『Tarma! Logout!』

The match was over in a flash. Some techniques might be very flashy, but they were also meaningless.

“...A scam.”

“He’s almost invincible.”

The audience was startled. Super Sensitivity was a fraudulent scam that allowed Kraugel to have a 100% evasion rate and accuracy. It was amazing because no matter how many times they watched, they couldn't get a sense of Kraugel at all. It was the same with the PvP participants.

Apart from the few people called the winning candidates, the participants were very wary of Kraugel’s Super Sensitivity. Then Grid...

"Hrmm."

He yawned with boredom. It seemed like he had no interest in this match in the first place. There was no proof that he recognized Tarma as someone strong just a few weeks ago.

## Chapter 449

‘He also used hiding as a means of attack when fighting against me. The specs are excellent. He can’t escape from the innate limitations of an assassin?’

Surprisingly, Grid was appreciating this battle between Kraugel and Tarma. It was testament to the fact that Grid’s thinking ability had evolved to another level after competition with the high rankers and elites during the National Competition.

‘I don’t know about assassination, but using stealth as a means of attack isn’t advisable in an all-out war. It was obvious that the assassin would eventually reappear, and if they could predict where he would reappear depending on the situation, the strength of the hiding ability would become meaningless. It can be dealt with using a wide range attack.’

Tarma was a shadow assassin. Since he could use shadows as a means of attack and defense, it was better to leave it as a hidden card than to use it to attack. Just like the shadow assassin Grid once met in Winston. Wasn’t he called the king of shadows, Kasim? He utilized not just his own shadow, but all the shadows from the NPCs around him.

‘His ability to utilize stealth was also great...’

When he first heard the name ‘King of Shadows,’ he thought it was a bluff. Now that he thought about it, Kasim was a really strong man.

‘...A named NPC.’

What if Kasim at that time had pointed a knife at him?

‘There is a 100% probability I would’ve died. He didn’t run away because he was afraid.’

He let Grid off. It was questionable.

‘Why?’

Grid thought deeply, but he had no way of knowing the truth. That's right. Despite how high his stats and insight rose compared to the past, Grid still didn't know. The great king of shadows was guarding his son, Lord!



PvP.

The area of one-on-one matches where no one was allowed to intervene. Only an individual's ability controlled the game. The victors of PvP could enjoy the feelings of joy and pride, while the losers felt the shame of defeat. A scene where hearts intersected.

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The crowd shouted loudly. The spectacular battles of the greatest representatives of each country was making the crowd excited.

"Hey, who is this? Isn't it the 3rd ranked user who ran away from me with his tail between his legs the other day?"

The 31st match that occurred after dozens of matches.

Chris vs Seuron. Two men who were the masters of one of the seven guilds stood on stage. Soul Predator Seuron started talking.

"Watching your weak self, I once again realized that the concept of ranking is pointless. Isn't that right? No matter how high your level, your skills are weak."

The meeting of the seven guilds that occurred a few months ago. Seuron and Chris had fought after an argument. The result was Seuron's one-sided victory. Chris was defeated without being about to strike back at Seuron. Was Seuron stronger than Chris?

No. It was because Chris hid his power. At the time, Chris had refused to join the alliance of guilds and they were suspicious that he was allied with Grid, leaving him isolated in the middle of enemy territory. He was in danger of being killed, and accepted the shameful defeat because of that.

But now the situation had changed. This was one-on-one, not the middle of enemy territory. No one could intervene in the battle.

“As you said, rankings aren’t an absolute measure of strength. Otherwise, Zibal wouldn’t be ranked second right now. However, I’m different.”

“Kukk kuk, you have already been one-sidedly crushed by me. What are you going on about?”

“Then take a look.”

*Clink!*

Chris pulled out Grid’s Greatsword, which he used 1.2 billion won to strengthen to +9. The blue-black sword was covered in a white fog, looking overbearing, yet beautiful. Seuron frowned at the sight.

“You’re using the same weapon as Grid! The rumor that you’re allied with Grid is true!”

“Who says my weapon is the same as Grid’s? It isn’t. Isn’t it completely different?”

Chris spoke a lie that seemed absurd. Seuron raised his voice.

“Nonsense! The greatsword you are holding right now looks exactly the same as Grid’s greatsword! It is the same weapon!!”

Chris shrugged.

“It’s different. Grid’s Greatsword is only +8, while mine is +9.”

“...”

Grid bowed his head with a grim expression as he watched the match from the standby seat.

“Hah.”

Grid could only sigh. The legendary blacksmith, Pagma’s Descendant, had a passive that increased the chances of item enhancement. Grid should have more highly enhanced items than anyone else. But Grid had only been able to enhance items up to

+8 around 15 times. In particular, he only enhanced 3 items to +9.

Reaching the maximum enhancement that was +10? It was a product of his imagination.

“...There is no chance with my bad luck.”

Grid couldn't lift his head because he was ashamed. The other players looked at him with sympathy, while Chris and Seuron pointed swords at each other.

“I will show you the power of a unique rated combat class!”

Seuron had already trampled on Chris once, but he couldn't help shouting angrily at Chris. On the other hand, Chris was calm.

“It's useless if you don't support your class with skills.”

No more words were necessary.

*Peeng!*

The moment the host called the start of the match, Seuron used Soul Explosion as a driving force to narrow the distance between him and Chris. At the same time, his sword moved at a fast speed. The number of people who could react to Seuron's sudden attack could probably be counted on one hand.

But Chris was 3rd on the rankings. He didn't raise his level quickly because he got a special class optimized in hunting like Zibal. Chris was comparable to Kraugel, not Zibal. He was a man who came to his present position with his swordsmanship and skills!

*Peeeeeeong!*

“...!”

Seuron's eyes widened with surprise.

‘He blocked it?’

Setting aside Grid, the majority of people who used greatswords had slow attack speeds. It was the same for Chris, who was at the peak of greatsword users. He

distributed stats based on strength and stamina rather than agility, and the greatsword itself caused a decrease in attack speed.

But for Chris, the concept of attack speed was meaningless. He overcame the disadvantages by extracting maximum efficiency for minimal movements. It wasn't enough to stop Seuron's sword, so once the two swords collided, Chris concentrated his strength and threw Seuron's body back before counterattacking.

'Using attack and defense at the same time...!'

Seuron was amazed as he summoned Soul Armor to minimize the damage caused by Chris' counterattack. Then he fired Soul Arrows.

*Pepepepeong!*

Using a ranged attack while moving backwards was a very effective way to keep an enemy in check. Especially if an attack motion wasn't used. Seuron's attack skills used souls, so he was able to use them without any motions and his casting time was also fast. This was the tremendous ability of a combat specific class!

"Hup!"

Chris couldn't catch up and stopped the Soul Arrows with his greatsword. Seuron secured the desired distance and used Soul Transformation to strengthen the Brutal Heavy Sword.

*Wuuuoung...*

Just like Chris, the Brutal Heavy Sword had been enhanced to +9 and it was wrapped in a strong blue light. Then the light shot out.

*Swaeeeeek!*

Grid was convinced.

'It should unconditionally be avoided.'

It was a powerful attack where the damage couldn't be completely adsorbed, even if a tanker blocked with a shield. If Chris blocked with the greatsword, he would receive a heavy blow and his greatsword would be damaged. Grid would unconditionally avoid

it instead of facing it head on. The attack was so sharp and quick that it would be hard to use Revolve.

But Chris thought differently. In the first place, for a greatsword user with low agility, avoiding was something they were bad at! He boldly gave up on defense and swung the greatsword to counterattack!

*Seokeok!*

*Puok!*

"Ack...!"

"Hup!"

Chris and Sueron groaned at the same time. However, the one who suffered greater damage was Chris. Chris' greatsword had struck Seuron's shoulder, while Seuron's sword was pushed deep into Chris' heart. At this moment, Seuron was sure of his victory.

He recovered his shield, summoned Soul Spear to block Chris' movements and cause additional damage, and tried to stab forward again. However, Chris' toughness was beyond imagination due to the unique rated second class, Tyrant. He overcame the stiffness that occurred due to the deadly blow. Then he ignored the soul bombardment and sent more power into the hands gripping the greatsword.

*Ttududuk!*

"Kuaaaaak!"

Chris' greatsword dug further into Seuron's shoulder, causing him to scream and bend his knees. Due to this, the orbit of his sword was twisted and he couldn't reach Chris. The battlefield sharply tilted. Chris used the oppression of a Tyrant to deal a fatal combo. Sueron deployed Soul Prison to block Chris and try to fix the situation,. However, his health quickly became depleted because of Chris' strong power.

『Victory! Chris!!』

"Wahhhhh!"



"This is a high ranker!"

"Different from Zibal!"

The fierce battle heated up the atmosphere of the Stade de France.

『Now! Let's introduce the players who will be fighting in the next round!』

『The miracle of the continent! The dragon of China! 'Genius at fighting' Hao!!』

『A monster who won four gold medals and raised South Korea to the top of the overall rankings! The first legendary class! Pagma's Descendant, Grid!!』

"The protagonist appears."

Grid climbed up on stage. The beautiful sword Iyarugt dazzled the spectators as it scattered jewel-like blood red light. Hao declared in front of everyone.

"10 minutes. I will knock you down in 10 minutes."

Grid wanted to be the new sky? It wasn't even funny. Kraugel was the only sky and someday, Hao would break him.

Grid replied to Hao, who was burning with fighting spirit.

"I will take one hour. I will knock you out shortly before the time limit."

"...?"

Why did it feel like the two people had changed? Grid always took down his opponents in a short amount of time, so his declaration made the commentators and crowd feel bewildered.

# Chapter 450

"I will take one hour. I will knock you out shortly before the time limit."

"...?"

It was strange since Grid always declared that he would suppress his enemies in an instant. The bewildered commentators and viewers realized at once.

'Grid has a high appreciation for Hao's skills.'

'Indeed, it's natural. Hao's control skills have received the ultimate evaluation of society.'

Wasn't he called the miracle of the continent, the genius of fighting?

'He's one of the people mentioned outside of Kraugel. Recently, Grid's control skills have grown to be comparable to a high ranker, but it is still less than Hao's.'

'Moreover, Hao has a skill to take off weapons and armor. Grid's biggest strength isn't available against Hao.'

'In other words, it's the worst... Grid has no luck.'

People didn't forget that Grid was a strong champion. But the word champion didn't mean invincibility. Candidates for winning had their own weaknesses. Unfortunately, Hao was the counter for Grid. Grid was an unlucky person who met Hao in the first round. The viewers watched Grid with compassion, while Hao expressed his confidence.

"Do you think you can hold onto me for one hour? You will even knock me down? Don't speak impossible words. You will soon realize the reality."

"Eh?"

Grid suddenly looked surprised at Hao's provocative remark. He tried to make his eyes as big as possible, but his facial muscles seemed stiff.

‘What?’

Hao and the audience were confused by Grid’s surprised and awkward manner.

“Hey! Just released by the Comet Group! A diamond studded top of the line sound system installed on the capsule! Wonderful! I can clearly hear Hao’s voice and the sound of his breathing! It is just like talking in real life! Hey! This is amazing! I must buy it!”

"..."

Grid used PPL. He stuttered and blushed while shouting, but recited the script to the end. It was an image to show children and teenagers watching the National Competition how hard it was to make money.

“...Grabbing some advertising fees because it’s obvious you are going to lose.”

Hao frowned. This shameful guy who only cared about money was going to beat Kraugel? Lael’s crazy words circled around his brain, making Hao angry.

‘I will step on him.’

Hao also knew that Grid was strong. But it wasn’t at a level comparable to Kraugel or Hao. Hao was qualified to have such high pride. Who was Hao? In the past, he was the monster that tied up 15 members of Overgeared alone for 5 minutes. Lael had been amazed by his strength and wanted to recruit Hao.

“You absolutely can’t crack the sky. I will smash you before you reach the sky!”

Hao declared. Then...

『The last match of the 1st round! Grid vs Hao, the match will start now! It has started!』

The host shouted. That was the signal.

*Taack!*

Hao rushed as soon as the match started. He simply moved straight ahead, so it was easy for Grid to deal with. The Slaughterer’s Eye Patch, Iyarugt, and his high insight

meant he could anticipate Hao's point of attack and respond with Iyarugt. But at that moment, something amazing happened. Hao's sword suddenly split into three!

'What?'

Which of the three swords were real? Grid was confused.

*Seokeok!*

Hao's sword slashed at Grid's waist.

'Unbelievable!'

Hao had a passive that ignored some of the opponent's defense. Grid was amazed when he saw the rising notification window. Hao read his expression and smiled.

"It must be bad."

"..."

Grid didn't say anything. He just gazed at the notification windows in front of him. The shock was too great. Was it because the attack damage was too big? No.

[You have suffered 2,900 damage.]

3,000 damage. It was high, despite the fact that Triple Layers and his helmet reduced physical damage. However, this damage wasn't enough to threaten Grid, whose health was as high as 70,000. To be honest, Grid could express it as a tickle. Why was Grid so surprised? There was a reason.

[The experience of Tiramet's Belt has increased by 0.1%!]

‘Jackpot!’

Grid trembled with joy. The growth type item, Tiramet’s Belt. This epic rated item, which increased its experience whenever it was attacked, only increased by 0.1% whenever it was struck 100 times by a vampire. Yet Hao’s one attack raised the experience! It was comparable to when Grid fought the drake!

‘Doesn’t this mean that Hao’s attack power is high?’

Grid was thrilled by Hao’s work. Maybe...

‘I might be able to increase the rating of Tiramet’s belt in this round!’

There were two main reasons why Grid planned to fight Hao for an hour. First of all, he wanted to buy as much time as possible for the cooldown of Assimilation to end. Secondly, he wanted to maximize the experience of Iyarugt, Elfin Stone’s Ring, and Tiramet’s Belt. But he had no idea the experience would increase so much.

‘The class is different.’

Grid acknowledged it. This much experience hadn’t accumulated when he allowed hits from Bondre and Alexander. Certainly, Hao seemed to be different from them. In fact, Iyarugt was also nervous. He spoke for the first time in ages since the Piaro and Kraugel duel.

[This person’s attacks are very good. They are difficult to predict.]

‘I feel it every time. You are really useless when fighting strong opponents.’

[Eek...! It can’t be helped! I can’t exert my power in this sealed form!]

Iyarugt had a strong pride as hell’s best swordsman, so his sword kept emitting petals of a bloody light as he protested. The beautiful effect dazzled Hao and the viewers.

"That sword is too much for you."

"This guy is so cool because of me."

He invested a huge amount of money into the alchemy facilities, but the option that was added was ‘Coolness.’ Grid shuddered as he recalled the terrible result and said

to Hao.

“How long are you going to rest? Come...”

Shortly before his words finished. Hao moved in a zigzag to approach Grid and stabbed. In contrast to the earlier attack, this path was simple and easily blocked by Grid.

*Chaaeng!*

The moment the two swords collided.

*Chwaruruk!*

Hao's chain wrapped around Grid's waist with the aim of temporarily stopping Grid's actions.

“...!”

The resistance to abnormal statuses didn't work with physical restraints. Grid's body was pulled forward and Hao stabbed with his sword. It was two attacks.

[You have suffered 2,830 damage.]

[You have suffered 2,910 damage.]

[The experience of Tiramet's Belt has increased by 0.2%!]

"Kuah! It's true."

It was good that his item experience was rising, but it was uncomfortable to be hit so one-sidedly. In addition, the accumulation of damage was burdensome.

‘Very strong.’

The passive that ignored defense reduced the effect of Triple Layers. No, maybe Hao

had a passive that dealt extra damage in PvP. Grid frowned as he released the chains and tried to counterattack. He launched a straight and narrow attack to prevent Hao from avoiding it. The sword with the shortest orbit threatened Hao, but he easily blocked it.

But there was a problem. It was Grid's ridiculously high strength.

*Kkirik! Kkikikik!*

'What is this...?'

Was this the feeling of being trampled on by an ogre? Grid's strong power started to crush Hao, who couldn't bear the weight of Iyarugt.

*Chwaruruk!*

Hao winced, stepped back and once again threw his chain. However, Grid had rich battle experience and was unlikely to be hit by the same pattern. The moment that Hao threw the chain, he narrowly moved to the left, avoiding the chain. At this point, Hao didn't try to hit back because he was off balance. This gave Grid the change to use Pagma's Swordsmanship, Kill.

'Let's increase Yakult's experience!'

*Kuoooooh!*

The extreme sword filled with killing intent! Hao gulped at the fearsome energy and hurriedly moved.

'I can't allow it to happen!'

Half draconian Hao didn't have too many active skills, but he had a variety of passive skills. Increase in PvP attack power and defense, ignore some of the target's defense, neutralize some of the damage received, fast recovery etc. It was easy to say that he had a body optimized for combat. In a battle between players, it was possible for him to deal more than 10,000 damage. Depending on the situation, he would deliberately allow the enemy to attack and then use it to counterattack.

However, Grid's attack power was too burdensome. Hao thought of other rankers dying in one blow and desperately moved his hands.

*Teook!*

It was perfect timing. Hao grabbed Iyarugt with his hand and twisted it slightly.

[Iyarugt has been unequipped!]

[This is the result of a skill. You won't lose ownership of the item. In 12 seconds, the item will return to your inventory.]

It was the usage of Weapon Shed. A secret technique that needed to be used at the perfect spot that was marked! It was a skill with the highest difficulty, much harder to use than a counterattack, and it made Iyarugt drop to the ground.

"Haaap!"

Hao used Dragon's Breath and stabbed his sword at Grid's heart. Grid was empty handed and couldn't block the attack, but it was too fast to be avoided. Hao was convinced that he would deal a deadly blow to Grid.

'It doesn't matter if he uses the God Hands.'

Hao was ready to throw chains to constrain them. In this situation, the only way for Grid to resist was with Magic Missile. Hao just needed to avoid that and...

"What?"

Hao, who was smiling confidently, became shocked.

*Jeeong!*

What gap did he pull it out of? Grid equipped himself with a blue black sword in lieu of the lost Iyarugt. The camera zoomed in on Hao's shaky gaze as the attack was blocked.





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